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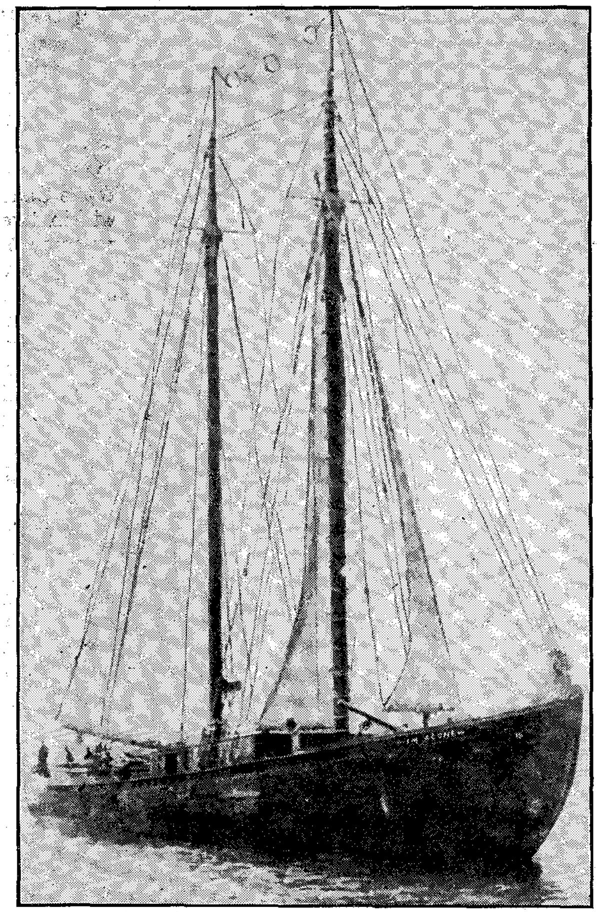
Vol. CI, No. 1 New York, April 6, 1929 Whole Number 2033

TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE SINKING OF THE *I'M ALONE*

SUNK BY GUNFIRE from the U. S. Coast Guard cutter *Dexter* on March 22, some 200 miles from the American coast, the Canadian rum-running schooner *I'm Alone* has raised interesting questions of international law and comity. As some of our editors see it, the case may become as famous as that of the *Virginius* or the *Trent*. It is a matter of tradition, others remind us, that the sinking of either a British or an American ship on the high seas is a rather serious business. "We went to war with Great Britain once on that issue, and we entered the World War against Germany on that issue," remarks the New York *Telegram*. While in this instance there is no talk of war, our papers generally agree that the sinking of the *I'm Alone*, with the drowning of one of her crew, brings sharply to the fore certain unsettled questions of rights at sea, and emphasizes afresh the need for clarifying and defining international maritime law. A typical American comment is that of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* when it says: "The matter is one for friendly adjudication, and neither government has any reason for getting into a bitter dispute over rights." As the Boston *Transcript* points out, "this is apparently one of those border-line cases where it is easy for both parties to think themselves in the right." The case of the Canadian rum-runner, declares Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, "presents a controversy which, should an amicable solution not be reached by representatives of the nations concerned, is particularly appropriate for adjudication by the World Court."



International Newsreel photograph

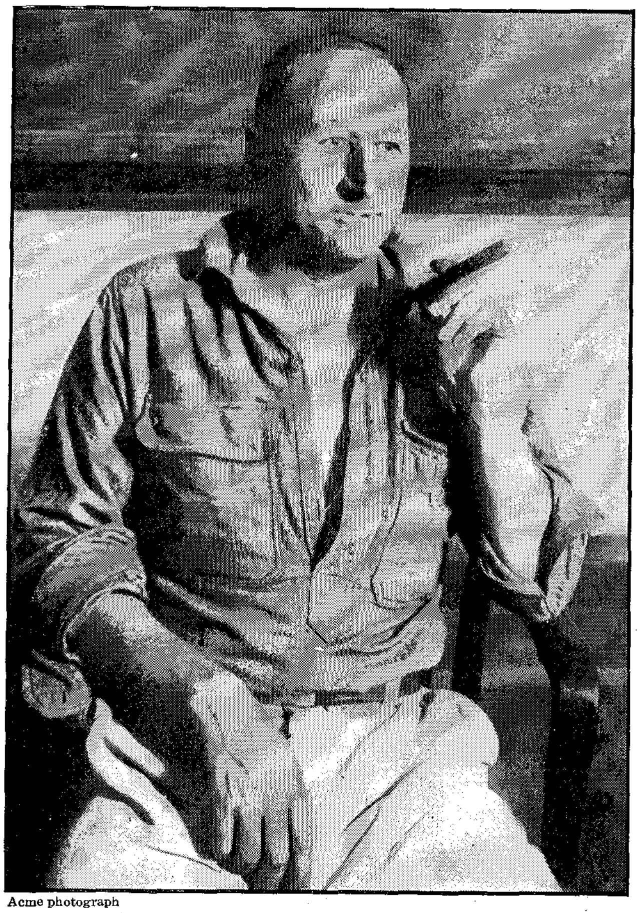
HER SINKING RAISED HER TO AN ISSUE

The Canadian rum-running schooner *I'm Alone*.

Before dawn on the morning of Wednesday, March 20, the *I'm Alone*, carrying, according to Captain Randell's own statement, "2,800 cases of assorted liquors," dropt anchor off the Louisiana coast, in the neighborhood of Trinity Shoals. The schooner's position, says the captain, was "about fourteen and one-half to fifteen miles offshore." But Capt. A. L. Gamble, commander of the Coast Guard forces of the Gulf, states that the position was less than twelve miles from the coast. Shortly after daybreak the crew of the *I'm Alone* saw the Coast Guard cutter *Walcott* approaching, and immediately hove up anchor and made for the open sea. When called upon by the *Walcott* to heave to for boarding and examination, the schooner refused to stop, Captain Randell's contention being that he was on the high seas, outside of treaty waters, and that therefore the Coast Guard cutter had no jurisdiction over him. For a full day the *I'm Alone* continued its course toward the Mexican coast, with the *Walcott* in pursuit. Then the schooner hove to and permitted the commanding officer of the cutter to come aboard unarmed, but refused to submit to an inspection. The cutter's commander returned to his ship, and the pursuit continued throughout Thursday. On the morning of Friday, March 22, another Coast Guard patrol, the *Dexter*, summoned by radio, joined the chase. The *I'm Alone*, signaled to stop or be sunk, continued on her course, and the *Dexter* sank her with shells from a three-pounder. The crew of the schooner jumped into the water, which was lasht into heavy seas by a gale. With the exception of one man, who drowned, they were rescued by the Coast Guard boats. The survivors were taken in irons to New Orleans.

Captain Randell, a veteran of the World War, who won the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre while serving as a Lieutenant Commander in the British Navy, declares that "there was no more cowardly act since the operations of the German submarines than this act of shooting my ship from under me." In a statement made to H. S. Creighton, Supervising Customs agent at New Orleans, he gives this vivid description of the actual sinking:

> "When the second cutter came up, we recognized her as the *Dexter*. She, after a conference with the *Walcott*, came up flying the signals: 'Heave to or I'll fire at you.' I replied by semaphore and megaphone that I did not consider that he had any jurisdiction over me or my ship on the high seas, and that he could fire if he wished. He then commenced to fire shell after shell, first to my rigging and sails and then opened fire from the bridge with several quick-firing rifles.



Acme photograph

"I KNEW ALL THE RISKS"

"But I never expected a raw deal like this," says Capt. John T. Randell, of the sunken rum-runner. Captain Randell served in the World War, winning the Distinguished Service Cross of Great Britain and the Croix de Guerre of France.

"After about twenty shells had been fired, several of which hit the ship in various places, I semaphored to him, after he had called to me and again said, 'Now, will you heave to?' that he might fire and sink my ship, but I refused to heave to. He opened fire again, both with rifles and guns, cutting my rigging adrift and shell after shell plunged into the ship through our bulwarks, smashing both my bulwarks to pieces, and one shell went into the side of the ship.

"He again called to me 'Will you heave to?' I replied again in the negative. He then commenced firing, smashing our fore-boom, firing through our mainmast and shell after shell came on board smashing our windows, engine, and occasionally hitting the hull below the water-line. I roughly estimate that about sixty or seventy shots struck the vessel.

"During all this time the men kept firing closer and closer with their rifles, cutting through the cabin house, through the ports in the cabin and around myself and my men gathered aft. None of my men was struck except by splinters, which were flying all around.

"The engineer reported to me then that the water was over the engine-room floor and that the vessel appeared to be settling down. I immediately gave orders to stop the engines and clear away the dories, which, altho they were of no use, would be something for my men to cling to in the heavy sea. By the time my boats had been put over the side, which was, roughly, ten minutes, the vessel's forward decks were level with the water.

"I told my men to jump into the water and cling to the dories and throw overboard anything that would help float them. I believe I was the last to jump from the ship. My bow was then about twenty feet under water and her stern about ten feet in the air and she was beginning to dive.

"We were all taken on board the cutters just as we jumpe from the vessel, some of us without any more clothing than shirt and trousers. The people on board the cutters treated u very well and gave us dry clothing and allowed us to remain o deck during the day. To my surprize, on going below after supper, I was told that I would have to submit to leg-irons. I remarked to the captain that I did not consider that I was a prisoner of war and had no intention of doing anything rash. But h assured me that it was his orders and, as such, I told him tha I could only submit to force.

"After that we remained in custody down below until yesterday, Saturday, when we were allowed to come on deck, and w were kept in irons until this morning, when we arrived alongsid the dock in New Orleans.

"I do not wish to lay any blame on the captains of the cutter for sinking my ship, as they assured me that they were actin under orders, but I consider it a most cowardly action to blow m boat to pieces with a gale of wind blowing and a heavy sea running, when any man but a strong swimmer would not be expecte to live."

In the statement issued by Captain Gamble, of the Coast Guard, we read:

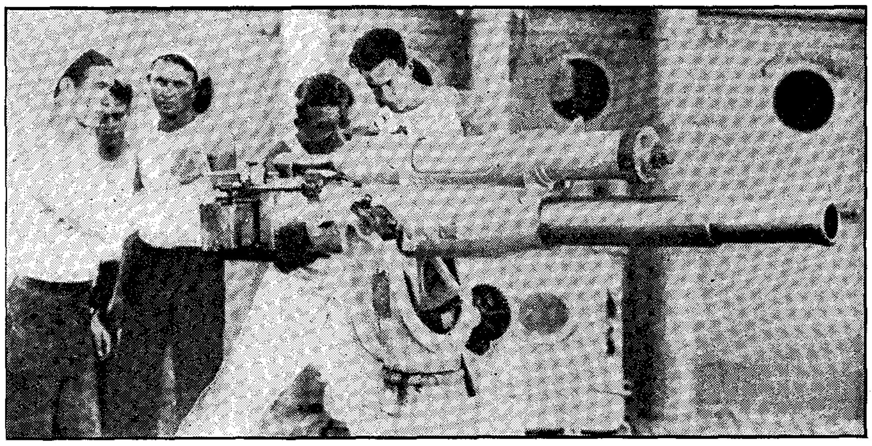
"The *I'm Alone* was a notorious liquor smuggler and had been engaged in smuggling liquor into the United States for nearly five years. The vessel was registered at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, by the I'm Alone Shipping Company. . . .

"On February 2 the *I'm Alone* cleared from Belize, British Honduras, for Nassau, Bahamas, with liquor, and on February 8 was found by the Coast Guard off the coast of Louisiana. She returned to Belize on March 6, in ballast, having obviously succeeded in landing her cargo in the United States. She never arrived at Nassau. On March 12 she again cleared from Belize with liquor for Hamilton, Bermuda.

"On March 20 the Coast Guard patrol boat *Walcott* picked up the *I'm Alone* within twelve miles of the Louisiana coast, the vessel thus being some 500 miles off her course for Bermuda. The *Walcott* called upon the smuggler to heave to for boarding and examination, as authorized by the United States Tariff Act. The order of the United States vessel was refused, whereupon the *Walcott* fired across the bow of the *I'm Alone*, hailed the vessel and was defied by her master. The *Walcott* then fired through the smuggler's sails and rigging, but the *Walcott* could not stop the *I'm Alone* because the gun jammed.

"The *I'm Alone* fled, being continuously pursued by the *Walcott*, and by the Coast Guard patrol boat *Dexter*, which joined in the chase.

"The *Dexter* overhauled the *I'm Alone* on the morning o March 22, the *Walcott* also being close up. The master of the *I'm Alone* was told to heave to. He refused, saying that he would be sunk first. The *Dexter* megaphoned to the *I'm Alone* that he would have to sink her, but he first fired warning shots ahead, which the smuggler did not heed. The *Dexter* then fired through the rigging, but still the smuggler refused to stop. The master of the *I'm Alone* had a pistol and had waved it in a threatening manner. Finally the *Dexter* was compelled to fire a number of shots into the smuggler's hull, and the vessel sank. The Coast Guard rescued all the *I'm Alone's* crew except one



Acme photograph

THE GUN AND CREW THAT SANK THE *I'M ALONE*

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What is the "national-origins" dispute all about? (p. 10).
2. How can scientists hear plants grow? (p. 23).
3. Who in Spain is "chained to the Dictator"? (p. 15).
4. Were drunkenness and profanity ever common among church elders and deacons? (p. 30).
5. What is another name for the Milky Way? (p. 22).
6. What is meant by the coined word "NEP"? (p. 18).
7. What is the actual money value obtained in the average robbery in 1927 by men now in Sing Sing? (p. 30).
8. What paintings have cost more than half a million dollars? (p. 27).
9. What do they call a derby in England? (p. 16).
10. Who was Moussorgsky? (p. 26).
11. What is sponge-iron? (p. 22).
12. In what two Spanish cities have revolts broken out? (p. 16).
13. What has knocked the bottom out of Pan-Islamism? (p. 29).
14. What are the signs of a truly educated man? (p. 26).
15. What four new operas were presented in New York this season? (p. 25).
16. What is the value of diamonds owned in the United States? (p. 14).
17. What university has appointed religious advisers for its students? (p. 30).
18. By how many millions has our farm population shrunk in the last twenty years? (p. 13).
19. How many women lawyers are practising in the United States? (p. 14).
20. What strange and unusual sounds have been picked up by radio? (p. 23).
21. How many automobile frames per day can be built by 120 men? (p. 20).
22. What industries use most of our copper? (p. 92).
23. What are some of the difficulties of "selling short" in the stock market? (p. 94).
24. What is the average age of President Hoover's Cabinet? (p. 14).
25. Why has the price of copper been rising? (p. 90).

man, who was drowned. The Coast Guard men worked for two and a half hours trying to resuscitate him.

"From the time when this notorious rum smuggler defied a vessel of the United States, within four leagues of our coast, there was a continuous pursuit precisely in accordance with this well-known doctrine of international law, until the vessel was overtaken and again defied the authority of the United States. Under this doctrine the American ship *Norte* was condemned by the British Columbia Admiralty Court in 1925, the decision being upheld by the Supreme Court of Canada. The Tariff Act of 1922 states:

"'If a vessel registered under the laws of a friendly nation, and with a long record of violating the laws of the United States, refuses to stop for boarding by a United States Government vessel, said boarding being authorized by our law, there would seem to be no other course than to compel compliance with American law.'"

Secretary Mellon issued a statement justifying the sinking of the *I'm Alone* on the ground that the Tariff Act of 1922 authorizes enforcement officers to board vessels within four leagues (twelve miles) of the American coast, and that the doctrine of "hot pursuit" or "continuous pursuit" authorizes the extension of the chase beyond this distance.

Because the *I'm Alone* was a Canadian ship the Canadian Government took charge of the inquiry into the sinking. An Ottawa dispatch to the New York *Telegram* states that Canadian officials "hope to clarify the rum-running treaty between the United States and the British Empire as a direct result of the *I'm Alone* case." Canadian official opinion does not believe that the action of the United States Coast Guard cutters was justified, "even if it be established that the vessel was within an hour's sail of the coast when first sighted," says a Montreal dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, in which we read further:

"What, within the meaning of international law, is 'hot pursuit' is subject to different interpretations. The view at Ottawa is that such a right justifying extreme measures exists only when the pursuit begins within the three-mile limit. Against this is the United States view that the right of hot pursuit applies when the chase starts within the area defined as one hour's sailing from the coast. The right of boarding and searching in the twelve-mile area is conceded by Canadian authorities, but nothing more.

"The sinking of this ship will bring to a head an issue upon which the views have always been different but have never come to an actual test. The Department of External Affairs is awaiting from Washington the official version of what happened."

The Canadian and British Governments, according to Albert W. Fox in the Washington *Post*, also intend to raise "a broad gage question of national affront." Says Mr. Fox:

"The United States will be called upon to inform the British and Canadian Governments whether it is America's intention to claim the right under any circumstances to sink British ships by gun-fire on the high seas, put leg-irons on the officer and manacles on the crew, and carry them for trial to an American port 200 miles distant."

The Toronto *Mail and Empire* sees something ironic in such "high-handedness" on the the part of a nation "which has just been making itself conspicuous as the asserter of the freedom of the seas." Sensible people in Canada, however, thinks the Windsor *Border Cities Star*, "are rather disgusted with all the fuss being made in diplomatic circles over the sinking of a British rum-runner by United States Coast Guards." And in the Toronto *Globe* we read:

"No one on this side of the line will willingly tolerate the flouting of international laws by the United States or any other nation. At the same time it can not be a matter for gratification to decent people of the British Empire that near-piratical crews of bold lawbreakers continue to use the British flag as a cloak for their own nefarious operations."

How England feels about the sinking is shown in an *Evening Standard* editorial, as cabled to the New York *World:*

"American opinion cries: 'Why should our Prohibition fanatics use shot and shell on this floating saloon to provoke mixed grins and wrath in the outer world?' To which British opinion replies, 'If your facts are right, you have a legal case, and we can't parade our injured dignity over a rum-runner.' So both sides are doing their utmost to be friendly because shots were fired and blood unfortunately spilt."

Characteristic of the dispassionate tone of the American press in discussing the incident is the following editorial comment in the Newark *News:*

"British interest in the sinking of the rum-runner *I'm Alone* follows broad lines. The incident itself is not rated as of great importance. However much or little Britain may think of our liquor laws, she is not actuated by a desire to protect rum-runners. But the case presents questions of law which have not been clearly determined.

"The questions raised are too important for such casual treatment. They are questions to be settled judicially. They happened to arise in connection with a rum-runner. Next time they may arise in connection with lawful commerce, perhaps our own neutral commerce in a war zone. The *I'm Alone* case offers an opportunity to have the laws of the sea clarified and, if necessary, revised. Let it go to an international court."

LOUISIANA'S "STORMY PETREL"

FLAMING YOUTH COMES TO JUDGMENT in Louisiana, where the "stormy petrel of Pelican State politics," in the person of the youthful, red-haired, energetic Chief Executive, is facing impeachment on nineteen counts. Papers outside the State review this climax to the brief but colorful political career of Gov. Huey P. Long with amazement. Papers in Louisiana seem to agree with the legislature that the Governor should be impeached. The proceedings leading to the impeachment have been turbulent and colorful. A newspaper attack on the Governor, following his raids on gambling resorts near New Orleans, culminated in the phrase, "the singing fool of New Orleans cabarets," and brought from the Governor an action for libel. The Lieutenant-Governor of the State, it is said, has described his superior as "the most cruel tyrant of the time." The charges made against Governor Long, observes the New York *Times* from afar, "make the recent philosophical trial of former Governor Johnston of Oklahoma seem like a college debate:

Keystone View Company photograph

IS HE A "CRUEL TYRANT"?

That's what his enemies call the youthful Governor of Louisiana, Huey P. Long, now facing impeachment.

> "He is accused of trying to hire a bravo to kill a State Representative; of attempted bribery of officials; of attempted coercion of the courts; of misappropriation of funds, illegal loans, inciting the militia to pillage; of dictatorship, tyranny, unbecoming personal conduct, and finally, the carrying of concealed deadly weapons."

"Time to end Tyranny" was the head-line of the editorial with which the Shreveport *Journal* called for impeachment several days before it was proposed in the Louisiana House of Representatives. It is the belief of this daily that a "great majority of the men and women of Louisiana are convinced that Governor Long is utterly unfit and incompetent." "The Louisiana legislature should move forward with its impeachment proceedings against Governor Long," in the opinion of the Baton Rouge *State Times* in Louisiana's capital city. Governor Long's entire administration "has been a reign of lawlessness and tyranny," says this paper, asserting that all the charges brought against the Governor by the legislature are true: "Governor Long has been guilty of an administration of lawlessness since he entered office, and, through his personal appearance on the floor of the House and Senate, has tried to intimidate and frighten the members to the voting of his will." The one and overwhelming duty of the legislature, declares the Baton Rouge *Advocate*, is the impeachment of Governor Long—"he has flouted the law, he has violated the Constitution, he has sustained himself by bullying and by threats." The New Orleans *Times-Picayune* declares itself willing to support any proper movement to compel the Governor to vacate his office, because—

> "His tactics and methods reveal him to be a cruel political tyrant, willing to resort to almost any expediency to carry out his own wishes and purposes while seeking to have his will imposed upon a free people. He has unhesitatingly sought punishment for those who have opposed him, as well as those agains whom he has a personal spite. We hope that the impeachment proceedings can be carried on and that the evidence introduced will be sufficient to bring about impeachment by the House and conviction by the Senate. If this is not possible the method of recall should be used."

The New Orleans *Item*, which has been fighting the Governor from the beginning, congratulates those who now seek his removal. This paper says it has "known that he could not endure, and that no people could long endure him, because of his utter lack of character, of mental balance, and of any sense o the human proprieties and decencies."

Governor Long will, of course, have full opportunity to present his own side of the case when the impeachment charges are tried before the Senate. In the meantime he seems to be letting his enemies do the talking. In one statement denying certain charges relative to an oil lease, he says: "I have not had time to answer all the various and sundry political charges and outbursts against me during the past several days."

The people of Louisiana naturally have been able to form their own opinions of the Governor, who has been in office since the first of last May, when he began a four-year non-reelective term The New York *Herald Tribune* has gathered a few facts about the Louisiana Governor, and thus presents them editorially:

> "Huey is just Dan Moody's age, thirty-five, and his hair is of an even deeper red. He is a little man, but he has a hairy fist and a rasping tongue and a talent for politics. He began life, as al good American statesmen do, on the farm; at thirteen he peddled schoolbooks; at sixteen he took to selling a substitute for lard and in order to promote sales organized a series of cake-making contests. One of these competitions was won by the lady who is now his wife.
>
> "At twenty, already married, he had rushed through a brief course at the State University of Oklahoma and was ready to run through Tulane's three-year law course in seven months. Once a lawyer, he became the people's champion as well. He forced a telephone company to disgorge its profits and return a rebate to the consumers. Then he waged a startling and triumphant campaign which landed him on the State Railroad Commission. In 1924 he sought the Governorship, tho in vain. In 1928 he swept into office in one of the heaviest ballotings in Louisiana's history. The cities were against him, but the Klan piled up their votes and elected him.
>
> "In office, Huey continued his attacks upon the city ring. He won control of the State Highway Commission; he sought control of the Board of Health, the Department of Conservation the Court of Appeals, the Levee Board and the charity hospitals. The city ring retorted that he was just building up a 'country ring' and scoffed at Huey's habit of keeping a bucket of water and a gourd dipper in his gubernatorial chambers. Now and then Huey punctuated his speeches with a fist fight with one of another of his opponents."

We might take up the story from a New Orleans dispatch to the New York *Times*, in which George N. Coad tells how the Governor began to interfere in the local politics of New Orleans and then to use the militia to suppress gambling just outside the city. In the case of the latest raid, in February, the prospective victims had been tipped off, and when the troops came they found no gambling, but seized certain paraphernalia and money, and searched a number of individuals. Whereupon the New Orleans papers attacked the Governor for his methods, and Col. Robert Ewing, in a series of articles in his New Orleans *States*, proceeded to personal attacks. These brought from the Governor the promise of libel suits.

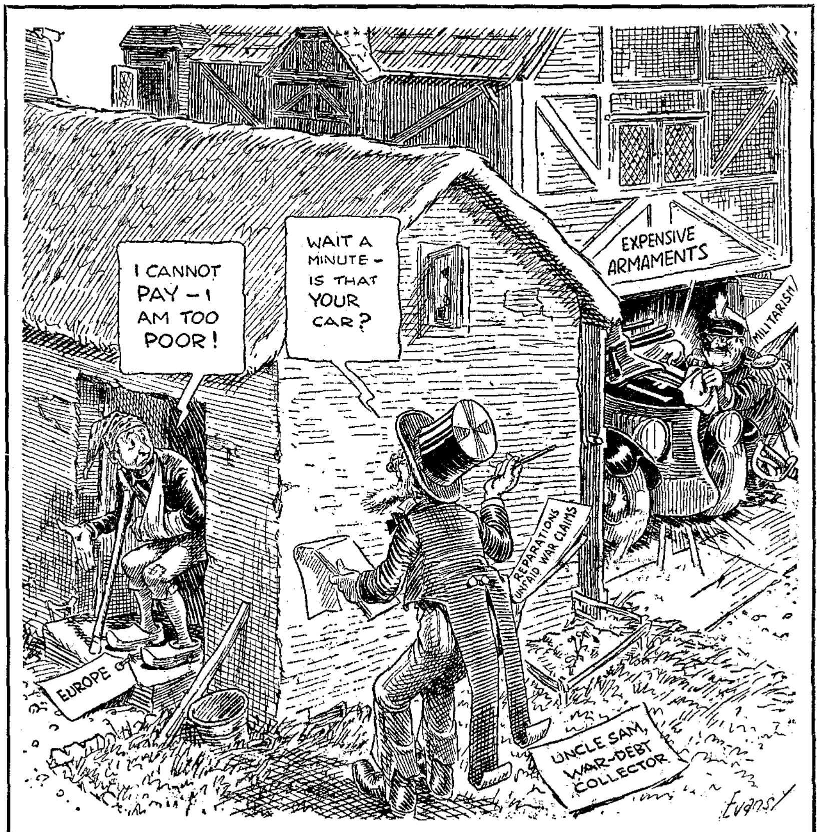
The impeachment proceedings started when the legislature, in special session two weeks ago, refused to pass certain administration tax legislation and then, in a session characterized by threats and fisticuffs, defeated the effort of the Governor's adherents to adjourn. On March 26 the House of Representatives moved toward the consideration of nineteen impeachment charges [briefly summarized above] by a decisive vote indicating that the Governor will be brought to trial before the Senate, where a two-thirds vote will be necessary to convict.

A "PEACE BANK" TO LIQUIDATE THE WAR

HOW GERMANY IS TO PAY would seem to be a little easier to decide than how much. At any rate, the fourteen financial experts who have been holding daily private sessions in Paris for two months have offered a plan for a new bank to handle all the machinery of reparations, while the precise sum to be demanded from Germany is still a matter of mystery. The bank idea engages the imagination of newspaper writers in all capitals, who lay stress on its tremendous financial, economic, and even political possibilities. This bank, or clearing-house, for handling the war-created obligations may in time, observes one New York *Times* correspondent in Paris, "become as far-reaching and important in the financial and economic worlds as the League of Nations is politically." The experts trying to find a permanent solution of the reparations problem, or at least to complete the Dawes plan, have, correspondents believe, been finding their task unexpectedly difficult. Nevertheless, under the chairmanship of our Owen D. Young, they have really accomplished brilliant results, in the opinion of Paul Scott Mowrer, Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News:*

> "They have agreed to scrap the reparations and Dawes commission and give the full administration of future reparations to the new international payments bank, which, if it develops as foreseen, will become one of the greatest institutions of the world.
>
> "The committee has, secondly, agreed to commercialize as much as possible of the German reparations debt by the sale of bonds to the public. Thirdly, they have agreed that future German annuities shall be divided into two parts—one to pay interest on the German bonds sold to the public, and the other to be protected by the possibility of a two-year moratorium. Fourthly, the experts have decided that the annuities will include payments in kind, and also to keep them as small as possible over the fewest possible number of years, at the discretion of the international bank. Fifthly, the experts have agreed to drop from the discussions all consideration of the pensions, on which the treaty estimates of reparations were partially based, and adopt as a new basis the total of the Allied war debts to the United States plus a certain sum for the actual repair to material war damages."

A shroud of "nearly complete secrecy" has covered the deliberations of these experts at the Hotel George V, as one of the correspondents notes. But what little news has escaped from the carefully isolated council-room has been eagerly seized upon by the host of press-writers at the French capital—there were sixty from Germany alone in February. A few facts have leaked out and have been made the most of by the head-line writers. Glancing back over the front pages of our newspapers for the last two months, we are reminded that the experts met on February 9 to make "a final and definite settlement of the reparations problem." They organized on the eleventh, and Owen D. Young, who had said, "We are here to help," was elected chairman. For nearly a week Hjalmar Schacht, head of the Reichsbank, presented Germany's case, trying to weaken the impression made by the recent Gilbert report asserting Germany's ability to pay at the present Dawes-plan rate. Then subcommittees were appointed and set to work, and suggestions were made by them about dividing and classifying German payments and handling specific problems concerning payments "in kind" and the "commercialization" of reparations. On March first was brought up the idea of a clearing-house to handle all the technical phases of reparations payments. This plan was accepted in principle on the eighth, a full statement was given to the press next day, and newspapers all over the world at once blossomed out with head-lines about a "Peace Bank," "Bank of Nations," "Bank of International Settlement." A fortnight later came the report that the representatives of the Allies had told the Germans that they would be expected to pay a minimum annuity of 1,750,000,000 marks, or about $420,000,000, which compares with the present normal Dawes-plan annuities of about $600,000,000. There were denials of the correctness of these figures, but one thing seemed clear, that, whatever sum it was, Dr. Schacht went back to Germany over the week-end to discuss it with bankers and industrialists, and then returned to tell the experts that the sum mentioned was too much. Which would seem to have left that phase of the subject somewhat up in the air, when the experts adjourned for an Easter recess.


I CANNOT PAY—I AM TOO POOR!
WAIT A MINUTE—IS THAT YOUR CAR?
EXPENSIVE ARMAMENTS
MILITARISM
REPARATIONS UNPAID WAR CLAIMS
EUROPE
UNCLE SAM, WAR-DEBT COLLECTOR
Evans

THE HUMBLE HOUSE WITH THE SWELL GARAGE

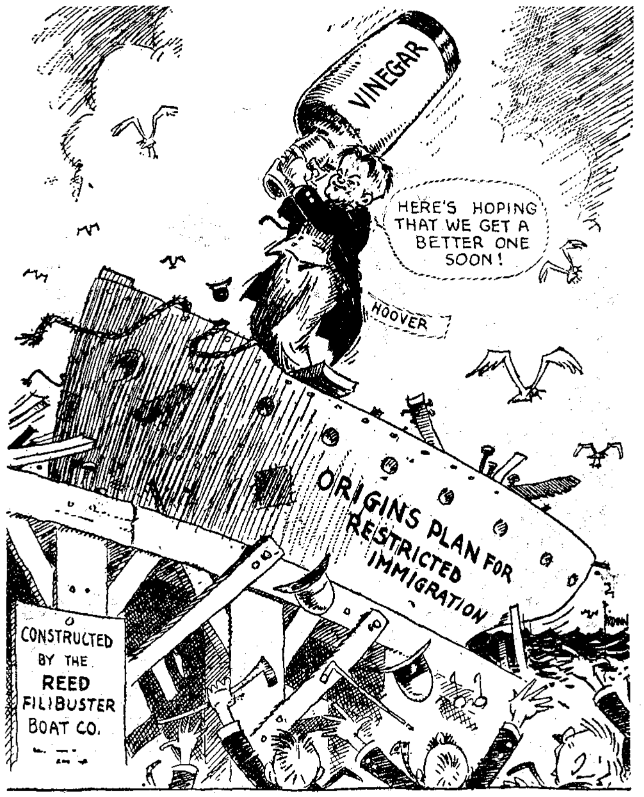
—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

The first official statement of the bank project was issued on March 9, and was quoted in part as follows in Paris dispatches:

> "If such an institution were created, its primary function at the start would be to act as trustee in receiving from Germany such annuities as may be arranged, and disbursing these among the creditor nations. As such a link between debtor and creditor, it would facilitate the transfers. It is contemplated that it would finance deliveries in kind, and in important projects coming under the general head of deliveries in kind, it might even, under proper safeguards, finance the residual part of the work.
>
> "It also could cooperate with and act as an essential intermediary between all the interested governments and the issuing bankers in marketing such bonds as might be issued for the commercialization of the German annuities.
>
> "As a reservoir of foreign exchange it might be of distinct service to existing central banks.
>
> "The new bank would be in no sense a superbank to exercise a dominating influence over existing institutions.
>
> "The new bank may serve to fill in possible gaps that now exist in world's banking organizations, and particularly such gaps as may have resulted from the new situations created by the reparations and debt settlements."

This bank may, according to opinion in Paris, "either grow into a great official international superbank, or it may develop into a simple transfer and financing agency doing the work of Gilbert and the Reparations Commission, under financial rather than political auspices," writes Guy Hickok to the Brooklyn *Eagle.* In its present tentative, skeleton form, this idea, says Leland Stowe of the New York *Herald Tribune*, contains "all the potentialities for creating well-nigh an economic League of Nations." At any rate, he adds, the bank "will be a new and herculean force in world finance." Summing up newspaper opinion in foreign capitals, the New York *Times* concludes editorially that the bank idea is obviously gaining ground:

"In England it is welcomed almost with enthusiasm. Germany is slowly warming up to it. Even in France, where dread of failing to get the full measure of payment by Germany still persists, the project is finding favor."


VINEGAR
HERE'S HOPING THAT WE GET A BETTER ONE SOON!
HOOVER
ORIGINS PLAN FOR RESTRICTED IMMIGRATION
CONSTRUCTED BY THE REED FILIBUSTER BOAT CO.

Copyright, 1929, by the New York Tribune, Inc.
Courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

THAT ENTHUSIASTIC LAUNCHING

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

In this country editorial sentiment seems to favor the bank. "Apparently the plan is workable, practicable, and financially possible," we read in *The American Banker* (New York). A number of our papers call it a "Peace Bank." As a foundation for world peace, says the Philadelphia *Record*, for instance, "it would endure far longer than those built of bayonets and paper treaties." If the project can be realized, concludes the Hartford *Times*, "history may mark it to have been a more tangible step toward internationalism than was even the institution of the League of Nations or the World Court."

But "the flights of fancy concerning the scope and power of the projected institution" that have been indulged in by press correspondents "would do credit to a writer of romantic fiction," declares the New York *Journal of Commerce.* The bank, it admits, "might perform a useful formal function of unification and elimination, since the present organization under the Dawes plan is complicated, cumbrous, and wasteful to a degree." But all other services that have been suggested could be provided by existing financial machinery. Moreover, concludes *The Journal of Commerce*, no superbank can keep the mark from depreciating if Germany pays more than "she can produce in the form of a national surplus," nor can it "pick out of the air credits for financing German trade unless the investors of the world are persuaded that Germany is a good credit risk."

THE ROW ABOUT "NATIONAL ORIGINS"

A BATTLE OF WORDS over the "national-origins" quotas, which sharply curtail German, Irish Free State, and Scandinavian immigration and increase British and Italian, is predicted by a number of Washington correspondents when the special session of Congress gets under way on April 15 Reluctantly, and only after he had been advised to do so by the Attorney-General, President Hoover, as required by law, issued a proclamation on March 22 establishing national origins as the basis of immigration quotas, to become effective on July 1, unless Congress shall decree otherwise. The present law provides that the annual quota of each nationality shall be 2 per cent. of the *foreign born* of that nationality resident in the United States, as shown by the census of 1890; the amended law bases the quotas on the national origins of the *entire population* of this country, as shown by the census of 1920. "The new method of figuring quotas," explains Charles Michelson in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, "is by making a hypothetical estimate of the racial divisions of the population of the United States in 1790, for a rough standard, and applying it to the census of 1920." The effect of the national-origins law (if it is allowed to go into effect), we are told, will be to reduce the annual number of immigrants by 10,953, and to change the character of the immigration. Since there has been considerable confusion as to the meaning of the national-origins plan, the National Immigration Legislative Committee explains that—

"One of the chief attacks against the national-origins quota plan is on the basis of inaccuracy. Certainly it is not as inaccurate a method of computing quotas as the 1890 census plan.

"Under the 1890 plan the quotas are determined, not from the total number of persons in the country when the 1890 census was taken, but on the basis purely of the foreign-born population recorded in the census of that year. The native-born population of the country is utterly ignored.

"Correspondingly there has been much misrepresentation of the national-origins plan. It has been said, erroneously, that it was based exclusively on the 1790 census. Actually it takes into consideration that census, and every succeeding census down to and including 1920. The whole object is to allot quotas to foreign nations based on the precise percentage of population which persons of that blood formed in this country as of 1920. The use of the previous censuses, beginning in 1790, is to determine as accurately as possible the derivation of our population by percentages by the time 1920 had been reached. The object also is to maintain the flow of immigration so as to maintain the percentage of various nationalities poured into our melting-pot up to and including 1920."

Opposed to the national-origins plan and in favor of retaining the present 2 per cent. quota system, says the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, are President Hoover "and the elements and organizations representing the newer American stocks, especially the German and Scandinavian." "By postponing or repealing the plan, Congress will meet the evident wishes of the country," thinks the New York *World*, and in the Springfield *Union* we read:

"No quotas can be fixt that will completely satisfy those who hope to immigrate or that will wholly solve the problem of assimilation, but the change that is proposed makes the situation worse, rather than better. In these circumstances, to abandon the present system for the national-origins plan is clearly inadvisable.

"The outstanding change in the quotas is that which increases the quota for Great Britain and Northern Ireland from 34,007 to 65,721. Because of the predominant part that Great Britain played in settling the United States, it is entitled to a large quota, but not a larger quota than it is willing to take advantage of Were there prospects that the British quota would be filled, it might not be objectionable, but the immigration records show that the present British quota, almost half as large as the new one, has not been filled.

"The present system, based upon the census of 1890, meets the requirements and is not open to the objections that the national-origins plan is continually subject to. Congress should not fail to take steps to remedy the situation in the special session."

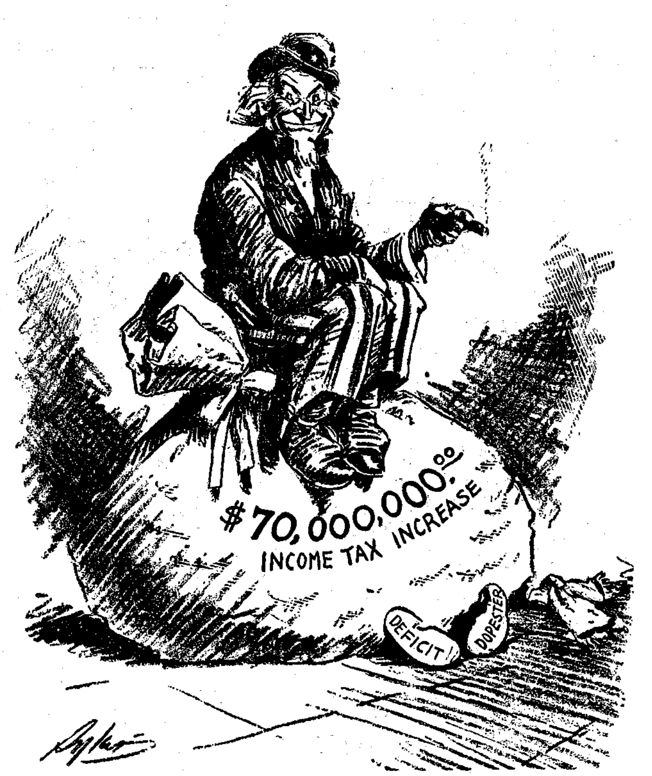
INCOME TAXES AS A PROSPERITY GAGE

A COMPARATIVELY SMALL but satisfactory Treasury surplus, with which to begin the fiscal year on July 1, may be expected by the Hoover Administration, financial authorities agree, as a result of the unexpectedly heavy income-tax payments for 1928. On March 23 it was estimated that the total collections for the month would be about $600,000,000, and that on this basis the surplus at the end of the fiscal year, ending June 30 and including June 15 payments, might reach $150,000,000. Up to March 23, the gain for the fiscal year was $88,268,240, over the same period of 1928, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times.* The figures in the adjoining cartoon represent the estimated increase for March, 1929, over March, 1928. Profits of individuals from stock speculation, higher earnings of corporations, increased dividend payments from corporations, and a greater distribution of bonuses to employees are all said to figure in the increased returns, which, incidentally, are also greater in number than those of 1928. "Altogether," observes the Buffalo *Courier-Express,* "this is a good showing, both for the country and the Government. To the country it is an assurance of satisfactory conditions in business and industry. To the Government it removes the possibility of a Treasury deficit." Of course, points out the New York *Times:*

> "It was expected that the prosperity of 1928 would be reflected in higher returns from both corporation and individual taxes. But the actual results, to date, surprize even the most optimistic Treasury officials. Altho it was thought that reduction of 1½ per cent. in the corporation tax would produce a loss of revenue of $123,000,000, the payments already made indicate that there will be no loss at all from this source. It is pointed out that the March payments on this account may include back taxes, yet, making every allowance, the increase in the taxes paid by corporations is a trustworthy indication and reflex of the large business done and profits made during last year. The high leap of individual income taxes is accounted for in much the same way.
>
> "Treasury officials are inclined to attribute a good part of this rise in receipts to the extraordinary speculation in the stock market during most of 1928. It would appear that more people than supposed took their profits and paid the resultant taxes. As the enormous sales of stock put money, through the transfer tax, into the Treasury of the State of New York, so did they, it would seem, operate to avert all fears of a deficit in the Federal Treasury.
>
> "It is now reckoned at Washington that even if the $45,000,000 due the railroads in back pay for carrying the mails should be voted at the extra session of Congress, and so fall within this fiscal year, it would nevertheless end with a handsome surplus in the Treasury.
>
> "Yet abundant and even superfluous government revenue is not an occasion for a prudent Administration to pull down its barns and build greater. One year's prosperity with overflowing Treasury receipts may not be duplicated in the next. And the experience of many years has shown that surplus funds always constitute a temptation to Congressional extravagance."

A most significant index of the nation's prosperity is seen by virtually all editorial writers, as they note the manner in which income-tax payments are pouring into the Treasury. "The increase in the income tax paid by corporations and individuals," remarks the South Bend *Tribune,* "means that the entire country is in a healthful economic condition." Not a few papers credit the Coolidge régime with having done most to bring about a considerable reduction in the public debt, and, therefore, a saving of millions of dollars in interest charges. Mr. Coolidge also has brought about four tax-reductions, and a national prosperity that is vast and far-reaching, says the Dayton *Journal.*

In a number of dailies, however, we find a certain uneasiness about what Congress may do during the special session beginning April 15. Congress, maintains the Troy *Record,* should not develop a streak of extravagance just because we have the prospect of surplus before us, and the Indianapolis *News* warns its readers that it is entirely possible for an unbalanced budget to develop in the next three months. Then there is the instability of the source of much of the 1928 income-tax gain to be considered, thinks the Brooklyn *Eagle.* Taxes from stock speculation are all right, in their way, admits this paper—while they last. But, points out the Columbus *Ohio State Journal,* this results in an unsubstantial kind of prosperity, and is not very well distributed. For, it adds, "the bull movement can not continue indefinitely. And what will our income-tax receipts show when the great slump comes, and the average speculator reports a loss on his dealings?" As the Baltimore *Sun* explains:



"QUITE COMFORTABLE, THANK YOU!"

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

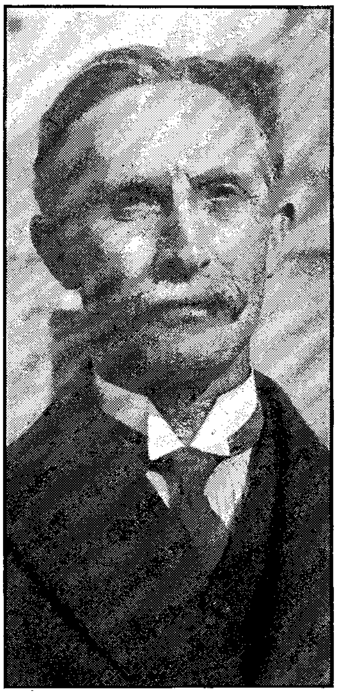
> "Gratifying as it is to see the Treasury spared embarrassment, the fact remains that gains in the securities markets and the unparalleled prosperity of big corporations over a period of twelve months do not present as stable a revenue basis as could be wished for a Government which contemplates a program of expenditure that will call for much larger sums of money than have ever been needed before.
>
> "It is conceded that ordinary expenditures of the Government will continue to advance. In addition, extraordinary expenditures in the Hoover Administration are expected to go forward at a much more rapid rate. We are committed to improvement of the Mississippi and its tributaries, to Boulder Dam, and to a huge naval program, and we are preparing to give a blank check for farm-relief. Mr. Hoover, furthermore, has advocated a large program of internal development, and there is no telling what increases in costs drastic enforcement of Prohibition will entail.
>
> "These are but illustrations of demands upon the Treasury that are already earmarked, for revenues from the income tax are chiefly relied upon to meet them."

Be this as it may, asserts the New York *Herald Tribune,* we have learned from the increase in revenues that—

> "Lowering tax rates stimulates business, and prosperity brings in larger revenues. The war-time scheme of taxation was economically oppressive and unproductive. It drove capital into exempt and non-productive investment. Excessive corporation taxes have the same injurious effect. Lower rates on a large volume of business improve the situation, both for the corporations and the Treasury. Taxes which penalize capital and earnings defeat their own object. They depress economic activities and cause diminishing returns."

ARE WE GOING ON THE ROCKS?

"WE ARE THREATENED with the gravest financial crisis that the world has ever seen." Such is the gloomy prophecy of Sir George Paish, a former editor of the London *Statist* and financial adviser to the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir George, now a well-known European economist, blames the impending crisis on politicians who have pursued wrong policies since the war. Speaking before the National Free Trade Conference at Manchester, England, on March 19, Sir George is quoted as saying: "We are threatened with this crisis because the governments of the world have followed a policy of trade restriction, thus preventing debtors from paying their debts. We are face to face with this crisis. Nothing can be done now to prevent a financial crash. Those who have loaned money can not recover it. The question we now have to face is how to get out of the crisis when it comes."



Keystone photograph

RUIN IN SIGHT

"We are threatened with the gravest financial crisis the world has ever seen," declares Sir George Paish, British economist.

Before turning to the editorial columns of American newspapers to learn how this dire outburst is being received, let us see what a leading American economist thinks of the possibility of our going on the rocks. Says Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University:

> "What Sir George is quoted as saying about tariff interference with debt payments is true. Our own tariff is preventing the payment to us of European debts. The French tariff is preventing the payment to her of reparations.
>
> "Ultimately the debts must be paid in commodities. We would not want them to be paid in gold—we have too much gold already. However, if Sir George has been correctly quoted, it seems as if he has been betrayed into exaggerating the suddenness of any injury that is going to be felt. I can not imagine any sharp cracking in the way of a panic or world crisis, and I can not believe that the United States would be seriously affected."

The financial seismograph of *The Wall Street Journal* has recorded no rumblings such as might be expected to precede a world-wide crisis. This financial daily's interpretation of the Paish prediction, in fact, is that—

> "Sir George happens to be an old-fashioned Liberal in politics, and England is face to face with a general election on May 30. Sir George is also an old-fashioned freetrader, holding that view with an almost religious faith which could be paralleled by our old-fashioned protectionists. Sir George has thought ever since the war that the cure for the war burdens is an international cancelation of debts."

"If any sharp crisis is to be anticipated in the near future, the place to look for it is in the field of speculative finance," thinks the neighboring *Journal of Commerce*, and the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* reminds us that the British economist's warning must be heavily discounted as political ammunition. Sir George, says the New York *Herald Tribune*, "is one of the hardest working prophets of modern days," and it goes on to recalls that—

> "On July 21, 1919, Sir George declared that a collapse of world credit was not only possible, but imminent. 'I see only one way out,' he said, 'and that is by capital levies, both national and international.'
>
> "On January 14, 1920, he declared that a 'complete breakdown of the exchanges of commerce and trade is already in sight.' He feared that Europe, 'deprived of American food and material,' would 'be destroyed by starvation and anarchy.' As a remedy, he proposed that the League of Nations float a $35,000,000,000 rehabilitation loan in the United States.
>
> "Poor Sir George! No one took his advice. So on October 26, 1922, he announced that 'The policy of the statesmen of Europe is fast bringing the strongest nations of Europe to ruin,' and he feared that if the United States did not abandon its protective tariff it would fall into similar ruin.
>
> "For more than two years Sir George watched the world in gloomy silence. On January 20, 1925, he lapsed into momentary cheer and told a Chicago audience that there would never be another war. But he was back to normalcy within a month, and on February 21 warned Brooklyn that the world was hatching a new war. And in April of that year he predicted that France, Germany, and Russia would unite against Great Britain and the United States unless they mended their ways. He recommended cancelation of the French debts, credits for Russia, and free trade.
>
> "Again the ungrateful world turned a deaf ear. On November 21, 1927, Sir George broke out with another prediction of 'world-wide credit collapse.' Now Sir George is at it again, and doubtless he will continue. Some day, doubtless, there will be another financial crisis. When it comes, if Sir George is still alive, he will smile and remark, deprecatingly, 'I told you so.'"

In the opinion of the Washington *Post*, Sir George's predictions "are nothing more than the croakings of an incurable free-trader." Continues this daily:

> "Sir George is no doubt making his prediction at this time for the benefit of the extra session of Congress, which will deal with tariff rates. As far as the United States is concerned, his fears are without foundation While the statement was being made, tax returns were pouring in at the United States Treasury, indicating even greater prosperity than was anticipated. Commerce with other nations continues to grow in spite of the tariff wall he refers to, and the standard of living is maintained at a higher level than ever before."

In Philadelphia, however, *The Evening Public Ledger* reminds us that "only the most unsophisticated newspaper reader supposes the World War is over," and it describes the Paish utterance as "an additional piece of war propaganda." Continues the Philadelphia daily:

> "Sir George asked all his hearers to believe that if tariff barriers aren't lowered everywhere, and if the great nations do not go in for something very much like free trade, this panic will be inevitable.
>
> "It happens that the country which profits and prospers most through a consistent policy of protective tariffs is the United States. The tariff policy of the country could not be altered unless the people were ready for a protracted fall of wages and a violent downward reversal from the present trend toward better general living standards.
>
> "The line by which Sir George's pronouncement might be connected with the pending scheme for 'refunding' the vast totals of the German reparations bill is too devious to be followed here. But it will be useful to remember that a vast flotation of German bonds, adequate to meet the total of the reparations debt, is soon to be sold to the world. France and the other allied countries hope to get cold cash. Germany, by her expanding trade, must find the money to pay interest charges and to establish a retirement fund. The United States is the richest country, and the largest and most various market in the world If, by any method of propaganda or befuddlement, a low-tariff policy could be forced on this country 'for the good of humanity,' indirect dumping would help enormously to stabilize the foundations of the proposed German bond issue.
>
> "Mr. Hoover had some very determined opponents in the Presidential election. But the fiercest of his enemies must find some grains of comfort in knowing that there is in the White House at this juncture a man perfectly familiar with European affairs and the ends and methods of European propaganda."

"British economists are viewing the world just now through darkened glasses," admits the New York *World*. Yet, adds this paper, "it is worth noting that counsels of caution are also being heard in the United States."

SPRING IN OKLAHOMA

IT IS SPRING EVERYWHERE in the United States, of course, but only in Oklahoma, say a number of unfriendly editorial neighbors, is spring heralded, not by the appearance of fishing rods and baseball paraphernalia, but by the impeachment of another Governor. Governor Johnston feels the ax this year; in 1923 it was Governor Walton. Governor Johnston was ousted by the Senate Court of Impeachment, having been found guilty on March 20 of a charge of "general incompetence." The Governor's counsel maintained that this client had not committed a single impeachable offense, and of the ten counts charged against the Governor, only one was made to "stick." In reality, it was friction between the Governor's secretary, Mrs. O. O. Hammonds, and members of the legislature that brought him before the Court, says his counsel. At any rate, after a trial lasting five weeks, the vote on the charge of incompetence was 35 for conviction and 9 for acquittal. As an independent Oklahoma daily, the Muskogee *Phoenix*, explains:

Acme Newspicture

GREATNESS THRUST UPON HIM

William J. Holloway, former Lieutenant-Governor, succeeds Governor Johnston, ousted by impeachment proceedings.

"Gov. Henry S. Johnston is out; Gov. William J. Holloway is in; the impeachment session is ended.

"We have no regrets over the conviction; the result, we believe, was inevitable on consideration of the evidence produced. There was nothing else for a self-respecting legislature to do.

"There will be general satisfaction, in which we shall share, that the ousted executive was found not guilty of corrupt or dishonest acts. We have never believed Johnston guilty of anything but inability to function as the executive of a great State government. We have no reason to change that view-point, now that it has been confirmed by a 35 to 9 vote of the State Senate, even tho the whole proceeding may be termed a political trial."

Proceeding on the assumption that Oklahoma newspapers should know more about the Johnston matter than outside publications, we quote further from a daily of the ousted Governor's political complexion—the Democratic Oklahoma City *Oklahoman:*

"From the beginning we have regretted the turmoil thrust upon our State by the precipitation of another impeachment proceeding. We have regretted the unfavorable advertising our State has received abroad. And we have a feeling of compassion to-day for an impeached executive, who in certain respects was as much sinned against as sinning. But unpleasant as the task may be, the people of Oklahoma may read with profit a record that led remorselessly to confusion in the councils of State.

"Long before Governor Johnston received his primary nomination he was made the candidate of factions. No matter how good and true many of his supporters were, his following included some of the most pernicious and sinister politicians in Oklahoma.

"It was these selfish spirits who induced the Governor to employ every power he possest to wreck an intelligent system of highway construction. They sought to parcel out among themselves all the offices and contracts of the State. And then when others obtained the confidence they had enjoyed, or the control they had openly claimed, they turned upon the man of their first love with a bitterness and malignity that Oklahoma politics has rarely seen.

"Moreover, it must be said that the Governor himself gave them powerful assistance. He persisted in spite of all advice and protests in keeping in his office one who could not possibly maintain friendly contact between executive and legislative departments. . . .

"There is little permanent profit in this capitol upheaval unless steps are taken to remove from our political life the evils that wrecked the Johnston administration. Gang politics should be scotched by a run-off primary law that will terminate factional ascendency and establish majority control. Rigid safeguards should be provided against the exploitation and plunder of the State by favorites.

"The legislature will have done an infamous thing if it removes an executive on a charge of incompetency and retains in its own hands the powers of patronage and pardon brokerage and unvarnished nepotism. If it will only clean its own house from every suspicion even as it has cleaned the executive department, it will have won the commendation of the people of Oklahoma.

"Whatever the citizens of older States may think and say of us, let it not be forgotten that Oklahoma is one State which is not afraid to fight corruption or incompetency in high places. We have not been uniformly successful in getting good men into office, but we bid fair to teach an entire nation how to get bad men and incompetent men out."

LOST: 4,500,000 FARMERS

LOST—Four and a half million
farmers in the last twenty years,
chiefly to my industrial cities.
Please return to agricultural areas.
Uncle Sam.

THIS AD HAS NOT APPEARED in any newspaper, but the fact remains that in the last twenty years, according to the Department of Agriculture, the farm population has dwindled from 32,000,000 to 27,511,000, while the general population of the United States has increased more than 30 per cent. The lure of the city has become stronger year by year. Rural delivery, the flivver, and the radio have failed in the battle to keep the boys on the farm. "Nor," says the Boston *Herald*, "is there any sign in the industrial or agricultural skies to indicate a turn of the tide." Last year, for example, 1,960,000 people abandoned farm life, while but 1,362,000 quit the city for the farm, leaving an agricultural loss of approximately 600,000. And this loss, says the Department of Agriculture, was further cut down by the high birth-rate and low death-rate on the farms, so that the net decrease was only 188,000 persons.

There was a time, and not so long ago, a number of editorial writers remind us, when such a drop would have been regarded as threatening the business and agricultural prosperity of the country. But the farms of this country, declare economists, to-day could lose a few additional millions, and still produce more than enough foodstuffs for the United States. Not only has the productivity per farm worker increased 15 per cent. in the last ten years, writes Harden Colfax in a Consolidated Press dispatch, "but the average yield per acre in major crops has mounted, due to better methods of selection, cultivation, harvesting, and marketing." Meanwhile, the substitution of mechanical power for horses and mules on the farm has resulted in releasing 20,000,000 acres of land formerly used for raising feed for farm animals, so that, from one cause and another, crop production is 5 per cent. higher than in 1919. There is, therefore, "no ground for alarm over the 'trek' of the farm population to the cities," concludes the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger:*

"Agricultural workers who leave the farms merely represent a surplus of farm labor which will find employment in other industries. In the last analysis, the movement from the farms to the cities is not a depletion, but a redistribution of labor, brought about, not by the arbitrary unwillingness of men to work on farms, but by the general economic and industrial demands of the country as a whole."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

THE triangle is a wreck tangle.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THE latest eclipse seems to be that of Mr. Volstead by Mr. Jones.—*Indianapolis Star.*

WHEN a Mexican revolution fails, either the cemetery or the United States gets an increase in population.—*Dallas News.*

THE Mexican rebels will never win any battles as long as they allow the Federals to write the official reports.—*San Diego Union.*

AFTER painstaking research we have at last discovered what the Mexican revolution is about. It is about over.—*The New Yorker.*

CO-EDS are forbidden to speak to male students on the University of Detroit campus. But when lips are mute the eyes have it.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

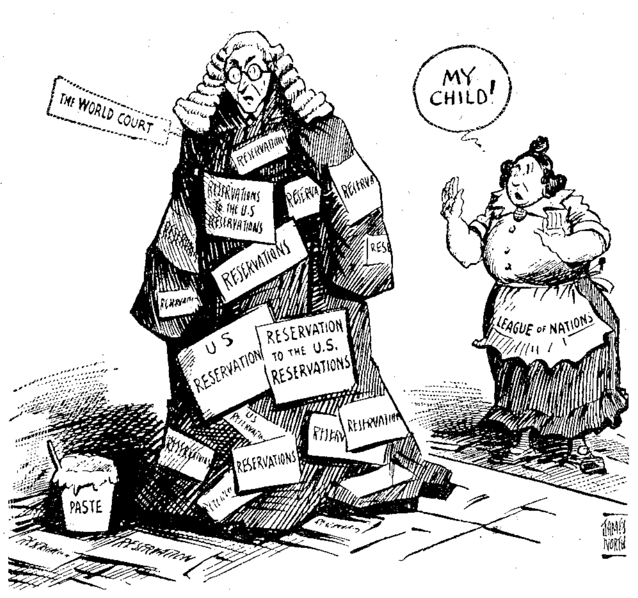
OUR advice to all future Governors of Oklahoma is to draw their full salaries in advance.—*Hartford Courant.*

PRESIDENT HOOVER has asked everybody to obey the Prohibition Law. We're all glad that's settled.—*Jackson News.*

IN the matrimonial market, we assume that a girl who marries an aviator may be said to be taking a flyer. — *American Lumberman.*

ONE thing we do know, and that is, the man who sings while he shaves has got a better razor than we have.—*Dallas News.*

THE human brain is a wonderful organ. It starts working the minute we get up in the morning and does not stop until we get to the office.—*Hardware Age.*



ONLY A MOTHER COULD LOVE IT

—North in the Washington *Post.*

WALTER NOVAK was sentenced to life imprisonment yesterday for stealing $2. Law enforcement in Chicago is that strict you can't get away with anything except murder.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE laziest man so far heard from this year is an East Texan who rides in a Model T Ford so he won't have to knock the ashes off his cigar!—*Sweetwater (Tex.) Reporter.*

PROBABLY the most mutually satisfactory war in all history is the one between Henry Ford and General Motors, both of whom seem to be victorious.—*Ohio State Journal.*

PERHAPS Professor Clark is correct in saying that college does not increase a man's income. On the other hand, it teaches him how to live without hats and garters.—*The New Yorker.*

THERE are said to be 2,000 women lawyers practising in the United States. Naturally, with so many of them laying down the law a certain number could be expected to take it up.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE Senate Agriculture Committee will begin hearings on farm-relief. And if the Committee hears anything that has not been heard for eight years past, it will be very distressing.—*San Diego Union.*

SENATOR WESLEY JONES, who thought up the Jones Law, says that he sees very little drinking in America these days. The last blind Senator we had was Mr. Gore of Oklahoma.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE new Jones law increasing fines and time to be served in durance vile is playing hob with bootleggers. The Joneses always are doing something that changes life in the neighborhood.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

THE Presidential salute in Mexico is given with machine-guns —*Judge.*

THE Mississippi is beginning to behave as if it had neve heard of the election of Mr. Hoover.—*Lynchburg News.*

THE average age of President Hoover's Cabinet is sixty. An the Government is beginning to run like that.—*Dayton Journal.*

WE don't suppose the change at the White House has any thing to do with it, but it's warmer already.—*American Lumberman.*

LEADERS in Congress are said to be puzzled over farm-relief When leaders in Congress cease to be puzzled over farm-relie it will be news.—*Boston Transcript.*

OUR advice to Mr. Trotzky is to make his way to Mexic and feel at home again. *Dallas News.*

NOW that the weather i milder many of our friend who have a cold bath all th year round have started again —*Punch.*

THEY haven't the Daughte of the Revolution in Mexico but we fancy the mother mus live down there somewhere. *Boston Transcript.*

MOSCOW, in doubling th price of bread to those who do not work, certainly ha made the loaf expensive. *Christian Science Monitor.*

WE'RE waiting anxiously fo pictures of victorious Mexica generals who will attribut their success solely to the favorite brand of cigarets. *Milwaukee Journal.*

CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT has sen a suit of his old clothes to help a needy farmer out West. I that's one of the suits Taf wore when he was President, and if it fits the man he sent it to well, the poor fellow's not starving, anyway.—*Jackson News.*

FOUR BILLION dollars in diamonds owned in the United States The statistics are supplied by insurance companies, not by tax assessors.—*Dallas News.*

DOCUMENTS found in Genoa indicate that the trip of Columbus to discover America cost $6,000. The interest return has been pretty fair.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

THE new public hangman at Budapest, Hungary, wears a silk hat, a frock coat, and spats in performance of his duty. He is drest to kill.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

APPARENTLY Deems Taylor thinks this business of napping at grand opera has gone far enough. The score of his next opus will include a part for an alarm clock.—*New York Evening Post.*

A PROMINENT doctor told an audience in Boston the other day that laughter not only is exercise, but aids digestion. That's why so few Washington correspondents have stomach trouble. *Jackson News.*

IT may be that the delay in announcing what cigaret it was that pulled King George through his recent illness is due to the rumor that the good old boy is left with a little mental trouble —*Ohio State Journal.*

"WHO killed Goliath—David or Elhanan?"—LITERARY DIGEST. We are somewhat busy right now, Mr. Digest, but as soon as we have cleared up the St. Valentine and a few other murders in Chicago we shall plunge right in and settle this question for you.—*Chicago Daily News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

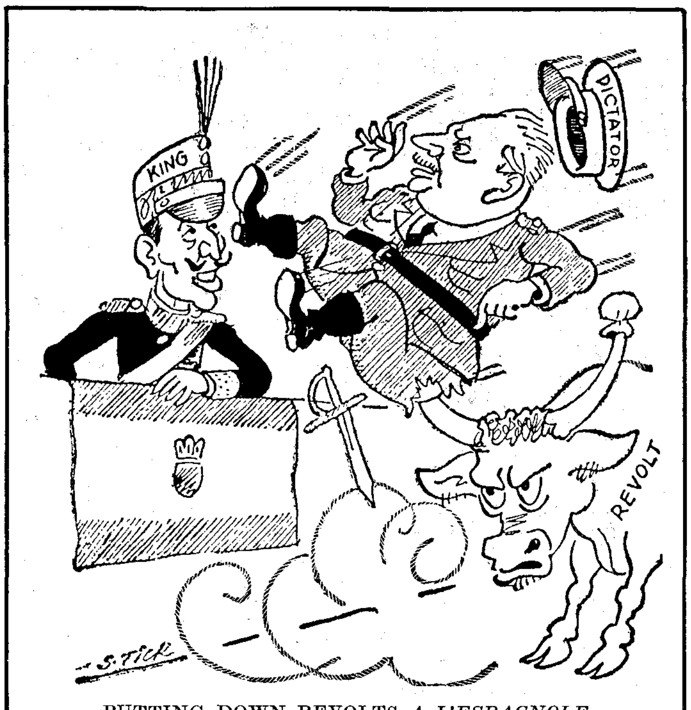
A BIG CHANCE FOR A YOUNG MAN IN SPAIN

A CAPABLE AND AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN can take a big chance in more senses than one in Spain by succeeding Gen. Primo de Rivera as dictator, who, it would appear from his own admissions, at fifty-nine is physically worn and mentally weary of his job, after five and a half years of hard going despite all the glory of being the boss of a kingdom and its king. Skeptics may think that Gen. Primo de Rivera's unwillingness to "carry on," is due not so much to his age and condition as to the fact that uprisings against his authority have become too ominous, and he is learning that, perhaps after all, his notion of being an imitation Mussolini is a fine idea, but it won't work. Nevertheless, authentic information from foreign observers, who have lately visited Spain, indicates that the Dictator is "physically a wreck of his former self, but still sitting squarely on the safety-valve of State, held in position by an increasing number of stays and chains." The main prop of the Dictator is the King, we are told, and the King is "chained to the Dictator." A fundamental reason for the inevitable smash of the Spanish dictatorship, say some French editors, is that it was and continues to be "essentially a military government, living through the Army and in great measure for the Army." Furthermore, it is alleged that the Patriotic Union, which de Rivera organized to be a civic party comparable to the Italian Fascist party, is "an abortion." It is also pointed out that unlike the Mussolini dictatorship, that of Spain lacks the force of public opinion supported by masterful party organization. Gen. Primo de Rivera's personal announcement to the press of his readiness to quit reads in part as follows:

> "If I believed that my physical constitution could bear for five years longer the hard and wearisome task to which I have submitted for the last five years, I would not hesitate for a moment to obtain from the people and the King ratification and full confidence for that period. But I do not feel sufficiently young and strong for that, so I must cut short preparatory steps for retiring from the Government.
>
> "It would be bad for the country to make the change suddenly. Not for lack of men able to continue the magnificent dictatorial work, but rather such a surprize might misguide the people whose cohesion and teamwork to-day is our greatest source of strength. This power is recognized, even by our opponents, who always call for elections, but fail to see that in such a case the Government would be returned with overwhelming majority.
>
> "I, too, believe in such a course. But to heed such counsel would be equivalent to ratifying a system which I consider ought to be dropt and replaced by another more representative of the truth and more rational, which should not revive local political battles without which the people to-day live and work happily and quietly."

The Premier then refers to his recent tour in the provinces of Saragossa and Huesca, which, he declares, convinces him that the people do not want to have anything to do with his opponents, and he adds:

> "All sound opinion in Spain trembles before the very idea of a possible change of policy and government. But, since neither one nor the other can be eternal, it is needful to provide and prepare for this inevitable contingency with serenity and calm, so that the change in executive power may be a happy event for the nation."



PUTTING DOWN REVOLTS *A L'ESPAGNOLE*

THE KING: "Say, Primo, what about all these revolts?"
DE RIVERA: "Sire, I sit on every one of them."

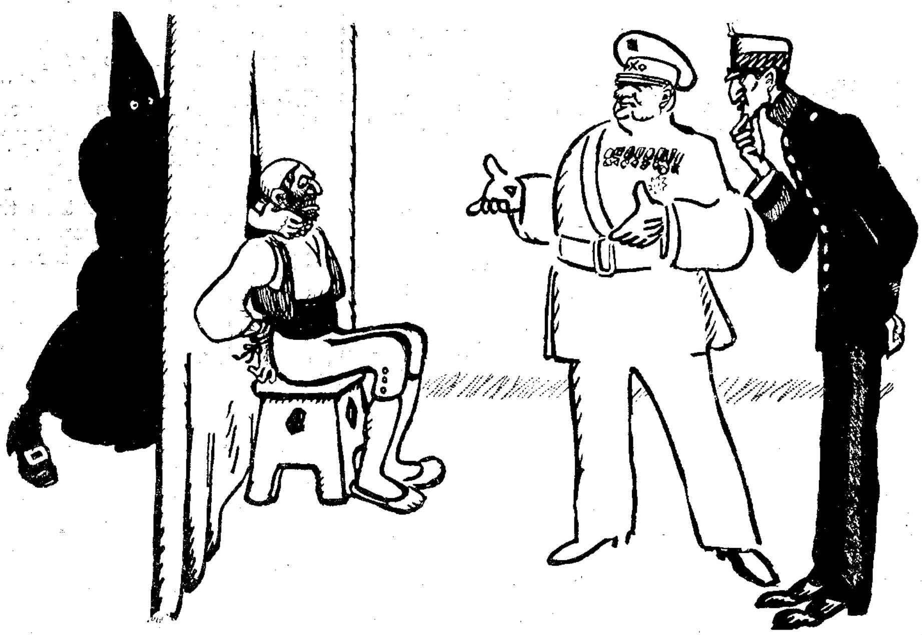
—*Le Petit Provençal* (Marseilles).

Looking backward at the régime of Spain's Dictator, whose name in full, as given in the press, is Miguel Primo de Rivera y Orbaneja, Marqués de Estella, a French authority on foreign affairs, reminds us, first of all, that censorship of the news, which has been so drastically effected in Spain, is a two-edged sword in that "it prevents anything from being known, and permits everything to be supposed." This writer, Jacques Chastenet, relates in the Paris *Opinion* that because of the Spanish censor, it was impossible at the time to find out precisely what happened in the attempted revolts at Ciudad Real and Valencia at the end of January and the beginning of February this year. From this time, incidentally, suspicion began to be felt about the duration of Primo de Rivera's control. But, despite and because of the censorship, Mr. Chastenet tells us, the strangest kind of rumors filtered through the Spanish frontiers, and were spread abroad in foreign lands to elicit startling and most contradictory comments. To understand the situation, this contributor to *L'Opinion* asks us to recall that:

> "The dictatorship of Gen. Primo de Rivera, it must not be forgotten, had its origin in a military *pronunciamento*. It was not, as was that of Premier Mussolini, propelled by a vast movement of public opinion, backed by a powerful and well-organized party. General de Rivera obtained power by aid of the Army and the Army alone. Altho the Spanish Dictator is really much less 'militarist' in temperament than the Italian Dictator, this does not alter the fact that the military element was and remains the sole solid base of his power.
>
> "General Primo de Rivera so well understood the inconveniences of this situation that he rapidly endeavored to create, under the name of the Patriotic Union, a civic party to be like the Italian Fascist party. Then, he sought to prop his authority with that of an assembly of notable men, picked by him and decorated with the title of the National Assembly. Both these attempts failed. The Patriotic Union enjoys no real popularity in Spain, and numbers among its membership only climbers, opportunists, and the timorous. As to the National Assembly, whatever interest several of its debates may have had, its

prestige is *nil.* To be sure, the dictatorship has driven away from Spain the menacing specter of anarchy, and it has realized also in the financial and economic world, and especially in the domain of public services, efficacious and fruitful accomplishment. On this account, many Spaniards accord the dictatorship gratitude and respect, but no active devotion to it has been awakened.

"It was all very well for Gen. Primo de Rivera to replace the original dictatorship, composed entirely of generals, with a civil ministry, yet his Government remains essentially a military government, living through the Army and in great measure for the Army. That is what makes so grave, for the future of the régime, the outbreaks at Ciudad Real and Valencia. They constituted a sort of *pronunciamento*, a movement of the military against the military dictatorship."



FRENCH SATIRE

Primo de Rivera: "You see, sire, Spain is a country of happy people, and I defy them to say anything to the contrary!" —*D'Artagnan* (Paris).

But, Mr. Chastenet goes on to say, the Dictator made no reprisal against the rebels in sanguinary fashion, for that is not his way, and, after all, "he is a fairly pleasant dictator." At the same time the Government put into effect certain capital measures, and we are informed:

"The first was the simple and complete dissolution of the artillery, which involved the suppression of thirty-four staffs of officers, and the return to civil life of about 2,000 officers.

"The second reprisal was the ordinance, under pain of imprisonment, that forbade intercourse with any person convicted of having criticized the Government or merely of having 'demoralized public opinion.' The Patriotic Union was charged with the task of keeping lists everywhere in which these delinquents should be registered. This was equivalent to an organization throughout Spain of a vast system of espionage, of accusation and of local tyranny."

Despite all official denials, this contributor to *L'Opinion* assures us that it was only with much difficulty that Gen. Primo de Rivera persuaded the King to sign the decrees for the enforcement of these two measures. And it is reported at Madrid that the Dictator actually threatened to resign his post in order to oblige Alfonso XIII to sign. The explanation given is that "in this adventure the King's crown is in danger." Altho Mr. Chastenet was writing about two weeks before the admission of Gen. Primo de Rivera that he is too tired to "carry on" much farther, this French writer predicted that it was coming, not alone because Gen. Primo de Rivera is physically very worn, but also because he is mentally tired of the job. Yet it is easier, we are told, to establish a dictatorship than to end it.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE DERBY

THE DERBY OF ENGLAND is the most famous horse race in the world, and is pronounced the *Darby*, but the derby in the United States is a hat, and, as everybody knows, when it is brown of hue is a political symbol. But regardless of political creed or of color, the derby in England is called a bowler; whereas, in the United States a bowler is not an article of headgear but a man who indulges in bowling. Such ambiguity of the "common tongue that is the greatest tie of friendship among the English-speaking peoples" requires explanation to understand a stirring defense of "the hat that never dies," contributed by A. G. Thornton to the London *Star.* He says:

"There was a time, just after the war, when the bowler hat was seriously threatened. To thousands of men who had been wearing hats of tin its homely, useful outline had lost its appeal. There was—I regret to say it—a distinct trend of opinion against it. It was not being worn.

"That phase has passed. The bowler has come back. Young men are taking to it more and more. Older men who relapsed have long since repented. The bowler is going as strong as ever it went.

"It is a triumph due entirely to the operation of natural laws. The bowler is as much an evolution of the British climate as the umbrella and the coal fire. It stands up to the winter as no other form of headgear can. The best soft hat will bend to the storm. The bowler will laugh at everything the weather has to offer. It is solid, British. And, being British, it suits the majority of men. To artists, of course it is the hated thing. But artists are limited folk. They think only in line They do not consider the ensemble."

With a courteous lifting of his "he man" hat this writer declares that women are wiser in hat psychology, for altho they may think the bowler, considered by itself, is not a work of art, they know that there is something essentially masculine about it. If their particular man has a weakness of feature, it is averred, they know the bowler will hide it, while if he is strong-jawed and sound about the forehead, there is no hat like the bowler for giving him the best setting. On the other hand, according to some exponents of male hat psychology, it is fair to suppose that certain women might suffer an attack of esthetic *mal de mer* to see their "hero" wearing a derby, whether black, brown blue or gray, because it is impossible for them to think of any hero, from *D'Artagnan* to Douglas Fairbanks, wearing other than a soft hat. But to return to the champion of the derby:

"In so many ways this noble, unaffected hat is tried and true. It will see you through most social occasions. It is a sure guaranty against concussion when you get up suddenly from your seat on the top deck of a covered bus. It is really the British hat now. The top hat has fallen away except in Whitehall and among other primitives like West Africans and Solomon Islanders.

"Most students are agreed, I think, that all this trouble in Afghanistan would have been avoided if Amanullah had ordered the bowler and not the top hat. The bowler and revolution simply can not exist side by side. Look back on all the modern revolutions, and you will see that they have all occurred in non bowler countries. The first thing the young Communist does is to jump on his father's bowler. He then goes thoroughly to the political bad. The restraining influence is gone. In short, the bowler is the greatest leveler in our otherwise unequal social system. Under the British bowler all men are equal. Let us guard it carefully as the greatest democratizer in history."

A PHILIPPINE PLEA TO CONGRESS

THE MOVEMENT THAT IS ON FOOT to induce the special session of Congress to limit sugar imports from the Philippines has awakened feelings of resentment and egret in those insular possessions of ours. Why should the United States, foremost and most powerful of all countries in the world, permit itself to be led into a policy that in years long past hurt not only the Philippines but also their one-time suzeain, Spain itself? This is the question suggested to Philippine critics, we are told, by the agitation of the sugar interests in the United States to secure from Congress a limitation on sugar imports from the Philippines. In a former day, we are reminded by *The Philippine Magazine* (Manila), Spain followed, at the behest of its merchants, an exclusion policy which resulted in halting progress in the Islands and in impoverishing Spain. How mportant the Philippines were or centuries before the coming of the Spaniards in the sixteenth century this monthly makes us understand by recalling that then Manila was an international mart, a meeting place of merchants from all parts of the Orient—Japan, China, Siam, Malaysia, and India, and it is noted anew:

> "The Spaniards recognized the value of this trade, and, abolishng the system of levying tribute which the Filipinos had followed, made Manila the first open port n the East. The Spaniards themselves became merchants, and forwarded rich Oriental merchandise across the Pacific to Mexican ports, choosing this route rather than the Western one around the Cape of Good Hope n order to avoid contact with the Portuguese and other European rivals. Manila became the foremost commercial center n the Orient.
>
> "But the invasion of Mexican markets by Philippine Spaniards threw their countrymen at home in a panic, and Madrid authorities were besought to take action. Spain was unable to adapt itself to the new conditions and to profit by the development of the Philippines—as it might have—and the colony was sacrificed, in the words of Regidor and Mason, authors of 'Commercial Progress in the Philippine Islands,' to the ignorance of the age. Direct intercourse with Spain was forbidden, and the export trade of the Philippines was limited to $250,000 annually. For nearly two centuries this 'commercial insanity' was continued with slight increases from time to time in the value of the goods allowed to be shipped across the Pacific."

The result was stagnation in the Philippines, it is related, and serious deficits in the revenue of the Islands, which the Spanish Treasury had to make good. The motive of the present sugar agitation, alleges this monthly, is not to furnish the American people with more and cheaper sugar. Nor, we are told, is the interest of the United States itself at stake, or protection for an American industry against foreign competition. It is then flatly charged that:

> "The motive on the part of the agitators is to protect their own interests against legitimate competition from a territory which is a part of the United States. In other words, it is the American sugar interests against the people of the Philippines as producers and against the people of the United States as consumers."

But another angle presents itself to *The Philippine Magazine*, which remarks that altho the Philippines came into the possession of the United States by conquest, this "unpleasant fact has never been emphasized." On the other hand, it is pointed out, America has placed stress on its trusteeship over the Philippines, for, to quote the late President McKinley, the Islands are America's, "not to exploit, but to develop." The mutual advantages of the relationship between the United States and the Philippines have frequently been noted, declares this Philippine organ, and among these was Philippine access to the American market; but—

> "If we in the Philippines are to contemplate the possibility of Congress suddenly and direly damaging one of our fundamental industries, and consider that once done, the act might be repeated with others of our important industries, then where are we?
>
> "We are ten thousand miles away, and in the Congress which has such vast powers over us we have but two representatives, with the right to speak but not to vote."

Underwood & Underwood photograph

THEY WANT CONGRESS TO PROTECT THEM

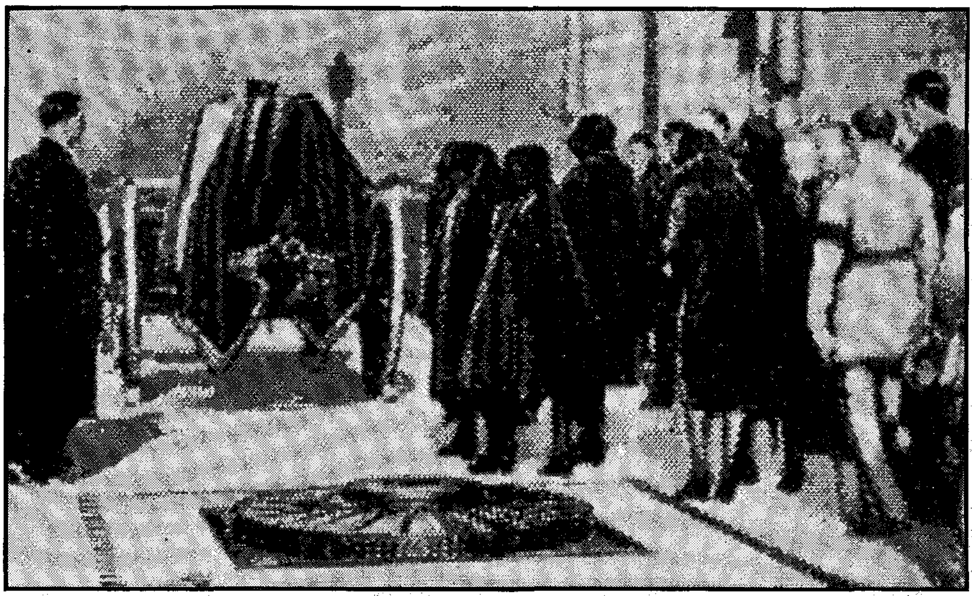
Filipino sugar workers at a crude native mill, whose product is said to be threatened by American sugar interests, which are caustically described as being "against the people of the Philippines as producers and against the people of the United States as consumers."

JAPAN'S PROHIBITION MOVE—Prohibition as "Made in Japan" differs from "dry" brands of legislation in other countries, it seems, in that the measure to be placed before the Japanese legislature is to apply to young men under twenty-five years of age. A supporter of the project is the Tokyo *Yorodzu*, which notes that in America absolute Prohibition has been described in some quarters as "a law turning out criminals," so this daily goes on to remark:

> "In the face of this American example absolute Prohibition is avoided by forbidding sales of liquor to young men under the specified age. The proposal appeals to our judgment, since its purpose is protection from the material and moral losses brought by drinking.
>
> "Statistical returns of all nations demonstrate that drink forms a cause of crime. We have too many instances in which young men in the country become morally decadent, and promising students give up learning, from drinking. This is the reason for the movement of Prohibition.
>
> "In the case of smoking, the age is limited at twenty, and this limitation proved conducive to the promotion of good health. Drink does more harm than smoking, so the specification of the age limit at twenty-five is sensible. Prohibition will excite laughter and scorn when moved from overnice moral principles, but it should be noted that the harmful effect of drinking is material rather than moral. Physical and mental health are impaired by it.
>
> "The prevention of young men from moral and physical deterioration is the object of Prohibition, and we support the movement for these reasons."

HOW GERMANY REMEMBERS HER CONQUEROR

THE UNISON OF SORROW AND ACCLAIM over the death of Marshal Foch was marred, unavoidably, it is said, by some German personages and editors who, apparently, cherish bitter memories of the Armistice. Of course, many Germans there are, it is rumored, who in common intelligence and in the presence of death would have to concede the military genius of Marshal Foch, altho they would not necessarily voice their opinion. But in Austria, it seems, a country that, as some say, was practically blown out of existence by the war, the Marshal's masterful strategy and military gifts are praised unreservedly, for, as the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* observes: "He accomplished his immense task with true human greatness and humility. No enemy can avoid bowing before his bier." In sharp refutation of a claim made by certain German editors abroad and some German-American editors in the United States, the *Wiener Journal* declares that it was not merely the inexhaustible American reserves and Allied tanks and guns which enabled Foch to win the World War, but his own consummate skill and brilliancy as a tactician, and the Vienna *Tageblatt* eulogizes him as "a humane and gentle man, and no less a clever strategist."



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A CABLED PHOTOGRAPH OF MADAME FOCH AND FAMILY AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE

In the background, the gun carriage bearing the draped casket of the great Allied commander, on top of which is his peaked cap. In the foreground, the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier—rank and file, side by side, in death.

But, in Germany, the Berlin *Morgenpost* flatly avers that the American Expeditionary Force, added to the errors of General Ludendorff, gave Marshal Foch a chance that none of his predecessors in the Allied command possest. His attitude was "merciless toward a beaten country," in the view of certain German organs, as, for instance, the *Boersen Courier*, which acridly observes: "He spared us nothing, and was as unbending in the matter of sanctions as he was in enforcing the complete disarmament of Germany." The Nationalist *Allgemeine Zeitung* describes the Marshal as "the brutal henchman of Poincaré's ruthlessness," and, objurgating Foch as an inveterate hater of the Germans, the *Lokal Anzeiger* says:

> "His aim was the complete annihilation of Germany, and no terms were too hard for him to impose. The German nation, which generally is only too ready to do justice to an adversary, can not but look upon his bier with bitter feeling."

The *Lokal Anzeiger*, furthermore, smiles at "the legend" that Foch was the greatest military leader of the war, altho General von Frankenberg und Proschlitz declares in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* that: "Foch had the strongest will of any military leader on the enemy's side, and this was indispensably important." The Nationalist *Deutsche Tage Zeitung* remarks:

> "The strong personality of the Marshal doubtless did much to achieve Allied victory. But this is far from admitting, as the Allies claim, that he is the greatest field marshal of all time, and far superior to the German generals."

An admission by the Berlin *Boersen Zeitung* is that:

> "Without Foch, Germany's great offensive of 1918 would have been successful. But to put Foch beside Alexander, Hannibal, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, or von Moltke is without sense or reason."

A very different tone from that of the foregoing opinions is heard in *Der Tag* from Lieutenant-Colonel Gometzsch, who pays chivalrous tribute to the soldierly gifts of the French commander, altho he ranks him below the level of Napoleon and von Moltke, and this military authority is further quoted as saying:

> "Marshal Foch often exprest the highest admiration for our splendid Army. Furthermore the Marshal once had to defend himself in the French Chamber of Deputies against reproaches that the Armistice terms were too mild."

"NOT A CENT FOR THE SOVIETS!"—The exile of Trotzky from Russia and the suspicion with which his mere approach, whether by mail or by messenger, is eyed by all European countries, impel some observers of Soviet conditions once again to point with scorn at the complete impracticableness of the Lenin conception of statecraft. In a letter to his partizans, written as long ago as October, 1928, notes Auguste Gauvain, Foreign Editor of the Paris *Journal des Débats*, Trotzky pointed to the peril of Soviet Russia, and presented a plan of reforms. Incidentally, it is remarked, altho the country's present master, Stalin, has no use for Trotzky, he realized the weight of Trotzky's influence among his host of supporters, and so did not get rid of him summarily, fearing that this might be a signal for civil war. As long ago as 1921, this French Foreign editor argues, Lenin recognized the failure of Communism, and so Lenin organized the Nep or New Economic Policy, and substituted State capitalism for Communism. We read then:

> "After the failure of war communism, Lenin should have noted the failure of State capitalism. Despite his energy and his intelligence, he could not have triumphed over the forces of nature. Russia is a country essentially rural, where production and distribution of resources are commanded by necessities that impose themselves on any imaginable Government. The peasants make mock of State capitalism.
>
> "State capitalism requires capital. There is no longer any capital in Russia. It has all been eaten up. The People's Commissaries are reduced to seek for foreign capital. Their present policy and their diplomacy is subordinated to their money needs But foreign capitalists know, or at least should know, that Soviet Russia will swallow all the capital they put into it without any chance of recovery. The accommodations they may grant to Moscow will serve only to prolong a monstrous régime that defiles both soul and body, and empties an immense country of its physical and moral substance. Not a centime for the Soviets!"

HAPPINESS ON A CANADIAN FARM

THE BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT experienced by some English emigrants, who tried life in Canada as workers during harvest time on Canadian farms last mmer, has been noted in these pages, with the press explana- on that some of the disillusioned would not have been successful nywhere on a farm, and that others had journeyed to Canada om England merely as an experiment. But now a concrete se of the happiness found on a Canadian farm by a British ouple and their children is recorded in the London *Times* by the ife of a farmer who has been in the Dominion for six full years. he and her husband decided to emigrate, we are told, because anada offered more scope for a small family with limited means han anything they could ope for in the British sles, and they picked out he Province of Ontario greatly on account of s proximity to En- and; the idea of being nly nine days from Lon- on rather appealed to s." At the outset in anada, it is further tated, they decided that they were there more to ave money than to make money" for the first few ears, because to make money one must first be illing to sink a certain mount, which they did ot feel justified in doing t the beginning. Their ntial effort, it seems, as the purchase of a air-sized farm, with a ew tumble-down build- ngs, in one of which they ved while they were having a house built. The new one was a nine- oom bungalow, with an ttic capable of being divided into five more ooms, and with all mod- ern conveniences, including many labor-saving devices. The ost of putting up this house in Canada was less than it would have been in England, according to this settler's wife, who continues:

"It is astonishing how much one can save if one tries, and liv- ng expenses in Northern Ontario where we live are very much ower than at home; so are rates and taxes. We decided, to begin with, to employ no labor in the house or outside except on special occasions, and as I had heard that a servant was difficult to get I thought I would try to carry on without help, tho I found it was always possible to get a 'girl.' The 'girl' is usually French-Canadian, talks very little English, receives not less than $20, the equivalent to £4, a month, or if employed by the day from $1.25, and will do any and every kind of job.

"I decided to have a 'girl' once a week to give me a hand, but I had no idea how to prepare for this 'attack.' She would appear soon after 8 A. M. and expect to work without any interval, except a half-hour for lunch, until 6:30 in the evening, and I found it almost impossible to keep the supply of work equal to the demand. My vision of a restful day, getting through arrears of darning, letter-writing, and perchance a little reading, soon vanished. I would settle down in a comfortable chair with a lapful of socks to mend, when round the door would pop Marie-Rose, 'And now what, Missus?' and I would have to think out some further occupation for her, my carefully-thought-out supply for the day's work having given out by the middle of the morning. By 6:30 P. M. she left fresh and smiling, with a dollar and a quarter in her pocket, leaving behind her a completely exhausted 'Missus.' Eventually I found myself far more tired after my day's help than any othe day in the week, so I gave it up, except about once a month, and when I had given time and thought to preparing a really full ten hours of work. One soon gets accustomed to doing everything oneself, tho certain things such as washing can be done 'out,' but it is advisable to inquire about the water supply before entrusting any light-colored garments to the hands of a washerwoman."

Photograph by courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Steamships

ONE OF CANADA'S COMING MEN

A sturdy young Hebridian, arriving in Canada with many other settlers from the British Isles to seek their fortunes in the promised land of the Dominion.

The secret of success, according to this farmer's wife, is working by the clock, setting aside definite times for each job, and beginning and ending at the set time. One soon learns how long various jobs take, and we read:

"If by any chance the work is finished five minutes before scheduled time it gives one the feeling of leisure, whereas if there is a great deal to do and one sets oneself no time-limit one is always chasing and rushing round. I don't work so very hard either. I never start before 7 A. M., and make a rule to knock off all housework and domestic work at 3 o'clock, leaving all tea and supper washing-up to be done the following morning, supper usually having been prepared earlier in the day. I always try to put in half an hour resting and reading from 3 to 3:30, and then I go out, very often driving into town with the children to shop or to see friends, or possibly going to a neighboring farm with a message from my husband.

"I do not think it will come amiss to say, for the benefit of mothers going out with small families, that it is a marvelously healthy country for children. Last winter there were only two days on which the children had to be kept indoors; and certainly the open-air life in Canada, with nature as nurse and school-teacher, is one of the best upbringings, mentally, morally, and physically. It makes the children independent in the right way, observant, able to fend for themselves."

That Canada is not receiving a sufficient proportion of Britons as immigrants worries some Canadian and some English editors. At present, remarks the London *Daily Express*, two Europeans are entering Canada for every Briton, and this fact is considered "ominous for the Canadian future." Says the Montreal *Daily Star:*

"In spite of the fact that immigration into Canada has increased from 124,362 in 1927 to 132,398 in 1928, the number of British immigrants shows a decrease from 45,012 in 1927 to 43,229 in 1928, excluding the miner-harvesters. . . .

"If we have had fewer British immigrants to welcome during the past year, we have had more from the United States. In 1927 the number of settlers who crossed the international boundary to settle in this country was 18,663. During 1928 this number has risen to 23,329, due, probably, to increasing unemployment in the United States.

"This means that while immigration from the United States increased during the past year by 25 per cent., immigration from Great Britain decreased by 4 per cent."

AN AUTOMOBILE PLANT WITHOUT MEN

PARAPHRASING "PINAFORE," we may ask in astonishment, "What! no men!" and the answer will be, "Well, hardly any!" For L. R. Smith, President of the A. O. Smith Corporation, frankly confesses, in *The Magazine of Business* (Chicago), that he still requires a few. So much of the work, however, is purely automatic that he now builds 8,000 frames a day with 120 men, which he calls "a mighty fine job, but mighty poor engineering." Apparently he will not be satisfied until he builds 10,000 a day with no men at all, and as he entitles his article, "We Build a Plant to Run Without Men," it may be assumed that this is his goal, even if it be not yet attained. Writes Mr. Smith:

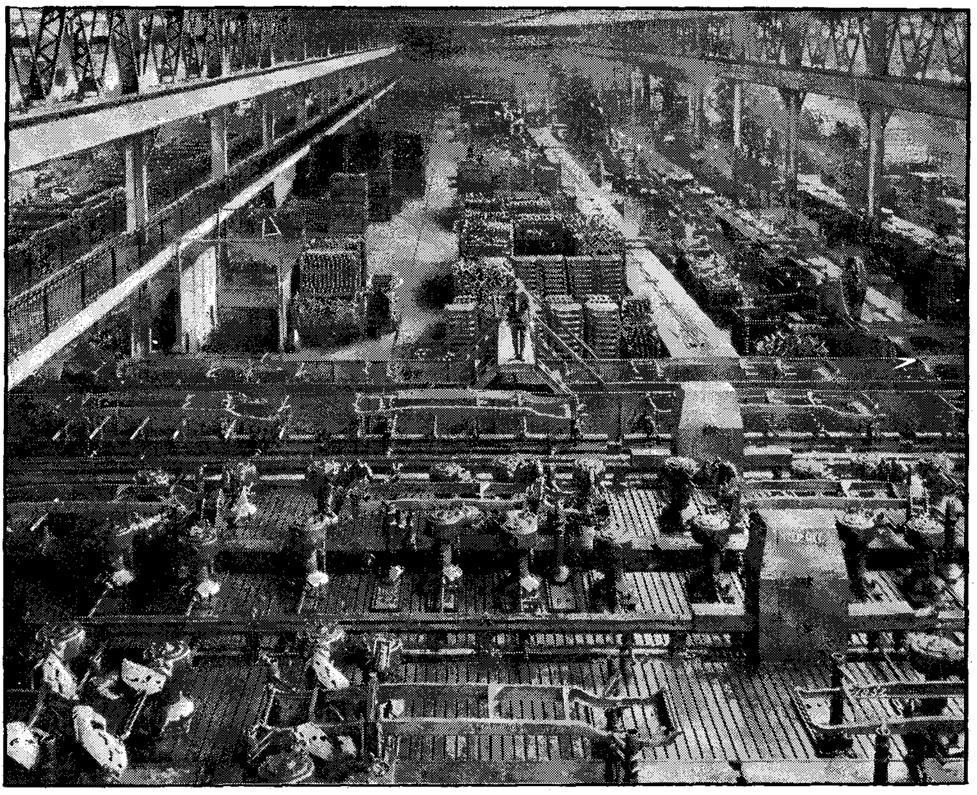
"'Can automobile frames be built without men?' This is the question we asked ourselves as we watched men in our plants doing certain mechanical things over and over again. Its answer rested in the subconscious minds of engineers. And it was on the basis of engineering confidence that ours was an attainable goal, and on the basis of financial confidence that the venture would be worth while, that we bonded ourselves for $3,000,000, and set to work, with a time schedule of three years in which to get into production.

"We were already frame manufacturers on a fairly large scale. True, we are still making frames in that first plant of ours, and can build in it to-day any type of frame built in the other, for our old plant is still in profitable production—in case.

"In 1904, my father, in a burst of enthusiasm, offered a bonus of a house and lot to the superintendent of assembly whose unit could produce twelve frames in a single day. And now we are 'shooting' at thousands!

"It is highly probable that watching our workers do the same thing over and over again, day in and day out, sent us on ou quest for the 100-per-cent. mechanization of frame manufacture It is a fact that when we determined on this particular quest i was with the predetermined and prestated idea that if we failed we could go on as we had been going, except that for approximately ten years we would have to work for nothing, from the standpoint of capital earnings, while we paid off our indebtedness

"We had naturally tackled the most intricate jobs first. We had worked back and ahead from stations that demanded the maximum of mechanical response, such as the point of final assembly where the frame on its moving jig pauses in the grasp of metal fingers out of which, from basement hoppers, are shot by compress air, at the rate of 1,000,000 a day, the cold rivets that are dowled a few seconds later into the frame.



Courtesy of *The Magazine of Business* (Chicago)

WHERE A MILLION RIVETS A DAY ARE PUT IN AUTOMATICALLY

"Sometimes I share the amazement of a none the less sophisticated visitor as we watch a completed frame leave the conveyor-end, brushed and cleansed for the paint line, every ten seconds of the production shift. New drives are being installed which will make the future production one every six seconds."

"Seconds? Sometimes I share the amazement of a none-the-less sophisticated visitor as we watch a completed frame leave the conveyor-end, brushed and cleansed for the paint line, every ten seconds of the production shift. New drives are being installed which will make the future production at the rate of one frame every six seconds.

"Seconds had to be uppermost in our consideration as we sought to answer our question and the way to our final objective. Our thinking had to begin with the frame itself and with every part of that frame. For instance, there are 552 operations required on an ordinary frame as we build it. Our production goal was 7,200 frames a day—or over 4,000,000 operations. Simplification, standardization, elimination and condensation rang continuously in the minds of our engineers, as one primary objective after another was reached and passed. The result would naturally be better frames, principally because our mechanism must necessarily be so precise to insure automatic control, that the slightest flaw in raw material or machining would shut down the whole works.

"Walking through the plant with one of our chief engineers, we were discussing the progress we have made.

"'Think of it,' he exclaimed. 'We started out to build 7,200 frames a day with 180 men. (That was our original objective.) We now know that we can build 8,000 frames a day with 120 men. I'd say that was a mighty fine job!'

"'And mighty poor engineering!' I replied. And it was. Ask any engineer. That is why I say that we have accomplished what we set out to accomplish—in spirit. When it comes to the letter of our mission, we failed. Even now we are using more men than we should. And principally because our organization has so successfully coped with the big problems that it has small appetite for the smaller ones that remain. Only these stand between what we have accomplished and 100 per cent engineering achievement.

"A frame plant without men! Can it be done? Yes, figuratively. And even literally we can say now that we surpassed our objective."

A BRIGHT FUTURE SEEN FOR THE ARCTIC

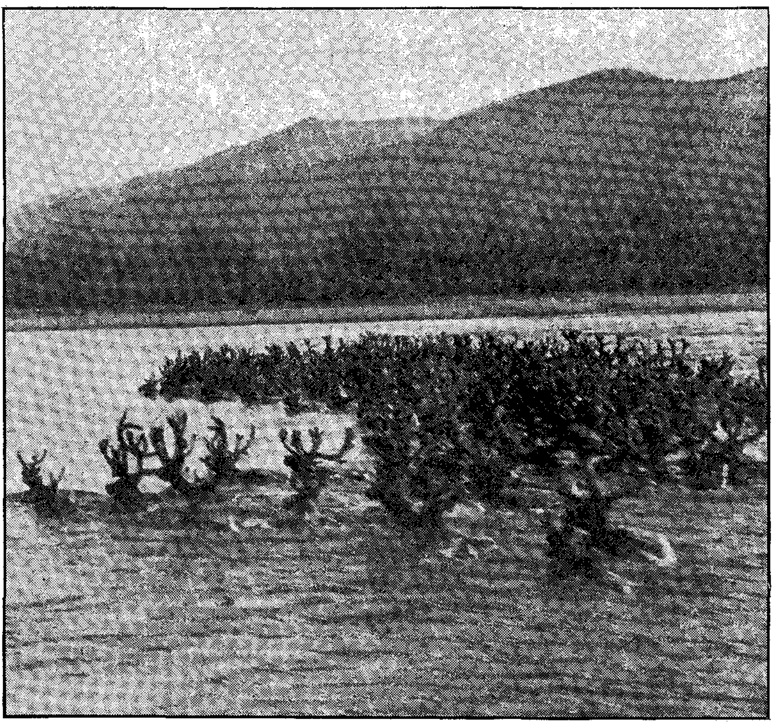
A VAST, INHABITED PASTORAL and industrial region—this is what the present Arctic wastes are destined to become, concludes Mr. H. de Varigny, who writes on the subject in *La Science Moderne* (Paris). Mr. Varigny follows closely the arguments advanced by R. N. Rudmose Brown at the recent Leeds meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Man has paid too much attention to the tropics, we are told, leaving the poles pretty much to themselves; and yet the polar regions have many resources, badly neglected, whose importance will increase with the multiplication of the world's population. Writes Mr. Varigny:

"The number of humans increases daily; the world has never had so many inhabitants, and it is evident that every increment of population necessitates an increase in food-production. Now the Arctic and Antarctic regions present certain possibilities in this regard, and besides it is sure that some of these are insufficiently known. Whence the conclusion that the exploration of these countries is indicated, not only from the point of view of curiosity or cartography, but also from that of economics. We must ascertain what they are able to give to superabundant man, what aid they are able to furnish him.

"What, then, can the polar lands give man to make life easier for him?

"The past gives us information on this point; they can furnish fodder and animal fats. With the lack of foresight and the love of destruction that characterized the 'stupid nineteenth century,' trappers and hunters have massacred the fauna, as if it were inexhaustible. The nearest polar lands have been devastated first; Greenland, Spitsbergen, Canada, Siberia—and the fur hunters have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs—if that is a legitimate metaphor. We now begin to see that animals should not be exterminated, but bred, to assure a permanent source of furs, just as we have assured a sufficiency of wool by raising sheep.

"By exploring the Arctic, man has found out another thing. He has proved that these very extensive lands are not sterile; they can produce vegetation, and they do produce enough of it to support abundant herds, which have been terribly maltreated. It was possible to breed these herds; instead, they have been decimated. The whole north of Siberia, Alaska, and Canada present vast spaces, beyond the northern tree line, as large as the whole United States. Five million square miles of soil, free from ice. This is all covered with nourishing fodder, showing the fecundity of the soil—the natural pasture of the caribou, reindeer, and musk-ox. These animals are indigenous and adapted to the climate; they do not have to go south for the winter. These are utilizable food supplies, provided we stop killing them off, and breed them methodically.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

A GLIMPSE OF OUR FUTURE LARDER?

"The whole north of Siberia, Alaska, and Canada present vast spaces, beyond the northern tree line, as large as the whole United States. Five million square miles of soil, free from ice. This is all covered with nourishing fodder, showing the fecundity of the soil—the natural pasture of the caribou, reindeer, and musk-ox. These animals are indigenous and adapted to the climate. These are utilizable food supplies, provided we stop killing them off, and breed them methodically." Here we see a herd of caribou swimming the Yukon.

"The reindeer has long been domesticated in the Old World, possibly since the Stone Age. From it most of its tundra population get their living, from Lapland to Bering Strait—Lapps, Zirians, Samoyeds, Ostiaks, Tonguses, Koryaks, etc. They raise it for its flesh and its hair, its milk and its hide, and they who do this certainly live better than the purely hunting tribes, who allow nature to do the breeding, such as the Eskimos, who must live a great part of the time on fish and marine mammals.

"These Arctic pastures are not appreciated at their full value; they have not rendered all their possible service. This theme has been fully developed by Stefansson, and the author's argument rests on the facts of experience.

"What effect would the organization of the pastoral industry have on the native population? We may have some doubts regarding the Indians and the Canadian Eskimos. These would be employed as shepherds. Butchering, storage, and transportation would be in the hands of the more civilized races. The Eskimos and the whites would thus be in intimate contact, and in such a case the less advanced race usually suffers. For this reason the civilized races generally profit by efforts made for the well-being of the backward ones; they will colonize and people the Arctic regions and prove that they are perfectly able to live and support themselves there. We may foresee the day, says an English economist, when the 'bad lands' of Arctic Canada, the tundras of Siberia and Greenland, will be occupied by a sparse population engaged in breeding and exploiting herds of reindeer and musk-oxen. A hundred years ago, who expected that sheep would be raised in Australia and wheat grown in the valleys of Canada?"

BLASTS FROM A TUNNEL?

EXCEPTIONALLY COLD WEATHER in Seattle, immediately following the opening of the Great Northern Railroad's new tunnel through the Cascade range, inspires the following pseudo-meteorological prose-poem from the pen of Carlton Fitchett, in his column in *The Post-Intelligencer* of that city:

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear what makes our weather at present so queer. Just three weeks ago, or maybe 'twas four, they opened to traffic the Great Northern bore. The very next day, as perhaps you recall, the doggone thermometer started to fall!

"The wind from the East, it started to blow, and first we had frost and next we had snow. It snowed and it froze and the mornings were raw. We're waiting and hoping, but still there's no thaw. There must be a reason behind it, no doubt, and so, while I shivered, I figured it out.

"That hole through the mountains is causing a draft, like breezes that sweep through a dumb-waiter shaft. The winds from Montana they sweep through the bore, and so we are frozen as never before. Our coal piles are shrinking, our faucets won't run; and all are complaining, yet nothing is done!

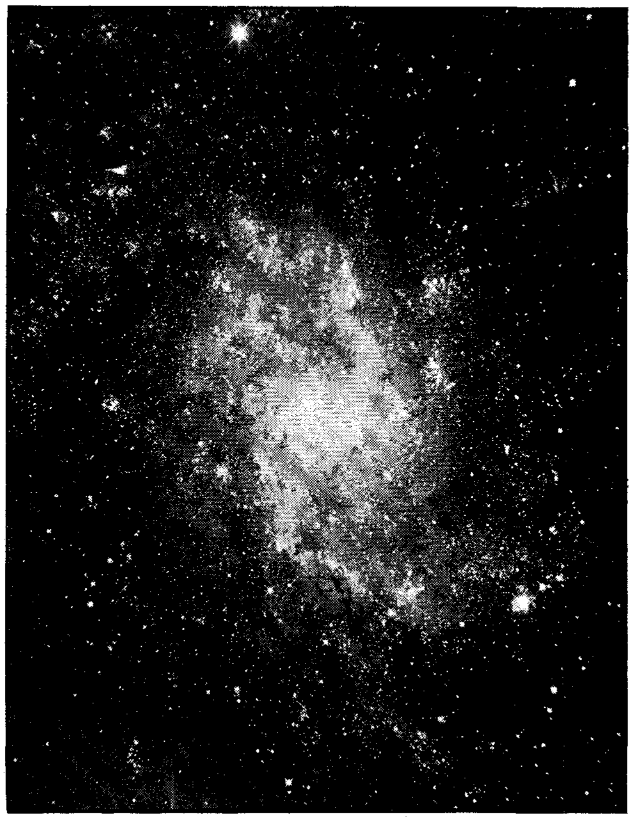
"Of course the new tunnel, it fills a great need. It cuts down the mileage, increases the speed. But may we suggest as a well-meaning friend they hang up a storm-door, at least on this end? And may we suggest to the railroading crew, they close it behind them when they have passed through.

"And early next summer, when heavens are fair, we'll ask that the storm-door be taken from there. And thus in the Inland, where folks often roast, they'll all be refreshed by a breeze from the coast."

SPONGE IRON

PIG-IRON HAS A COMPETITOR. For many years, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, attempts have been made to produce iron direct from the ore without the use of a blast furnace, the product being known as sponge-iron. Some forty to fifty patents already cover such processes, but, until very recently, none has been successful commercially, partly because of the cost. We read further:

"The idea behind the entire scheme is to obtain a low-cost metallic iron, free from impurities, which can be melted directly into steel. Why should it be necessary to put iron-ore through a blast furnace, thereby adding to the iron some 4 per cent. of carbon, and sometimes many impurities, which must be removed again to make steel?



Mt. Wilson Observatory, courtesy of *The Scientific American*

A ROTATING UNIVERSE

Spiral nebula M-33, in Triangulum, possibly resembling our own universe, the Galaxy. Lundmark believed he found this spiral nebula to be slowly rotating.

"In Sweden a process has been developed by which sponge-iron of a high grade is being made on a fairly large commercial scale. Exports of sponge-iron from that country have reached fairly large proportions. In the first nine months of last year 7,761 tons, or 862 tons per month, had been exported from that country. In less than ten years the export business alone in this product has expanded fifteen times. Before the war this business was practically nil.

"Keen interest has been aroused in this country in recent years by statements to the effect that several American companies are using Swedish sponge-iron in the charges for making high-grade electric and open-hearth steel. The benefits from its use are claimed to be considerable as well as striking, in that a superior steel with superior qualities has been produced. Causes for these results are controversial; some insist that the purity of the iron, particularly as to the absence of nitrogen, is one cause. Another contention is that the general purity of the raw material, running around 95 per cent. metallic iron, is another cause for the making of better steel. Whatever the merits of the case, it seems probable that there is considerable basis for the claim.

"In this country the sponge-iron industry has already begun to take commercial form. The United States Steel Corporation has started experimental operations in the past year, on a fairly large commercial scale, in a plant for the production of sponge-iron by the Hornsey-Wills process. Details concerning this are not yet available. A prominent American engineer and metallurgist has developed an entirely different process known as the Smith direct iron process, which is said to be rapidly nearing commercial success."

OUR ROTATING UNIVERSE

THE GALAXY, OR "MILKY WAY," which besides the faint cloudy effect familiar on starry nights includes most of the stars visible to the naked eye, and also the sun and planets of our own little solar system, is slowly rotating—so slowly that its "day," to use a terrestrial term, is no less than a hundred million years, and may be longer. Prof. Henry Norris Russell, the Princeton astronomer, tells us in *The Scientific American* (New York), that not only has the fact of this rotation been pretty well established, but that recent observations have given ground for estimating the points around which the universe is moving. Writes Professor Russell:

"The world has known for a century that the great mass of stars which forms the Milky Way is flattish in shape, with a diameter several times its thickness. The most natural explanation of such a shape is that the great cluster is flattened by its own rotation—as the earth itself is, but to a very much greater degree. Theoretical calculations based on this idea are no novelty, but to test their results by observation is hard.

"In the first place, the rotation must be exceedingly slow. The rotation period does not depend on the size of the cluster or greatly on its shape, but mainly on the density with which the stars are scattered within it. We know about how massive the stars are, and about how far apart, and it follows at once that a single revolution of the galaxy must require at least a hundred million years.

"This seems at first sight to dispose of the matter as hopeless But the rate of a whole turn in a hundred million years corresponds to more than a second of arc in a century; and astronomy has at its disposal observations of the stars which run back for more than a century and are accurate well within a second. Taking the average of a large number of these we might hope that the efforts of the random motions of the stars would average out, and those of the general rotation of the system remain.

"But here another difficulty appears. All the stars which have been observed belong to the Milky Way and share the general rotation. What fixt standard can we find from which to measure their motion? Our ordinary observations tell us where the stars are, compared with the celestial equator (which is nothing but the plane of the earth's equator carried out into the heavens). If the earth's axis always pointed exactly in the same direction, that would give us the standard of reference. But it does not; the pole which it marks out on the sky revolves about the pole of the ecliptic over a little less than 26,000 years. From the ordinary human standpoint this precessional motion is slow, but from our present point of view it is extremely rapid. Before anything can be said about the rotation of the Galaxy, this shift of the earth's axis must be most carefully measured and accurately allowed for. Fortunately, this can be done; and so we have the earth's orbit to measure from instead of its equator. But even this shifts slowly as the other planets change the orbit by their attraction.

"Once more a mass of calculations are necessary, but this time we find ourselves at last with something fixt from which to measure. There is a certain 'invariable plane' in the solar system, and our calculations may be framed so as to reduce our observations to this as a standard.

"Several investigators have gone through the heavy work of calculation, and all agree that there is evidence of a very slow rotation of the whole system of stars in the opposite direction from that in which the sun and moon circle the heavens. The calculated periods of rotation vary fairly widely from 200 million to more than 400 million years.

"So far, so good. But where is the center around which the rotation takes place? This looks like a harder question still, but it has been solved by two able young Continental astronomers, Lindblad of Sweden, and Oort of Holland. It is probable that the great star swarm of the Milky Way has a central condensation in which much of the attracting mass is contained The outlying stars would then pursue orbits around this mass as the planets do about the sun. As in the case of the planets the more distant bodies with larger orbits would take longer to go around—so much longer, indeed, that their velocities in miles per second would be smaller the farther from the center they were. This would produce curious effects upon the apparent motions."

Professor Russell explains by means of diagrams just what these effects would be, and then tells us that astronomical observation has shown that precisely such effects may be detected. He concludes:

"The center is evidently in the middle of one of the regions when the apparent drift of the stars is backward. Which one should be taken can not be determined without some additional evidence. But one of these directions is very nearly that of the great star clouds in Sagittarius. There is a great deal of independent evidence to show that the center of the Galaxy is in this direction, and the agreement is close enough to afford further support to the hypothesis of rotation.

"The cumulative weight of all this evidence is such that belief in an actually observable rotation of the Galaxy is now very generally accepted."

HEARING PLANTS GROW BY RADIO

THE IMPERCEPTIBLE MOVEMENTS of plants may be caused to affect sensitive oscillators and produce "beat" notes, which may be broadcast like any other sounds. This has been done by Professor Richtera, of Vienna, Austria, using what he calls an "ultra-micrometer," in a way described in *Radio News* (New York) by Ashur Van A. Sommers. Writes Mr. Sommers:

"In their efforts to present radio programs of a 'different' kind, broadcast stations here and abroad have taken their microphones into strange places and have picked up with them many strange and unusual sounds. Deep-sea divers have dragged 'mikes' down into the green waters of the sea; aviators have taken them aloft in the clouds; surgeons have admitted them to their operating rooms. In New York the sound of goldfish swimming in a bowl was successfully broadcast in a most interesting manner; in Iowa the sounds of human nerve currents, and in Japan the heart-beats of a maternity patient have been 'put upon the air' for the edification of local listeners. The explosions of shattered atoms have crackled in the ears of a distant audience.

"It has remained for an Austrian scientist to go even closer to nature and to reveal her own voice over a radio-broadcast station. He took a pot of flowers from his living-room window, placed it in the company of a lot of complicated electrical apparatus, and then actually broadcast the sounds made by the blossoms as they grew imperceptibly before his eyes!

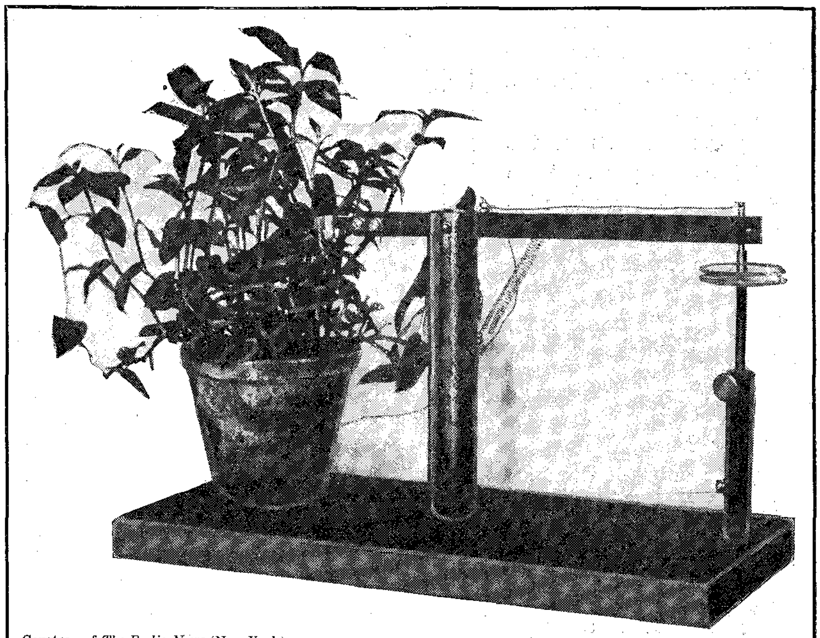
"As the instruments which made the stunt possible may easily be obtained and put into operation by any capable radio engineer, we may now expect that ringside descriptions of championship prize-fights will be enhanced by noises indicating the growth of bumps on the protagonists' heads. Many other uses for the apparatus will suggest themselves to enterprising station managers.

"The principles of operation of the electric *ultra-micrometer*, which is the name given to this remarkable instrument, will be understood readily by the radio fan, and a description of them may be of interest. The apparatus used for the Vienna broadcasts was designed by Professor Richtera, director of the 'Ravag' station in that city.

"Briefly, the idea is to arrange a delicate system of levers in such a manner that the upward movement of the plant as it grows moves one plate of a tiny condenser. This condenser is connected across the tuning condenser of a high-frequency oscillator, which is tuned to exactly the same frequency as a second oscillator of identical construction. While the lever remains stationary, the two locally generated currents do not produce any 'beats' because they are tuned alike. However, the very slightest movement of the lever, which will be caused by even an infinitesimal growth of the plant or flower, alters the capacity of the midget condenser, and throws one oscillator off tune. Since the oscillations generated by this unit are now slightly different from those of the other, they will heterodyne or 'beat,' and a third frequency will be generated, equal numerically to the difference between the two original oscillations. If the values are properly selected, the beat signal can be made to fall in the audible band, between sixteen and about 10,000 cycles.

"The beat note is then led directly to the modulator circuit of the broadcast transmitter, and will go over the air as a peculiar squeal. Another possible arrangement is to reproduce the noise first through a loud-speaker, and to pick up the sound waves with the usual studio microphone. This scheme allows the operators to listen to the apparatus directly, and to determine whether it is working properly.

"In the actual oscillators used in the experiments by the Vienna broadcast station, the circuits were adjusted to a frequency of 1,500,000 cycles. The plates of the condenser, whose capacity is affected by the growth of the plant, are very thin aluminum disks about two inches in diameter. The top plate is attached to one arm of the lever, while the bottom one is fastened to an upright rod. The position of the latter is adjustable, and is determined by experiment with the particular plant being used.



Courtesy of *The Radio News* (New York).

THE ACTUAL APPARATUS USED IN THE EXPERIMENTS

At the Vienna broadcast station. The left end of the lever merely rests on the flowers.

"The growth of mushrooms has been observed with the aid of this apparatus. One end of the lever is simply rested on the top of the mushroom; as the latter rises, it pushes the other end of the lever downward. It is interesting to know that the movements of plant growth are not steady, but pulsating—like the strokes of a pump."

The electric ultra-micrometer has a practical use, Mr. Sommers adds, in the measurement of extremely small distances, since variations in the length of an object to an extent as small as 1,250,000,000th of an inch can be detected. This movement is so much smaller than a wave-length of light, that it is necessarily forever invisible. He says:

"Very slight changes of temperature, which affect the length of pieces of metal, can be measured with precision to 1/5,500th of a degree, Fahrenheit.

"In fact, when a person enters the room in which the electric ultra-micrometer is located, the rise in its temperature occasioned by the heat of a human body is enough to cause a loud squeal to issue from the loud-speaker.

"The oscillators are built into two adjacent metal cans which shield them completely from each other. Each can contains an oscillator coil, a vacuum-tube, and the usual filament resistors, and radio-frequency chokes. The batteries for each circuit are contained in the same cans, but separated from the radio-frequency components by metal partitions.

"The front panel of the instrument looks like a large one-dial receiving set. It holds two meters, a dial to adjust the tuning condenser of one of the oscillators (the other being fixt), and two auxiliary knobs for filament control. Once adjusted, the apparatus is left alone."

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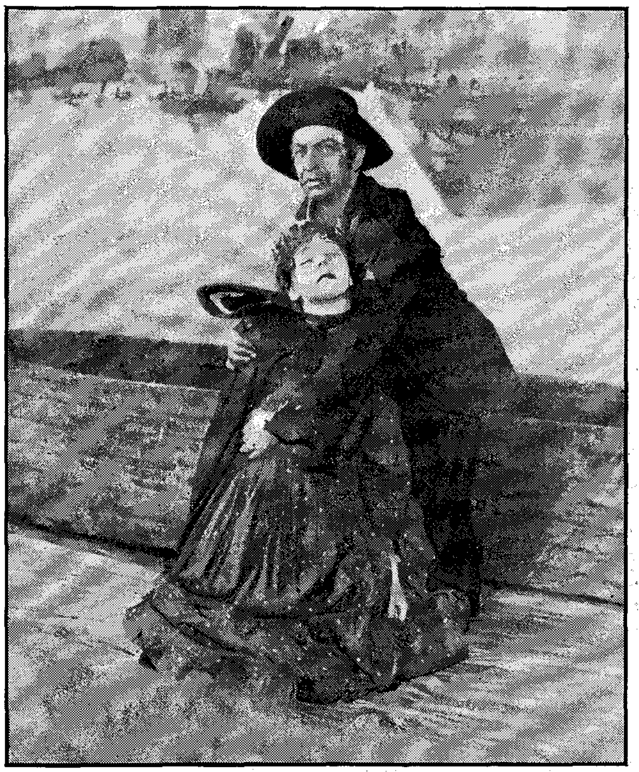
LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

HISSING THE VILLAINS IN HOBOKEN

THE ROMANTIC RAPTURE, the mysterious glamor of the days when you sat in the gallery and hissed the villain of an old-fashioned melodrama—these are the things recaptured by sophisticated audiences at the old Rialto and Lyric theaters in Hoboken. So writes William Bolitho in the New York *World*. Villains are hissed, heroes cheered, and heroines vocally admired in the two old theaters which are now luring playgoers out of the present into the past. "The Hoboken experiment" was inaugurated a few months ago by Christopher Morley and three other romantics of the theater—Cleon Throckmorton, Harry Wagstaff Gribble, and Conrad Milliken. With the production of "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," an old melodrama of the 'sixties, staged with mock seriousness, audiences began to rediscover the fun of hissing the villain and vociferously shouting approval at vice punished and virtue rewarded. Multitudes flocked to Hoboken—to hiss, to stamp, to throw pennies on the stage. "Even highbrows, sickened by their own doctrines," writes St. John Ervine, visiting critic of the New York *World*, "are to be found in hordes in Hoboken, struggling like real men and women to gain admission to the theaters of romance."



RESCUED!

Arthur Morris plays *Old Tom* and Miss Marcia Hanan his long-lost daughter *Eliza* in the revival of "After Dark," which arouses thunderous applause at the Old Rialto Theater in Hoboken.

Popular demand for old-fashioned glamor became so great that Mr. Morley and his colleagues took over a second theater, the Lyric, and mounted a revival of that "shocking" old extravaganza "The Black Crook." The producers have tried to be authentically faithful to the past; the actors are careful never to burlesque their rôles; but, in the last analysis, the real "star" is the audience itself. As described by David McCord in the Boston *Evening Transcript:*

"One of the most interesting features of the Old Rialto is its audience. The heroine is 'oh'-ed, the villain hissed, the hero cheered, and appropriate noises are made for the whole theatrical gamut of emotion. When the play began, weeks ago, the audiences had a predilection for throwing pennies at the dancers. The danger of this once perceived, and several pennies having landed in the vicinity of several eyes, the management took steps to prevent, or suggested other channels for the outlet of, such emotional outbursts.

"It is the frame of mind which matters in 'After Dark.' One can not speak for Hoboken suburbanites, but the transition, 'saline and starry,' from New York to Hudson Street involves a readjustment of outlook, if not momentary metempsychosis. It is not the attitude of 'amuse me if you can'; but rather of 'I feel pretty cheerful, and I doubt if you can stop it.' Art is contagious. Here is an art long since lost to the average theatergoer. Here at last is something different. It is very simple: an old trend in new times. An old trend, perhaps, but distinctly more than a revival. We can't revive what never has been. I am sure that 'After Dark,' or any other drama of its kind, was never played originally in this way. Yet it must be insisted that this is not burlesque but serious business. It is the serious business of having fun. Nothing else matters; and as long as nothing else matters, it is probable that Mr. Morley's venture, even expanded into two or three additional theaters, will be considered unique what time contemporary sensations are forgotten."

However slight may be the value of "After Dark" or "The Black Crook" as authentic reconstructions of the American drama of the 'sixties or 'seventies, Messrs. Morley, Throckmorton and their confederates seem to have provided, to use the words of Mr. Bolitho, a "fortified retreat" in which sophisticated playgoers may escape from the present and be made children again, if only for a night. So thinks Richard Lockridge, the young reviewer of the New York *Sun*. Of the première of the "Black Crook" revival, Mr. Lockridge writes:

"For all of us—and among us were such as David Belasco, Bob Davis, and others of renown—went to the Lyric as children go to the circus. We were unruly as children; we shouted and stamped the floor as children; through the first act of an extravaganza which was once shocking and which now has somewhere in it the materials for delicious travesty, we had the merriest of merry times. We were excessive in the display of our delight, as children are; we hissed the villain and applauded the hero with, if anything, too much gusto. The slightest incongruity—often absurdity no more apparent than such as makes its appearance nightly in all of the musical shows in town—we greeted with shouts and jeers. We applauded to the beat of the music, and the actors had only to appear to be taken to our hearts."

This unconscious effort of the spectators to "steal" the show away from the stage has brought with it a new criticism—that of the audience itself. "This delight in exposing the naïveté which grandma and grandpa took in the theater may be perfectly legitimate," comments *The World*, "but in time our own generation will be held up to the same scorn. Modes change, and there are successful productions now on the New York stage, which, if revived in 1975, will doubtless be witnessed with a good deal of laughter. . . . We really ought not to be too condescending to the 'sixties and 'seventies." Stark Young, of *The New Republic*, points out that the tricks in these old plays are no more obvious "than the hokum new-style in our latter-day pieces, the various contrivances by which the excitation of the audience is secured. Both are obvious, both legitimate theater, and both capable of depth and freshness when there is talent behind them." Those who come to jeer often remain to feel the enduring vitality of these resurrected dramas:

> "These parental plays, as we see them through their diverse scenes, have two special appeals for us. In the first place, they are sheer, not to say raw, theater, theater as our forefathers knew it, before the days of plausible resemblance, photography and reality. They go fast, offer much, are jammed with characters, scenes and suspenses, and they end right, with morality that is a rest and a comfort in an uncertain world, and rewards that are a solace and encouragement. They excite the imagination, enliven the passions and stifle the mind, all good theatrical qualities. They make virtue attractive and profitable, vice engaging and abhorrent, and the passions lurid but chartable. In them the orbits humanity travels are hot and bright, but certain; and there is nothing that is not companionable with food, tears, and entertainment. And, finally, they provide a wide chance for pure acting, for which, despite our professions of naturalness and daily truth, we have such appetite."

Louis Sherwin, a veteran observer of the American theater, suggests that audiences may be turning away from the oversophistication of the Broadway stage and seeking an antidote in naïveté unadorned. Writing in the New York *Evening Post*, Mr. Sherwin notes that the unconscious attitude of the Hoboken audiences is not one of scorn, but of wistfulness and regret for old memories. "Listen to the exaggerated, self-conscious sophistication of the laughter of the crowd at the virtuous fustian in these Victorian relics. Isn't there a slightly wistful note in it?" Likewise, David McCord notes that an old song entitled "We Never Speak as We Pass By" has "a chastening, even saddening, effect upon the audience. . . . There was a feeling of difficult restraint, and the ultimate applause was torrential." St. John Ervine, of the New York *World*, notes:

> "It is true that the multitudes who go to the Old Rialto and the Lyric go to laugh and not to pray, but the fact that they go at all proves what I have for some time now contended, that the reaction against the dreary realism of authors who see in life what is present in their own dismal brains has set in. . . ."

New York audiences are usually undemonstrative, Robert Littell points out in *The Theater Arts Monthly*. Across the river they become acting partners with the players:

> "Audiences are quite as important as plays, often more so. This ancient generalization is so obvious that we wake up to remember it only when an audience behaves as enthusiastically, even roisterously, as the crowd which nightly stamps its feet, hisses the villain, and adds lines of its own to that tenderly ridiculous classic 'After Dark,' over in Hoboken. . . . One feels, when sitting in the turbulent joy of the audience at the Old Rialto Theater, that a gigantic, timid animal has suddenly waked out of a long hibernation, stretched its legs and its lungs, and realized its strength."

DISGUISED AS A BRIDE

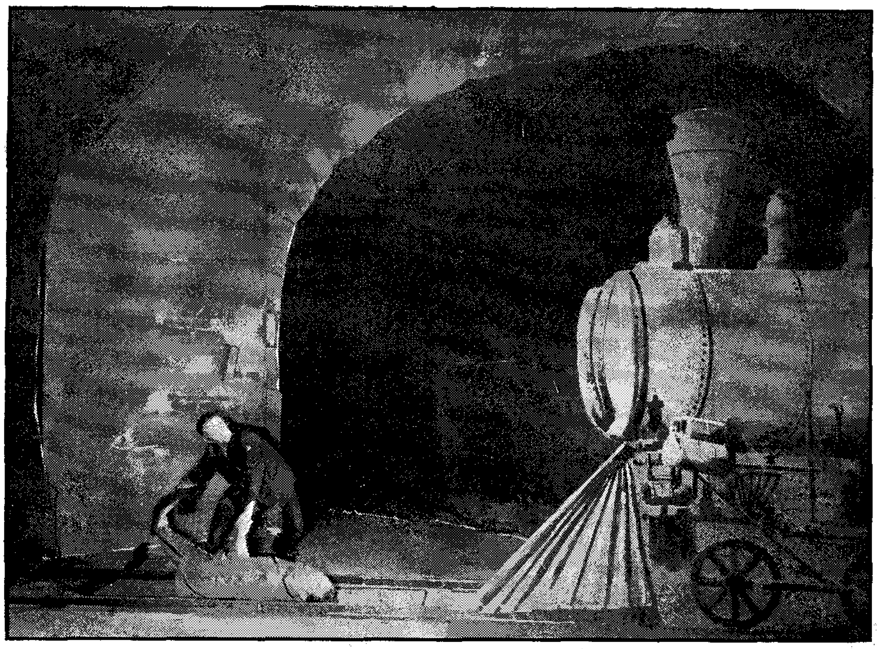
Here are Miss Violet Gale and Miss Marcia Hanan in another scene from "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow," which evokes vociferous approval from Hoboken audiences.

OPERA NOVELTIES WHICH DISAPPOINT

FOUR NEW OPERAS HAVE BEEN OFFERED by the Metropolitan Opera during the season, which will be brought to a close next Saturday. These were "The Egyptian Helen," "The Sunken Bell," "Jonny Spielt Auf," and, finally, "Fra Gherardo," an opera based on a theme of medieval mysticism, with libretto and music by Ildebrando Pizzetti. The title rôle was sung by the American tenor Edward Johnson, and the leading feminine rôle of *Mariola* by Maria Mueller. This is the first opera by the young Milanese composer to be produced in America. Its première in Milan last spring was given under the direction of Arturo Toscanini. Despite the anticipations that had been aroused by advance reports of Signor Pizzetti's dominating position in contemporary Italian music, the New York critics are frank in their lack of enthusiasm for "Fra Gherardo." Not all of them go so far as Leonard Liebling of the New York *American*, who asserts that all of the novelties offered this season have been likewise disappointing: "This is a dull and unedifying opera," he complains, "and hardly a consolation for three other weak novelties that preceded it at the Metropolitan during the present season." If these are the best operas being written, continues Mr. Liebling, "then there is indeed hope for the long-neglected American composers. Somehow one feels that their chance can not, with justice, be much longer delayed." To Lawrence Gilman, of *The Herald Tribune*, the polite applause which greeted Ildebrando Pizzetti's work at its American première is not vastly significant:

> "From the parting of the curtains upon Mr. Urban's conception of thirteenth-century Parma—the courtyard of *Fra Gherardo's* house, toward the end of May in the year 1260—to the end, the work was heard with respect. Of course it was applauded—everything is applauded at the Metropolitan, even masterworks. But there is reason to wonder if the new piece brought unalloyed joy to many of its hearers. When old Bach used to visit the opera with his eldest son, he would say, 'Well, Friedemann, shall we go over to Dresden to hear the pretty tunes?' Pretty tunes have always been the prime justification of opera for the average man. But there are few of them in 'Fra Gherardo,' and it is questionable if Pizzetti has supplied anything that is likely to take their place in the regard of the general operagoer.
>
> "This music-drama is as grim and dour as a Puritan Sunday, and it has for its hero one of the most disagreeable persons we have ever encountered in opera (that happy hunting-ground of unneighborly souls). *Fra Gherardo* is a grim, monastic zealot, warped by religious fanaticism and the consciousness of a mission, an ascetic who casts off the woman who has given herself to him and who, oddly enough, continues to love the brute. He is a typical product of medieval obscurantism, tho he is as ageless as bigotry and fear and hate. He makes about as sympathetic an operatic figure as John Calvin would if a composer should set him to music."

In his music, Pizzetti aims at a form of heightened music-speech. His ideal is the lyric drama in which every word is



IN THE LACKAWANNA TUNNEL

Old Tom rescues the young man from certain death after he has been tied to the railroad tracks by the industrious villains of Hoboken.

enhanced and made more significant by the music. He has not succeeded in carrying this out to the satisfaction of the New York music critics. Says Mr. Gilman:

> "As the Princess remarks in Mr. Holst's 'The Perfect Fool'—'Sir, I think we have heard this before.' Debussy in his 'Pelléas,' Moussorgsky in 'Boris,' to say nothing of the early experimenters in opera, have been animated by similar ideals and have traveled the difficult road of musico-dramatic honesty, using various combinations of words and music, various forms of declamation and recitative and flexible arioso, as media of veracious and heightened utterance. Pizzetti's use of the method is not in itself a virtue, save as an evidence of good intentions; the point is the measure of effectiveness that it has been made to yield."

The same inadequacy is also apparent to Samuel Chotzinoff, who comments in *The World:*

> "Mr. Pizzetti is better at his libretto than at his music. The latter, innocent of melody, leitmotifs, or impassioned recitative, ambles along both in the voices and in the orchestra with an insistent monotony reminiscent sometimes of Debussy, Massenet, and Puccini, but hardly ever of the Pizzetti, who wrote the rich, melodious, tho not always exciting, 'Concerto d'Estate.'"

Olin Downes hints in the New York *Times* that "Fra Gherardo" is not such a "novelty" as advance reports indicated:

> "It is the music for the chorus which has the most importance. Solo passages that immediately impress the listener are rare, tho they are beautifully set off with orchestral color. This, however, does not recompense for lack of melodic line, and also the lack, with all Pizzetti's refinement, skill and taste as a composer, of true originality. Now and again comes a charming passage such as the intentional archaism of *Gherardo's* relating of the tale of Mary Magdalen. These pass. There are even unfortunate concessions, here and there, to familiar effects of conventional Italian opera, as witness some of the fortissimo ascensions of *Mariola* or the occasional splurge of orchestra and chorus in the good, old-fashioned manner. These incongruities are comparatively few. In general one reverts to the choral writing as the main strength of the opera.
>
> "This writing is out of the lap of Moussorgsky, but it is very well done; superbly 'spaced' and arranged for the voices; often intricate, contrapuntal, in its rhythms as well as its voice parts. The orchestration is very beautiful. Often the composer establishes a poetic and pervasive 'atmosphere.' There is everything in this score except musical line and originality; and there is excess of theory which at times interferes sadly with practise."

TEN POINTS FOR THE EDUCATED MAN

AM I GETTING AN EDUCATION? We have all asked ourselves that question at one time or another. Sherwood Eddy uses it as the title of a recently published symposium (Doubleday, Doran) on the methods, purposes, and results of American colleges and universities, which are now undergoing such searching criticism. George A. Coe, veteran educationist of Northwestern University, Union Theological Seminary, and recently retired from Teachers College, is convinced that a good education is education for good living. "What an absurdity it would be to certify as well-educated a youth who has never been socially awakened—well-educated, yet negligible as far as social well-being and social progress are concerned!" Mr. Eddy concludes his symposium on "Am I Getting an Education?" with Dr. Coe's "ten points," by which a truly educated man can be detected. Originally published in Dr. Coe's book entitled "What Ails Our Youth" (Scribner's), these ten points are worth reconsideration:

> "1. An educated man is one who is trained to use the tools of human intercourse with readiness, precision, and accuracy. We mean, especially, language and the rudiments of number.
>
> "2. An educated man must be able to study and to think without guidance from others. He must be—to some extent—a thinker, not a mere imitator.
>
> "3. An educated man must have sufficient knowledge of nature to understand the main processes upon which human life and happiness depend.
>
> "4. An educated man knows enough of history to enable him to understand the main achievements of man.
>
> "5. An educated man is acquainted with the major resources for intellectual and esthetic enjoyment. He knows nature, literature, music, and the other arts sufficiently to choose superior to inferior enjoyments.
>
> "6. An educated man is marked by his interests as well as by his trained abilities. His attention is habitually attracted by significant rather than trivial objects, events, pursuits, and enjoyments.
>
> "7. An educated man must have not only this general culture, but also training for a specific occupation. Focalized activity that is directed toward some sort of efficiency has to be included
>
> "8. An educated man must have toward his fellows the habitual attitudes that are commonly called ethical—such attitudes as honor and honesty, helpfulness and good-will and cooperation.
>
> "9. An educated man must have loyalties to at least some of the important organizations and institutions of society, such as one's family, one's country, one's church.
>
> "10. If there is an inclusive meaning in life, the sort of education that I have been outlining should include some apprehension of, and feeling for, the divine; the ideally educated man will reverence God, and know how to worship."

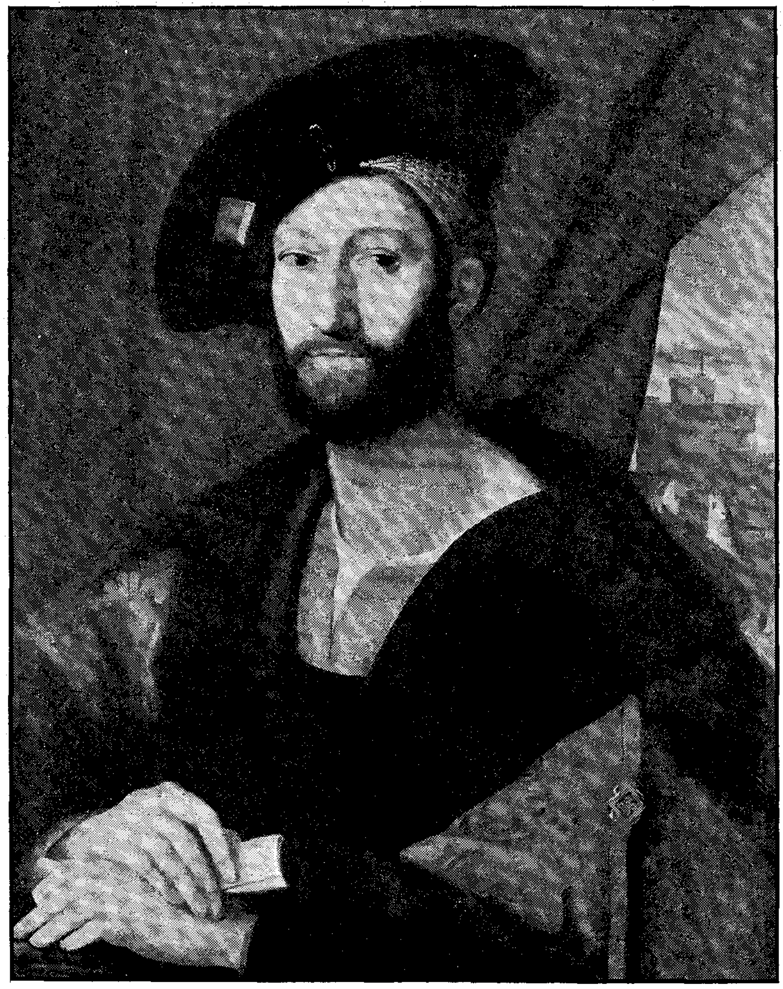
To determine whether your education is still alive and growing, and not a dead and finished thing, Sherwood Eddy suggests answering the following questions:

> "1. Am I learning to study and to think?
>
> "2. Am I getting the knowledge that I need most? Am I learning to enjoy things that are most worth while? Am I acquiring esthetic appreciation of the significant values of life?
>
> "3. Am I living in the real world or in a corner apart? Am I learning to live, by living now; by acquiring some vital knowledge of the world and its real problems, by actually facing them and beginning to try to solve them now? Or am I evading or postponing life, playing about with its trifles in a thoughtless and unreal academic world?
>
> "4. Am I progressing, standing still, or going backward?"

A RAFFAEL PORTRAIT FOR AMERICA

TO PAY $600,000 FOR A PAINTING reveals a high cultural desire, affirms the New York *Times*, commenting on the recent purchase by Jules S. Bache of a portrait of Giuliano de Medici, third son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, which was painted in 1515 by Raffael. "So long as American millionaires are willing to go to such heights to acquire the gems of civilization, Europeans may as well be resigned to seeing many of them come to this country." The recent purchase of the only Raffael portrait of a man now treasured in a private collection parallels other similar acquisitions. A "Madonna and Child," by Raffael, was bought for the Widener collection for approximately $700,000; Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" was bought by the late Henry Huntington for about $800,000; Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Miss Fitton as the Tragic Muse," bought by the same collector, whose museum was bequeathed to California, cost about half a million.

The only other Raffael portrait of a man now treasured in America is in the Isabella Stewart Gardner museum in Boston. This is no longer a private collection, as it was left to the city of Boston by its celebrated founder. The portrait of Giuliano de Medici was acquired by Duveen Brothers from the collection of the late Oscar Huldschinsky, a Berlin banker. *The Times* recounts the provenance of this painting:



Courtesy of Duveen Brothers

A RAFFAEL MASTERPIECE

This is the only Raffael portrait of a man in any private collection in America. It was recently purchased by Mr. Jules S. Bache for a sum approximating $600,000.

"This portrait was painted more than four centuries ago, when the discovery of America was still fresh in the minds of Europeans. Since Raffael signed and dated it '1514-15,' it has had many and varied experiences. About half a century later it dropt out of sight, and nothing more was heard of it until 1867, when it turned up at the house of Signor Brini in Florence. It was bought by Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, who took it to her house at Quinto, near Florence, where the foremost experts and critics of her day pronounced it the long-lost portrait by Raffael. After remaining in the possession of the Grand Duchess for several years it was inherited by Prince Sciarra-Colonna of Rome. In 1901 it was bought by Mr. Huldschinsky."

Concerning the subject of the portrait, *The Times* adds the following details:

"Giuliano de Medici, Duke of Nemours, was the younger brother of Pope Leo X. He became one of the highest personages in the Papal State of his time, having been made 'Gonfaloniere of the Papal Forces.' He married a French princess, Philiberte of Savoy, the 'Anima Eletta' of Oriosto, the young aunt of Francis I, sister of his mother, Louise of Savoy. The French King created Giuliano Duke of Nemours.

"Giuliano had his portrait painted before leaving Rome to take command of his Army. Raffael was selected to paint it. This he did in the Vatican itself, as is indicated by the view in the background, seen from the Vatican windows.

"Giuliano is portrayed with features of the genuine Medici type—a long acquiline nose, almost almond-shaped eyes, and a black beard and mustache kept short to suit a small chin and upper lip. He wears a golden-yellow hair net, and over it, tilted to one side, a black, broad-brimmed biretta. A ticket of lozenge shape and three gold buckles are affixt to the cap. He is attired in a cloak of grayish-green brocade, bordered with black fur, showing at the breast a scarlet vest beneath, and a white shirt cut low at the neck.

"The hands are crossed, the right holding a letter. A black patch conceals the forefinger of the left, which rests on a table before him. The figure stands out against a green curtain, which, gathered toward the left of the beholder, discloses a view of the Castle of St. Angelo and above it the Pincio."

THE COVER

HERE IS STILL another dramatic moment of revolutionary America. It is a new painting in the series of historical pictures, by J. L. G. Ferris, which have been appearing on the covers of THE LITERARY DIGEST since last July. "Liberty's Pulpit" depicts a recruiting station in 1775, shortly after the battle of Bunker Hill. The flag upheld by the outstretched arm of the inspired orator is a relic of that epic encounter. To appreciate the full significance of Mr. Ferris's dramatic canvas, its historical background must be understood. The artist has supplied the following explanation:

"When the Revolutionary conflict was impending, and just before the outbreak of the war, the patriots of Plymouth are recorded to have undertaken the task of removing Plymouth Rock, or a large part of it, to the Town Square in order to make there a patriotic rendezvous and a Liberty Pulpit to incite the people to protest against the oppressions that had been inflicted upon them.

"It was decided to lower the larger fragment into its original bed, where it remained just visible above the ground around it. Oxen were employed to haul the upper part to Plymouth Town Square, which is shown in our picture, and a Liberty pole was erected close by. Here the rock remained until July 4, 1834, when it was again removed to a position near the Plymouth Museum, and then later to its original resting-place on the shore, where it now lies."

The care which the painter has taken to make this picture historically accurate is evident in such details as the costumes and musical instruments of the figures in the left foreground, and in the architectural details of the building in the background. The excitement of the revolutionary ardor of the stirring days of 1775 is effectively dramatized in the pose of the orator.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

WHY YOUTH IS DISCONTENTED WITH THE CHURCH

That student you see in the plus-fours may have his mind on some weighty religious problem instead of the co-ed across the way, and if you read what three recent prize-winners have to say in interpreting the thought of their fellow students, you may not think that so much is awry with the student generation. In fact, you may come to believe that most collegians still hitch their wagons to the stars, instead of being content to cavort around in gas-buggies, wasting time, energy, health, and their parents' money. These prize-winners participated in a symposium conducted by *The Presbyterian Advance* (Nashville) to find out what the students think of the Church, and what are the vital spiritual matters with which they are concerned. Twenty student pastors were requested each to select one or more students who would agree to investigate the current views on their respective campuses. All articles submitted, says *The Presbyterian Advance,* were of a high order, and it publishes three—the prize-winners—in its March 14 issue. The publication of others is to follow.

THE SYMPHONY

By Herman W. Stillman

With instruments in ill-accord a hundred men
  Thrum strings that hold sweet harmonies in leash;
Twisting the keys till practiced ears are satisfied:
  And then, enticingly, in cadences that surge
  And flow like billows on a granite shore,
  The genius of a Wagner casts a lingering spell.

These are not kinsmen, save as all mankind are kin;
Of birth and tongues diverse; of customs, creeds
And laws; of dear traditions. Bound by a single tie:
  And yet, entrancingly, in diapasons grand
  That first invite, then move, and then enthrall,
  The soul of some great master weaves a subtle spell.

The shadows of the crosses lie upon the fields.
The chastened peoples now have tuned again
Their instruments of peace. Waiting they thrum the strings:
  Now may there swell the strains majestic of a vast
  Symphony of will, sounding the war-lords' knell,
  As gently weaves the Master Soul his mystic spell.

—*The Christian Century, Chicago.*

The gist of the whole matter is that the college student to-day is romantic, intellectually adventurous, striving to fit himself for the duties of citizenship, willing to serve and able to lead. But he is not content with things as they are, which, it will be recalled, is characteristic of reformers in every field of human activity. Generalizations are always dangerous and frequently wrong, says the third prize-winner, Munro Kezer, of the University of Nebraska, and the oft-repeated assertion that youth, and especially college youth, is irreligious is "probably as complete an error as has been made in any of the attempted judgments of young people." To say, however, that youth is contented with the Church of to-day, he admits, would be equally fallacious. He writes:

> "Discontent with the Church and lack of spirituality, religious disbelief are synonymous terms to many. This is a handicap to an understanding of modern American youth. To youth there is no inconsistency in religious belief and dissatisfaction with the Church. Youth is, as always in the past, seeking an ideal. It is searching for perfection. If it is not to be found in the Church, youth will seek elsewhere. Vital religious beliefs may permeate the soul of the youth discontented with the Church as fully as any other individual. Such a combination of discontent and religious interest may swing into a condemnation of organized religion. It may also be directed into attempts to remedy what to youth appear to be significant defects.
>
> "The average adult is likely to be somewhat shocked by the bold statement that serious-minded youth tends to be discontented with the Church. His fears might be greatly allayed by an examination of some of the causes of such dissatisfaction."

Among these causes, we are told, is the abruptness of the transition from the parental rooftree to the college campus, with its wider vista, its new channels of information. "Many find their beliefs upset by scientific material of whose existence they had not been previously aware. It takes time for them to make the necessary adjustments. Meanwhile the Church is likely to seem to them in error, not their thinking." Belief that men of the wrong type are in the pulpit bulks large among the reasons for the student's disapproval of the Church. A student Y. M. C. A president, for instance, recently remarked: "If we had more real men going into the Church instead of a lot of milksops, we would have a better Church—and more student interest." Most significant, however, says young Mr. Kezer, is the fact that the Church is not adapted to the students' stage of life and development. It resembles too closely the systematized scheme of things set for them during the week; in their estimation it is designed for, and caters to, the adult. As the Nebraskan student sees it

> "The adult has achieved a relatively stabilized life The student, on the other hand, is in a transitional stage. Environmentally, his life lies between the stabilized home of his parents and the stabilized home he will establish later. Mentally, his ideas are receiving a constant overhauling under the influence of a wide range of new ideas, acquired both in and out of the classroom. He is in a state of uncertainty.
>
> "The Church that adequately meets the needs of adult life seems inadequate to him. He may be seriously dissatisfied with the Church now. A few years later, as his intellectual development and environment become more stabilized, he may find that the Church meets his needs. Recognition of this fundamental difference between the religious needs of youth and adulthood would do much to remove apprehension over the spiritual interests of youth.
>
> "Modern youth has such interests. Young people to-day are, in general, concerned about vital spiritual matters. Few of them will admit it. It just isn't the 'collegiate' thing to do."

A surprizingly large number of students delve into religious problems of real significance in the privacy of their own rooms, this writer tells us, and he concludes:

> "It is such a youth, indifferent outwardly, thinking inwardly, that is discontented with the Church to-day. Adjusting itself to a rapidly changing world, youth is seeking the ideals of its dreams. To many, the Church has lost its appeal, an appeal which it may never regain without adaptation to a new world life. To a larger number, the Church has lost its hold during a transitional period. This portion will return. But it will return demanding a finer church, not in a physical, material sense, but in a spiritual sense. It will demand a church which will adequately meet the spiritual needs of a more comprehensively

trained mentality. Ultraconservative portions of the Church may resent needed changes. They will come, anyway. The generation of the youth of to-day will demand organized religion as emphatically as have others. It will construct religious media to answer its needs. If there be cause for apprehension in that, the students' attitude is, 'Let them worry.' Meanwhile, they will go their own way, seriously attempting to satisfy their most inner religious interests."

Practically all young people resent the leadership of uneducated people, that is, those who take a restricted and narrow-minded attitude, writes Philip Tuttle, the second prize-winner, of the University of Illinois. But—

"There is something more serious than this that youth is in revolt against, and that is stagnation and quiescence. Youth demands a reality that is dynamic and liberal, a reality that lives in the present, a challenging reality. To many the Church is static and ultra-conservative. Youth would like to say of the Church what Julius Klein has said of modern business: 'The great reason why American business has progressed at such an incredible rate since the war has been its appreciation of the very fact that it must get away from the old, and endeavor to attain steadily rising levels. The greatest monument to American industrial and commercial achievement is the enormous junk-heap of abandoned practises, methods, and ideals, all of which were once "normal," but which to-day are the most useless relics of antiquity. Perhaps American business has been wasteful, but it would have been even more disastrously profligate had it remained shackled to the sanctified precedents of its mummified past.'

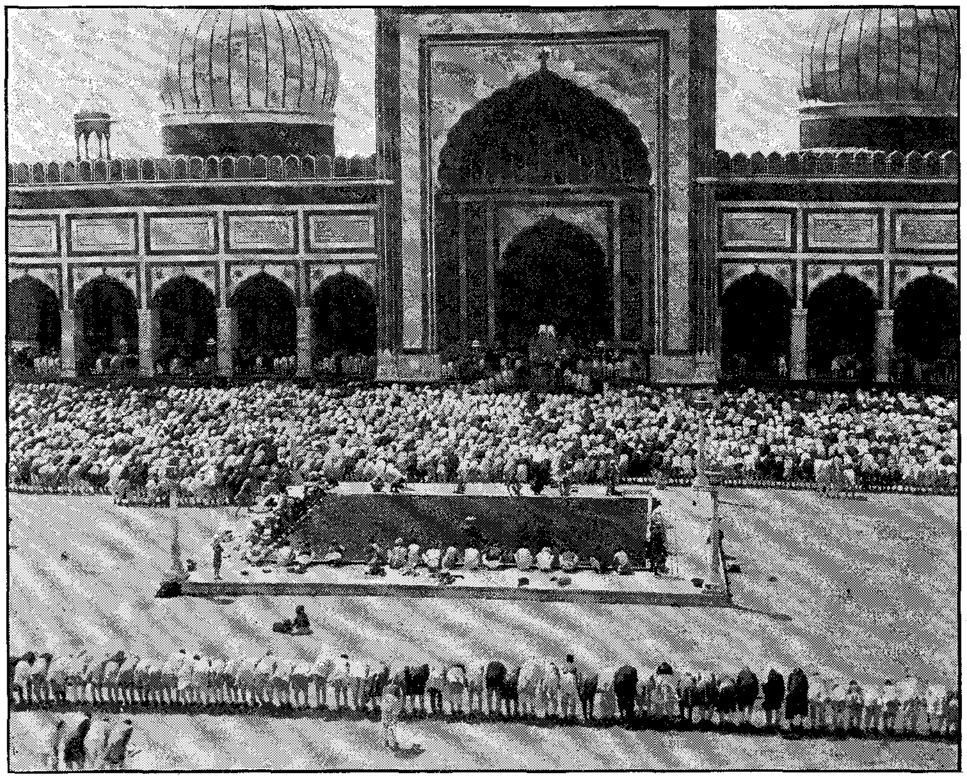
"Is the Church to forever uphold its inherited purpose of conserving socially recognized values? Values may be socially recognized in one period, that are not recognized in a following generation. Why, then, should the Church live on the values of the past rather than on the values of the present? If it is the purpose of the Church to find the full meaning of life, then let it do so through progressive thought. We are living in a new world, while the Church, in many instances, is living in the old. However, the fact that certain churches fail to meet the required standards that youth expects of the Church as a whole is no sign that all churches fail. There are a few churches that succeed, and that are well supported and boosted by young people. It is often a fact that young people migrate from the undesirable church to the desirable one. Most young people feel that the Church requires that which is impossible from them, and so they fail to support it."

The issue, in the opinion of John D. Galey, of the University of Oregon, the first-prize man, may be stated in the words: "Faith versus a scientific attitude." By faith he means "the acceptance of dogmatic authority; by a scientific attitude, that attitude toward life which requires of the individual that he be intelligently satisfied with his personal philosophy." Intellectual dissatisfaction, we read, is bred of the prevalent scientific attitude. "Few of the men and women who go through college to-day are not exposed to courses in anthropology, psychology, and sociology, critical biography and history, the underlying doctrine of which is exact knowledge. Those things which were aforetime reserved to the Church for explanation are now open to attack from a half-dozen new points. Acceptance of dogma is unsatisfactory."

BOTTOM KNOCKED OUT OF PAN-ISLAM

RECENT EVENTS HAVE KNOCKED the bottom out of the Pan-Islamic movement. That is the view taken by observers who have the opportunity of studying it at close range. One of them, writing editorially in *The Rangoon Times* (Rangoon, Burma), declares that such divergence of development and policy now prevails among Moslem countries that it is extremely difficult for Indian Moslems to derive "any sort of mandate." Turkey has ceased to be the leader of the Islamic world, he declares, and adduces the following reasons for that asseveration:

"Not unnaturally Turkey was the paladin in times gone by, but the Kemalist régime has left Indian Moslems with but little desire to follow. They admire and applaud his military successes, but his general administration has been clouded by such unorthodoxy that Mussulmans in the more conservative countries seem to have effected a silent agreement to say as little about it as possible."



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

TEN THOUSAND MOSLEMS AT PRAYER IN THE MOSQUE AT DELHI

An example of the "unchanging East" as seen in India, where the Mohammedans have definitely refused to adopt Turkey's rapid pace toward modern ways and have thus helped to bring the Pan-Islamic movement to naught.

The Moslem lands in Middle Asia are no more of an inspiration to the Indian Islamites than is Turkey, asserts the same writer. In the past Moslems in India looked to them because of "their orthodoxy and zealous custodianship of the holy places of pilgrimage." But now the case is different:

"These lands are themselves riven by dissent, and in any case their backwardness is so abysmal that they can hardly be shining examples to the modern Indian Moslem, with his commendable desire for progress and educational advancement.

"Irak, again, has been disappointing. Far from being, as at one time hoped, 'the granary of the world,' as it was in ancient times, it has been backsliding in recent years, and it is apparent that the measure of Irak's success is merely the measure of the British connection. Reduce this and you reduce Arab prosperity until nothing remains to the country as an advantage derived from the Great War save internal peace and security from external aggression. And that would go as well if Great Britain withdrew her Royal Air Force squadrons."

This editorial writer would have us believe that Amanullah's debacle in Afghanistan appears to have put the finishing touch of disintegration to the Pan-Islamic movement. To quote him:

> "If the westernizing reforms had proved enduring in that country, Indian Mussulmans might have been imprest by the fact of Turkey and Afghanistan both taking a similar direction and consented gradually to conform themselves. Recent events across India's northwest frontier have destroyed any such likelihood, and it seems that Turkey stands alone as a westernized Moslem country."

Now that the Indian Moslems have ceased to be attracted by these Moslem countries, will they "become whole-hearted Indian citizens," and forget all about Pan-Islam? That, the writer cryptically remarks, "remains to be seen."

CRIME AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

CRIME DOES NOT PAY; in fact, the wages are so meager as to be totally not worth the effort, even if there were no risk attached. The big hauls we read about in the newspaper scare-heads dwindle down most often to a few dollars; the value actually obtained in the average robbery during 1927, finds Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing Prison, New York, was only $30.74, or less than the average weekly wage of those committed for this crime. Thus does the noted prison warden prick the bubble before it reaches those of our youth who may harbor a secret desire to emulate Jesse James or the later Chapman, who ended his career in a hangman's noose. Mr. Lawes was speaking before the annual conference of the Boys' Work Section of the Welfare Council of New York when he gave his survey of the economic profits of crime. "The total 'haul' of approximately 900 men committed to Sing Sing in 1927 was $368,574," he said, as his statement is quoted in press reports. "The sentences imposed for these offenses totaled 12,389 years, an average of $29.07 a year. Sentences for robbery totaled 6,545 years, or at the rate of $1.30 a year; for larceny, 1,680 years, or $38 a year; for forgery, 448 years, or $642 a year, and for burglary, 3,716 years, or $2 a year. Truly, crime does not pay."

GOD MADE A GARDEN

By Katharine Atherton Grimes

God made a garden to rest His eyes
After the spaces of earth and skies;
God made a garden to rest His heart,
Where He might walk sometimes apart.

God made a garden because He saw
Life was good by a garden's law;
Flowers for love, and fruitful trees—
Soul and body may grow with these.

God made a garden because He knew
There must be work for His sons to do;
Berries to gather keep mischief out,
And a swinging vine is no place for doubt.

God made a garden just to find
Another way to be loving-kind;
And the things we see in the garden-row
Are the words He has written to tell us so.

—From "A Calendar of Country Song,"
Southern Agriculturist, Nashville, Tenn.

It is well to emphasize this point, says the Montgomery *Advertiser*, tho its value and effectiveness as an argument against crime may be doubtful. For this Alabama spokesman believes that—

> "Most criminals are criminals because of other reasons, primarily. In many cases, probably a great majority, an individual becomes a criminal because something is lacking in his moral make-up. In some cases it is because of circumstances in which theft or forgery or a similar crime seemed to offer to an individual the easiest way, if not the best way, out of his difficulties. Cases of the latter kind are probably not very numerous, relatively, but they are numerous enough to be considered as a cause of crime. Almost every one knows of cases where individuals have committed crimes without intending, at the time, to become criminals.
>
> "The fact that crime does not pay does not often deter a person with criminal tendencies. Indeed, that fact has always been emphasized, but it has not served to diminish crime. Other deterrents have proved more efficient. But it is nevertheless well to keep in the forefront, as part of the entire case against crime, the fact that crime does not pay—that, on top of all else that may be said against it, it is an unprofitable business."

WHEN THE ELDERS DRANK—AND NOW

"SAY NOT THOU that the former days were better than these," we read in Ecclesiastes 7:10; but there are always the wobegone who wail that the Church is failing, that the good old days of piety, faith, hope, and charity are gone from the earth. J. W. Meminger answers this particular brand of defeatism in the *Reformed Church Messenger* with some pungency, which, tho addrest primarily to those of his own faith, may well apply to the wailers of other churches. "You could say," he writes, "the Church was being destroyed when Paul was in the Mamertine prison and the Christians were being butchered in the Coliseum at Rome."

> "You could say it when John Chrysostom was banished to the desert to die, when Savonarola after thundering against the sins of his day in the old Duomo died in the public square in the city of Florence. You could say it when Zwingli in Switzerland, Luther in Germany, and John Knox in Scotland, were preaching the Gospel of Christ and warning their people against the sins, not only of the world, but also of the Church. Whitefield and Wesley flamed out again in what seemed to be an indifferent and decadent age. We remember Moody with plain sermon and Gospel hymns bringing thousands to make a profession of their faith in Christ, and we remember how he was criticized and his Gospel hymns ridiculed by seminary professors and prominent ministers in the reformed Church.
>
> "We looked wise, boasted of our theology and our peculiar philosophy. We sat around splitting hairs and chanting our prayers, talking High Church and Low Church while thousands of people hungry for the Gospel of Christ were seeking church homes in other denominations.
>
> "But the Church is not failing. As I go in to scores of pulpits, East and West, and look into the faces of splendid congregations, I am ready to declare that we have higher average intelligence and finer spirit of fellowship, a better appreciation of the Church and what the Church stands for, than in any period of the past. Of course we have our backward congregations; we have here and there a preacher who is a parasite, preaching for what he can get out of it, ignoring the larger work of the Kingdom. But with all that and in spite of all that, the moral and spiritual standing of our membership in the Reformed Church is higher than at any time in the past.
>
> "Our oldest members can remember when our elders drank whisky and our deacons drank beer and the members drank hooch. We will not mention the ministers. But drunkenness, profanity and attending sins were all too common. All that has passed away, we have come to a new and better day."

RELIGIOUS ADVISERS IN COLLEGE—The appointment by Columbia University of three religious advisers—Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—to look after the spiritual needs of students belonging to those three faiths, is regarded by the New York *Herald Tribune* as an interesting symptom of a changed attitude on the part of our secular universities. They see that they can not, after all, ignore the soul problems of their students. We read further:

> "These advisers, officially sponsored by the institution, but paid by the religious community in each instance, are to be the center, the focus, and the guide of the religious interests with which students come to college. The extent to which students respond to the ministrations of these collegiate spiritual guides will be an important indication of what part religion, especially organized and sectarian religion, is going to play among the educated classes in the future of American life."

Springfield, Missouri

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

THERE are moments when Robert Frost allows himself to sport with nature as if she were a kitten, writes Aline Kilmer in *The Commonweal.* This delightful play is exemplified in a lyric from Mr. Frost's recent volume, "West-Running Brook" (Henry Holt and Company, New York):

THE FREEDOM OF THE MOON

By Robert Frost

I've tried the new moon tilted in the air
Above a hazy tree-and-farmhouse cluster
As you might try a jewel in your hair.
I've tried it fine, with little breadth of lustre,
Alone, or in one ornament combining
With one first-water star almost as shining.

I put it shining anywhere I please.
By walking slowly on some evening later,
I've pulled it from a crate of crooked trees,
And brought it over glossy water, greater,
And dropped it in, and seen the image wallow,
The color run, all sorts of wonder follow.

Helene Mullins, whose first volume of verse, "Earthbound and Other Poems," has recently been published by Harper & Brothers, has been inspired by the anomalies of the jury system to write the following verses. We find them in *Scribner's*:

TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE

By Helene Mullins

Lord, God in Heaven, attend;
We are here to judge a man.
Be Thou in this tragic hour his friend,
None on a jury can.

Thou in the light, we in the dark,
When the scales of justice tilt,
How shall we find the outward mark
Of innocence or guilt?

Lord, God, we are gathered here
To analyze a crime.
What if we blunder through rage or fear,
Or lack of sufficient time?

How can we tell what label's best
To put to a prisoner's name?
How may we know in the selfsame test
We wouldn't have done the same?

Thou who art merciful and just,
We who are passion-swayed,
How shall we judge a man (since we must)
Like to our image made?

The salty flavor of the sea is skilfully evoked in this finely wrought sonnet, which we discover in *Harper's Magazine:*

SAY THAT HE LOVED OLD SHIPS

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

Say that he loved old ships; write nothing more
Upon the stone above his resting place;
And they who read will know he loved the roar
Of breakers white as starlight, shadow lace
Of purple twilights on a quiet sea,
First ridge of daybreaks in a waiting sky,
The wings of gulls that beat eternally
And haunt old harbors with their silver cry.
Speak softly now, his heart has earned its rest,
This heart that knew each alien star by name,
Knew passion of the waves against his breast
When clouds swept down the sea and lightning's flame
Tore skies asunder with swift finger tips;
Write nothing more; say that he loved old ships.

A mechanistic rhythm rattles through the following synthetic folksong by one of our young moderns. We find it in *The Nation:*

TUMBLING MUSTARD

By Malcolm Cowley

Born in a fence-corner,
raised in a coulee,
wedded in Nebraska,
parted on the Sound:
They call me Tumbling Mustard, "Hey, Tumbling Mustard, what's your business, listen Buddy, where are you bound?"

Monday in Omaha,
Tuesday in Dakota,
one day in Memphis,
three in Allentown:
Mud roads and stony roads, concrete and macadam, she would never leave me if I would settle down.

Columbine and larkspur,
peony and dahlia,
cornflower, mayflower,
each has its place:
I am the tumble-weed that rolls across the prairies, winds at the back of it, mountains in its face.

Tumble-weed, tumble-weed,
riding his velocipede
east side, west side,
all around the moon:
Denver, San Francisco, Winnipeg, and Dallas, maybe if the gas holds out we'll get there soon.

Spring has, of course, produced its usual quota of lyrics. An unusual aspect of the season is concretely depicted in the following sonnet from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

ANTICIPATION OF SPRING

By Lupton Wilkinson

The ice breaks on the river, and the sun
Shines through the lingering cold with waxing heat,
While yesterday the last, faint flurry of sleet
Told us in very truth winter was done.
Outside the window, bell-like, trills a run
Of bird-notes saying April will be sweet;
The earth is stirring underneath our feet
And a strange softness in the air is spun.

There is a tingling promise in the veins
Of garden plants that sense the warming rains
And feel the flush of recrudescent powers.
The still world turns its thoughts away from death
And men await, as with a half-held breath,
Another borning of the jeweled flowers.

Unity of idea in the following lyric from *The World To-morrow* is sharply and dramatically accentuated:

WOMAN PLOWING

By Robert Liddell Lowe

She being married to the Soil
So long, has never known
A lover who would give her bread
To eat, instead of stone.

Day after day she wonders, as
She plows with low-bowed head,
Why furrows make an endless grave
For all her dreams, born dead.

O she would gladly lie with Death
And yield him blood and bone—
But he'd return her to the Soil,
Forever as his own.

Certain of our younger poets aim to transmute the banalities of life into rare gems of carefully cut cynicism. From "Fool's Errand" (Doubleday, Doran) we take this characteristic example:

CHARON IN THE SUBURBS

By Alexander Laing

Begrudged, the nickels clatter in the box
While tired workers stumble to their seats;
And ample Mrs. Oppenheimer greets
Odell's old clerk who sells her husband sox.
The antiquated trolley jerks and rocks
Along a Styx of dull suburban streets.
A passenger, alighting, sometimes meets
The driver's eye, and wonders if it mocks.
It does; for Charon blows his salary
Quite gallantly on needy girls and drink.
He does not hold that pleasure is a crime.
The passengers are prone to disagree;
But he would laugh at what the people think
Who spend their lives a nickel at a time.

Hospitable always to authentic poetry, *The Irish Statesman* publishes an unusual sonnet which treats in compelling imagery the theme of Time and its ironies:

SONNET FROM FINALE OF SEEM

By Walter Lowenfels

At dead midnight—cracking its shell with rude
Accustomed hands—the priesthood of the clock
Sets free a new year. From the towering rock
Cathedral of all time—shivering and nude—
It oscillates to earth to hatch its brood
Of hours. At its first setting it will suck
Young minutes to death, and for its cold nest pluck
Feathers from days; our lives are this bird's food

Young scavenger—I'll feed you on the flesh,
And deck you in toiled treasures of the brain,
But my love lives on stuff you cannot touch.
Go, glutton, on the world—we'll feed you trash,
And as you wax on clock's meticulous grain
We'll grow more lean and young for loving much.

Humor, as well as wisdom, is concentrated in the following verses, which appeared in a recent number of *Scribner's*:

IN TUNE

By David Hamilton

She put a red hat on her head
And gave her pearls a skilful twist.
"I am in tune with God," she said,
And hung a bangle on her wrist.

"Without a few frivolities
He found His world was incomplete.
So He put song-birds on the trees
And scattered poppies through the wheat."

The red and green lights which regulate metropolitan traffic are not without picturesque aspects, as the following lines from "Progression and Other Poems" (The Chisholm Press, New York) indicate:

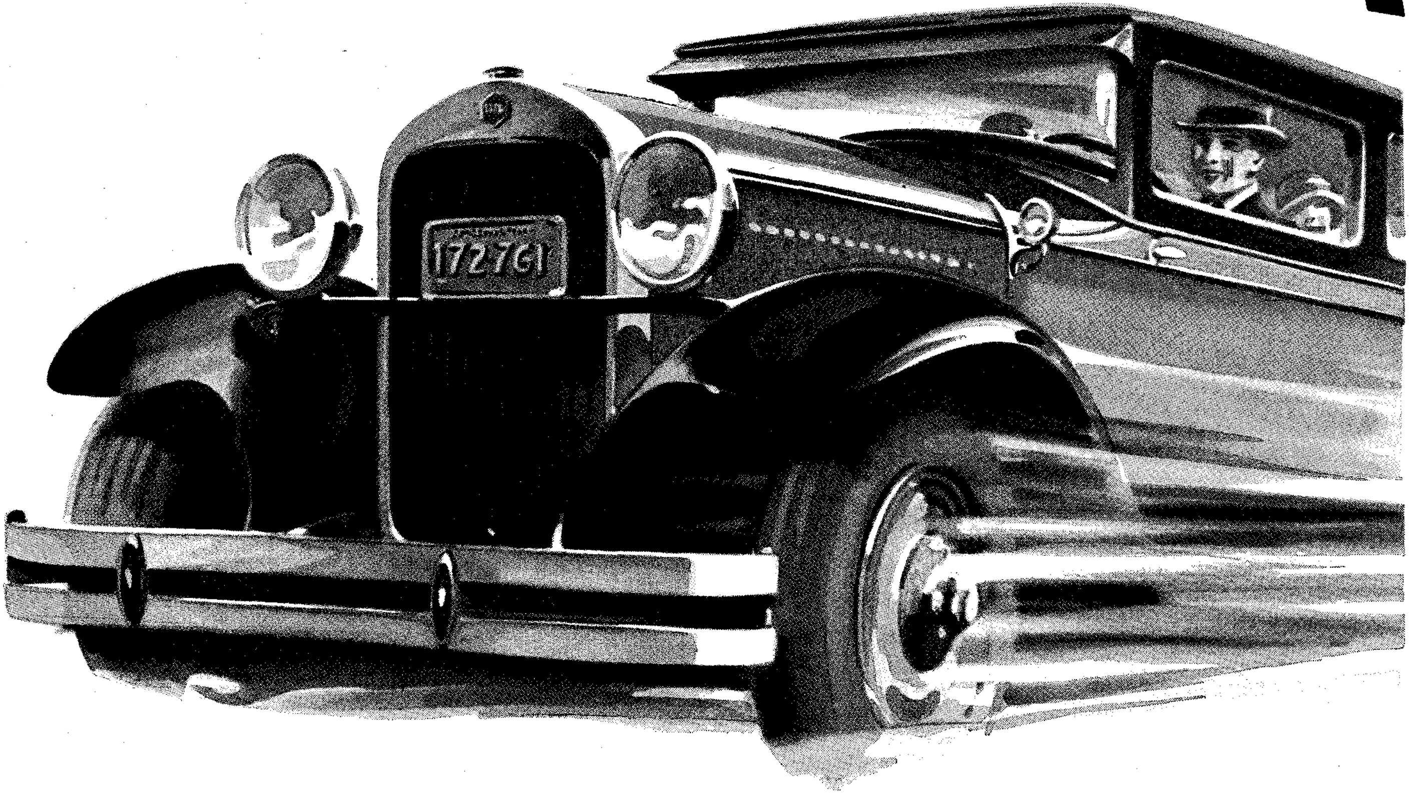
TRAFFIC

By A. M. Sullivan

The green light
Lifts the imaginary barrier
Across the asphalt lane
And the flock of cabs
Leap forward,
Shouldering and bleating
Like hungry sheep
Racing to pasture.

ES

THE CHA



76 Advanced Features *include . . .*

Power increased 24%—Above 70 miles an hour—Four hydraulic shock absorbers—New type double action four-wheel brakes—Large, fine bodies—Easier steering—Greater gasoline economy.

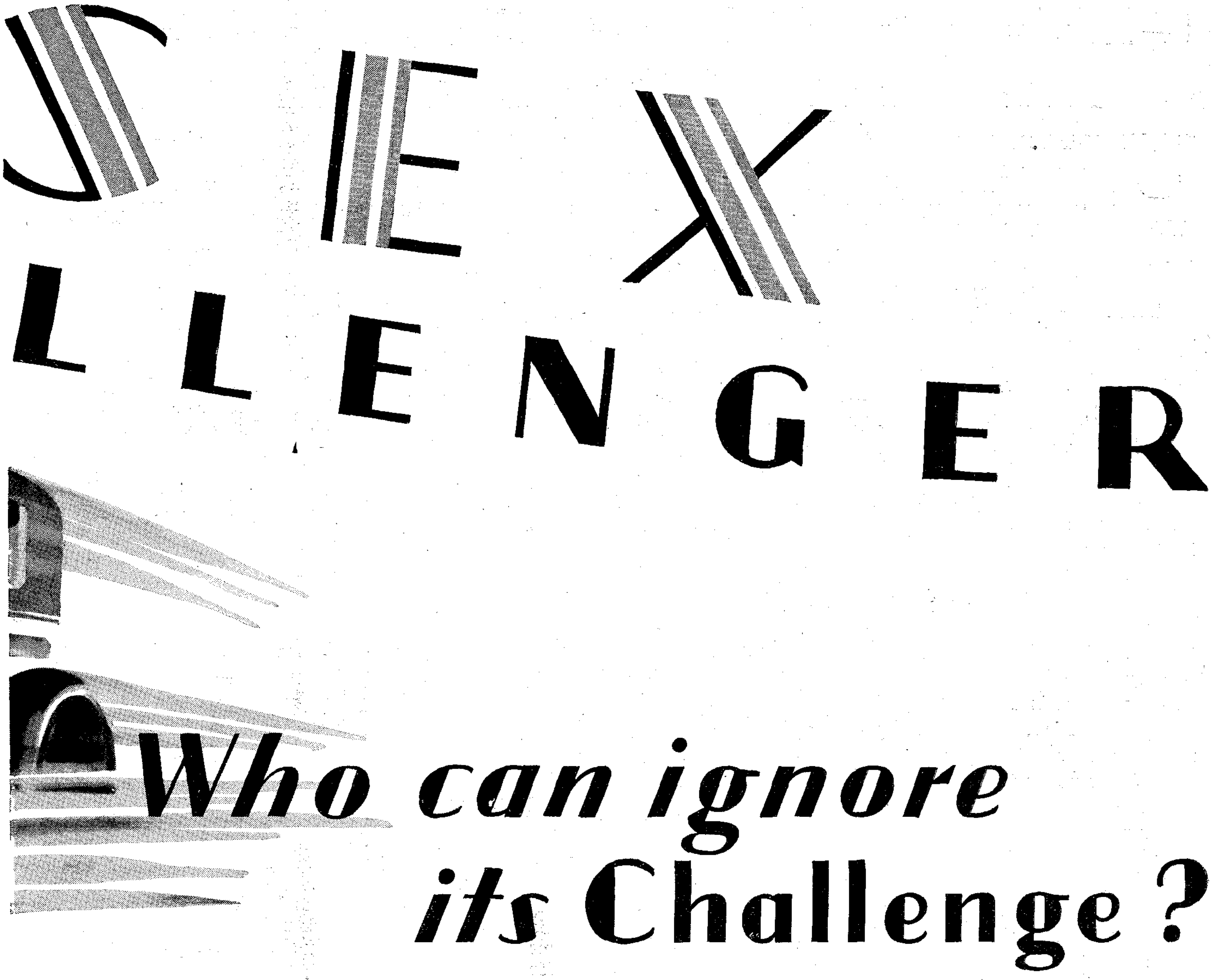
$695

AND UP at Factory

Coach, $695; 2-Pass. Coupe, $695; Phaeton, $695; Coupe (*with rumble seat*), $725; Standard Sedan, $795; Town Sedan, $850; Roadster, $850; Convertible Coupe, $895.

Standard Equipment includes: *4 hydraulic shock absorbers—new type double action 4-wheel brakes, uniformly effective in all weather—starter, electric gas and oil gauge on dash—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—bright parts chromium-plated*

Patented Super-Six Engineering Features—Improved Cylinder Head and Combustion Chambers—Silent Roller Valve Tappets—Heat-Treated Aluminum Pistons—Light-Reciprocating Motor Parts—Chain drive for Generator—Vacuum Booster in Fuel System—Air Cleaner—Splayed Rear Springs—New Roller-Bearing Steering Gear—Moisture Proof Moulded Brake Lining—Alemite Chassis Lubrication—Rubber-Sealed Doors—Rattle-Proof Windows—All Bright Work Chromium-Plated.



Hosts of Other Car Owners—*from every size and Price Class*—Are Turning to Its Advantages

The most spontaneous welcome ever extended a 6-cylinder car has turned thousands of car owners from every price and size field to Essex the Challenger.

Its acceptance is the talk everywhere. Again and again the largest production ever planned by Essex has had to be increased to meet this demand.

Its better than 70 miles an hour is proved over and over again by thousands of cars. And that such performance will endure is proved by any number of demonstrations of 60 miles an hour all day long.

Those who want roomy cars—room for five adults in the five-passenger cars—find that kind of generous roominess. There is plenty of head and leg room, too. There is unexpected quality in the hardware and upholstery.

Such fineness is not limited to things that can be seen. These are but a few of the 76 advantages you will find in Essex the Challenger. Go inspect the others and do what a million Super-Six owners have been invited to do.

Pit it against anything motordom has to offer.

Wide Choice of Colors at No Extra Cost

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

CAP'N GOOD AND THE LIGHTS ON OL' MAN RIVER

UP TO THE TOP of a cottonwood tree moved the lighthouse. It was feverish work for the lighthouse keeper, for the waters were rising, rising, inundating thousands of acres, and many a life on shipboard was at stake. But the brave, devoted worker completed his task in time. Then for a fortnight he lived on a driftwood platform among the branches, nestling among his precious oil cans in order to be near the important light that guided river steamers along the proper channel while the Mississippi River was on its famous rampage of 1927. The perils of lighthouse keepers along the seacoast have been celebrated, but not those of the men who tend the lights that guide steamers along the "Father of Waters." Yet such is their bravery and determination, Lewis R. Freeman tells us in *The American Magazine*, that at this flood time, "altho the master of every craft plying on the Mississippi was under the strictest orders to report at the earliest moment any light not burning, not a single instance of such failure was brought to the attention of the Superintendent during the whole course of the flood." Boats were kept to the channel, and were headed away from the wide flooded areas where they might have been wrecked. Mr. Freeman reviews the Government's Mississippi River light system in an interview with Capt. Tom Good, who is in charge of the lights in the southern district, from the confluence with the Missouri River, above St. Louis, to New Orleans. Captain Good is reputed to know the river as no pilot before him ever knew it. It was this knowledge, perhaps, that led him to certain unconventional reflections on Mark Twain as a river man at his first meeting with Mr. Freeman. This meeting took place just after a near collision, in thick fog, between the small boat, in which the writer was ending a river trip, and the light tender, *Oleander*. Said Cap'n Tom:

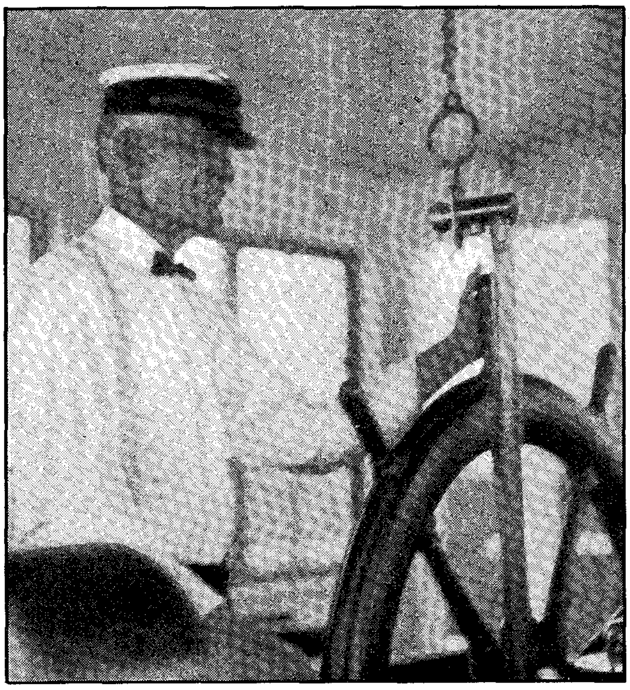
Illustrations by courtesy of *The American Magazine*

TIME OF REFURBISHING

Giving a light stand a new coat of white paint. This form of light is the successor of the old-time lantern hung on a pole.

"I saw you before you saw me. That was partly because I've been squinting through fog close to fifty years. Just a matter of getting—"

"Then it's really true," I broke in, "as Mark Twain wrote, that a Mississippi River pilot can see in the dark like a cat and in the fog like a—" I paused for lack of a comparison.


A WARY EYE FOR REEFS AND BENDS

Captain Good at the wheel of his steamer, making his unending tour of Mississippi lighthouse inspection.

"No man can see through a thick fog any more than he can see through a board," came the reply to my unfinished question, "but in a light fog like this one, trained eyes can see farther than others. If Sam Clemens said something like that, it was nearer true than many things he wrote about the River. Most of the truth that there was he said in jest, and I don't believe he ever knew himself just where truth left off and jest began. Droll fellow, Sam Clemens, and a lovable one, but no more of a pilot than—than that old black mammy waiting over there for her oil cans. . . . Huh! Pomp Brown must be drunk again."

With this the captain gave a demonstration of how he keeps some of his subordinates in line. Continuing:

I looked where the nose of the *Oleander* and that of its skipper pointed—and saw fog. Then the cumulus-cloudlike umbrage of a pecan-tree, the sheer of a cutting bank, and the ghostly arms of a light station all took shape before my straining eyes; and finally the generous bulk of "ol' Mammy Carrie," who was as much of a pilot as Mark Twain!

Mincing in precarious balance down the swaying gangplank, Mammy Carrie waddled aboard to make her official report.

Yeah, her wuthless niggah wuz drunk again, but since de light had been kep' buhnin' she reckoned it wouldn't make no great difruns to Cap'n Tawm, speshly since that light nevah had gone out for nigh on twenty yeah.

Captain Tom shook his head and looked stern, but deep down somewhere I knew there was an inward grin. True, "4XY" never had been reported out, he admitted; but the light stood in Pomp Brown's name, and that was the second time in a year that Pomp hadn't appeared in person.

If a steamboat came along in the dark some night and missed its bearings for lack of a light, there would be a wreck—and maybe a hundred lives lost. How would Pomp Brown like the responsibility for that on his soul? Now there was Jim Brownslow. He had ten lights and never left one for the tender to move back. Jim had been asking for a couple of more lights, now he had his new launch, and "4XY" would just round him out. If Pomp Brown . . .

Speechless horror at the thought of the hundred dead from the wrecked steamer gave way to vocal anguish at the threat of the loss of the light Pomp Brown would be kept on the job if he had to be drug to it by the scruff of the neck

"'Foh Gawd, Cap'n Tawm . . ."

His lesson driven home, Cap'n Tom released the thumbscrews,

VALVE-IN-HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS

THE ONLY TRUE LEADERSHIP IS LEADERSHIP THAT LASTS

A group of master builders . . . proficient in all branches of automobile design . . . inspired by a quarter-century of leadership in fine car manufacture . . . directing a highly skilled organization with almost unlimited resources for continued advancement and leadership. . . . That is Buick

The steady sweep of progress which has carried America to industrial leadership of the world is nowhere more finely exemplified than in the history of Buick—now standing at the crest of twenty-five years of successful motor car manufacture.

And yet, the glorious past—the enviable present position of the Buick car and the Buick company—may be truthfully described as only the prelude to an even more glorious future.

Not only because Buick aims, Buick ideals and Buick policies are dedicated to progress, but also because the men who shape and guide Buick's manufacturing programs are master builders.

Buick artist craftsmen—Buick designers—the entire Buick personnel—devote their combined talents to the one purpose of keeping Buick products always the standard of comparison.

The Buick engineering department, thoroughly versed in all phases of motor car design, contributes those fine mechanical advancements which have caused Buick to be regarded as the vital source of better automobiles throughout a quarter of a century.

The Buick manufacturing division—Buick testing and inspection—as well as authorized Buick service stations throughout the world—all work to the same high standard of efficiency.

Animating and inspiring this entire organization is the determination that Buick *must* excel—*must* build soundly, strongly and dependably—*must* hold forth the fullest measure of value and satisfaction to purchasers of Buick cars.

The Buick Motor Company is the world's largest builder of quality automobiles . . . solely because Buick combines the facilities and the ability to give maximum value to the market it serves.

More than 2,000,000 Buicks have been produced. More than 1,500,000 of this twenty-five year total are still serving their owners. More than 80% of Buick owners buy Buicks again. And, as a supreme proof of leadership, more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200.

Buick will continue to keep faith with owners of its products. Buick will continue to build Buick motor cars superlatively well. Buick will continue to fulfill its time-honored pledge: "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

Buick leadership is leadership that lasts!

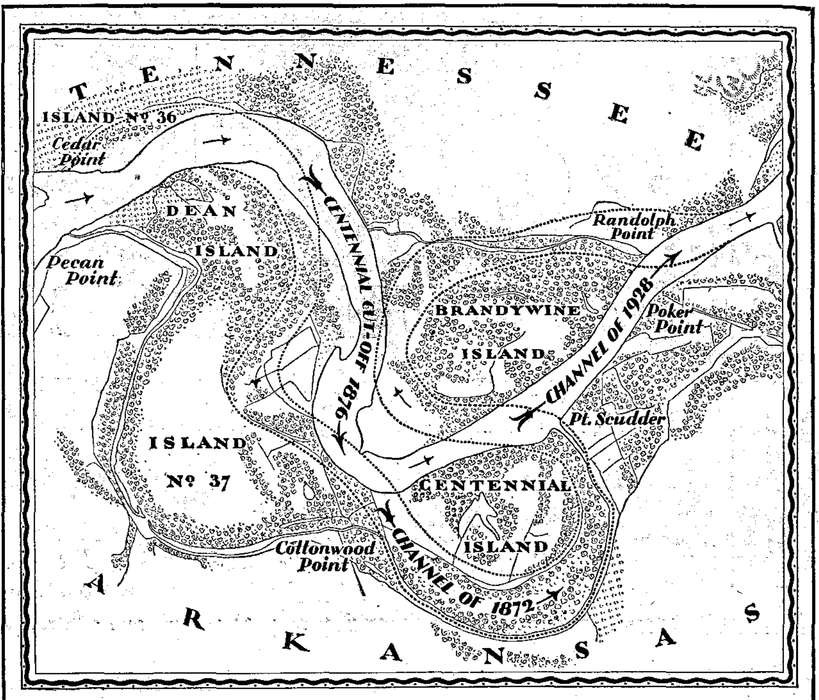
Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM handed the old negress the new burner and wicks she had asked for, patted the fat shoulders, and sent her back down the plank. With a gesture half weary, half whimsical, he passed a hand over his bronzed forehead before replacing his cap.

"Seven hundred lights between the mouth of the Missouri and New Orleans," he sighed, "and some hundreds of keepers. And every keeper has to be gone at differently to drive home responsibility and keep him up to scratch. Twenty-five years of bucking 'em up and they aren't quite perfect yet. Not quite—but improving all the time. Before I'm through, perhaps."

It was in 1900 that Tom Good was put in charge of the lights of the lower thousand miles of the Mississippi, from the confluence of the Missouri to New Orleans. At this time, we are told, these conditions prevailed:

There were 331 lights, and there were a good many people in the country at the time who profest to believe that this number was just 331 times the number for which any reason could be found justifying their maintenance at government expense.



OL' MAN RIVER'S RIGHT-ABOUT FACE

Centennial Bend, where, as described in this article, the river to the left of Point Scudder now flows in the direction opposite to its former course. The present channel is shown in white, that of 1876 in gray.

The new captain of the lighthouse tender, knowing of the great economy in barge transportation from the operations of the line managed by his father, confidently looked forward to a time when a comparatively small number of powerful towboats would transport more cargo a month than the hundreds of old-time packets had carried in a year. He might not live to see that time, but he would do everything he could to build up a system of lights and marks which would be worthy of the vast inland waterway transportation system that was to come.

None of the great navigable rivers of the world offers so baffling a lighting problem as does the Mississippi, especially in its twisting turning, caving-banked reaches between the mouth of the Missouri and the sea.

A river which flows in front of a town one day and back of it the next is, obviously, impossible to light with fixt beacons. Indeed, if changes of this description (which as Mark Twain pointed out, might have made a freeman of a slave in a single night by transferring him from Missouri to Illinois) were at all common, it would be quite out of the question trying to light it at all. Since, for the most part, changes of channel go on steadily but comparatively slowly, it has been possible to devise a system which is of incalculable assistance to the navigator.

I will give a brief description of this system, not as the primitive thing turned over to Tom Good in 1900, but as the greatly improved and highly efficient service he has made it at the end of nearly three decades of patient, persevering, intelligent effort.

SHE FEEDS THE FLAME

A Mississippi version of that romantic figure, the lighthouse-keeper's daughter—always on the job!

The lights of the Mississippi are officially designated "aids to navigation." The term light, or lighthouse, is reserved for a fixt beacon, the purpose of which is to warn a ship away from a shoal or dangerous point. An aid, on the contrary, is almost invariably intended to give a pilot an approximate bearing for a course that will keep his boat in the always narrow and winding channel.

The type of aid uniformly used on the Mississippi to-day has been developed by Captain Good from the primitive lantern hung on a pole, which was the original and very primitive light. It consists of a heavy post, about twelve feet high, deeply set in the ground and furnished with props, with cross-arms to heighten conspicuousness, and with a bracket to hold the light which guides the boats. All parts are painted white. Lamps hold enough oil to burn continuously for seventy-two hours.

There are twice as many lights on the lower Mississippi to-day as there were when Captain Good came to the command of the Fifteenth District tender in 1900, and they are better lights and served by better keepers, we learn, reading on:

It was Captain Good who inaugurated the system of detailed reports by which changes in channels and the positions of lights are made known to masters with a minimum of delay. A light itself means almost nothing to a pilot until he is told why it is so placed and how it should be used as a guide. This information, which for years trickled out in a hit-or-miss sort of way, is now dictated from the wheel to the Captain's clerk as the work progresses, and then rushed off post-haste to the St. Louis office for general dissemination. These daily bulletins, in the strange but expressive "riverese" already alluded to, are entirely a development of the Good régime.

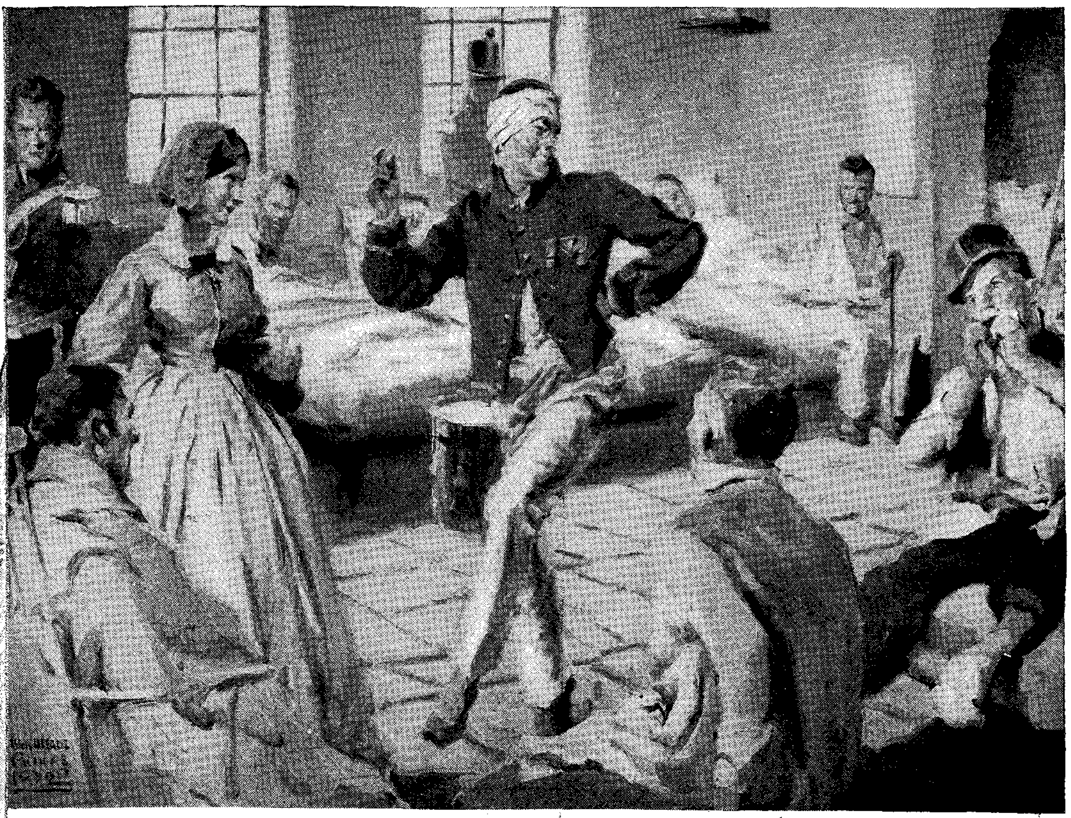
But Tom Good's greatest achievement has been the development—one might almost say the creation—of the light-keeper. Under the old system a keeper was picked from the family living nearest to the light, without much or any regard to personal qualifications. Thus the keepers included all the human flotsam and jetsam of the river: fishermen, shantyboat-men, farmers, moonshiners, and others who were "just layin' low for a spell"—men and women, boys and girls, of every grade of color and running the whole gamut of the social scale.

Captain Good's general method is to make sure of the qualifications of a keeper, and then slowly increase the number of lights under his care. Fishermen, as class, proved the best keepers, doubtless because they were rivermen themselves, and knew from experience the life-and-death balance suspended over the flicker of a guiding beacon. All fishermen, moreover, had motor-boats as a part of their working equipment. It was soon proved that an energetic man with a fast launch could give adequate care to ten, fifteen, and even twenty lights. Several keepers have charge at the present moment of this maximum number. A score of lights takes all of one man's time, but the two hundred dollars a month received by way of compensation—ten dollars for each light attended—makes him a substantial member of the savings-bank-depositor class, for he pays no rent and raises most of his food. The idea of a Mississippi River light-keeper with a bank account would have raised a guffaw of laughter in 1900. To-day savings are the rule rather than the exception.

Ol' Man River, as the Mississippi has been dubbed in a song, has a bag of sometimes disturbing tricks. The writer gives us the story of one of the most sensational of these in Captain Good's own words:

**BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH**

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



A new spirit entered the Scutari hospitals with the coming of Florence Nightingale

"500 more wounded—no blankets or bandages!"

The beginning of trained nursing

"We have 4 miles of beds, not 18 inches apart," wrote Florence Nightingale from the base hospitals of the Crimean War in 1855. "To-morrow 500 more wounded men are due, and no blankets, sheets, or bandages!"

Before many weeks this resolute, grey-eyed girl and her little band of volunteers—the first modern trained nurses—had brought order out of chaos. Recoveries among sick and wounded soldiers rose steadily from *fifty-eight* to *ninety-seven* out of every hundred!

In the World War of 1914-1918 desperate calls for "More nurses!" brought increasing thousands of women into scenes of horror and suffering. And their heroism is a vivid memory to the men whose lives they helped to save.

Today in the United States alone a quarter of a million registered nurses stand ready night and day to respond to the physician's need for expert care of the sick.

The nurse's professional attitude is impersonal, scientific. Yet her hand smooths the pillow under childish curls, or curtains the light from feverish eyes with a sympathy only a woman can give.

* * *

In the scientific training of nurses, there is never-ending insistence upon absolute accuracy in the administering of medicines prescribed by the physician.

It has been the privilege of Parke, Davis & Company to produce dependable medicines ever since 1866—medicines prepared according to the highest standards of scientific purity and accuracy.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

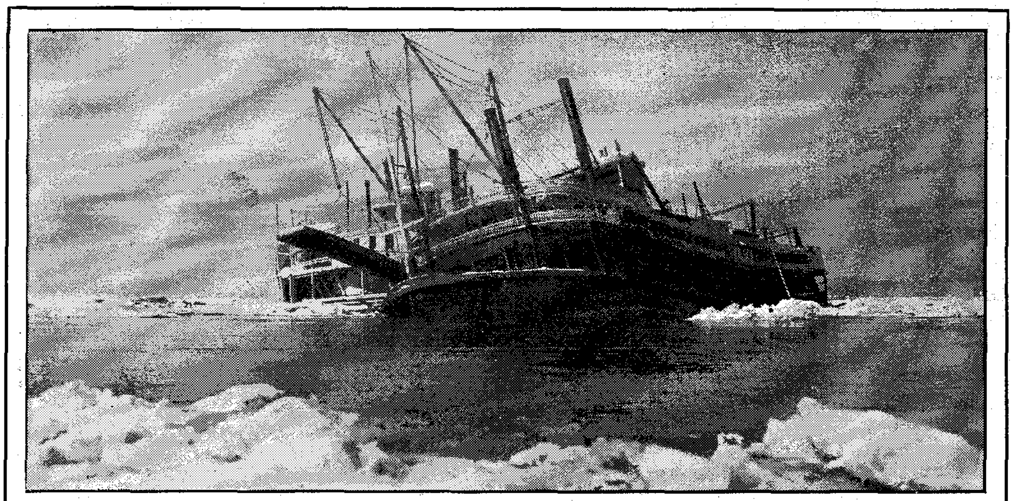
The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Brim full of Sunshine!

Each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil is brim full of sunshine! Your physician will tell you that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong, healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D. It is light in color, practically odorless, and so nearly tasteless that children find it easy to take. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

You've probably heard of how it cut off a bend and left Vicksburg two miles on a shallow slack-water chute; but did you know there is a long stretch, not far above Memphis, in which you now actually run for miles down-stream where the river used to flow in the opposite direction? A breaking through at two points on a double oxbow loop turned the trick, but you have to have it laid down on the chart to understand just how it happened.



WHEN THE FATHER OF WATERS GOES ARCTIC, HE "CUTS UP ROUGH"

Here's a river steamer stove in by the ice. This unusual mishap occurred near Memphis in 1917.

The flood that did the juggling came in '76, so the place was given the name (which it still bears) of Centennial Bend. They used to tell a yarn about how a boat that was going down-river at the time the break came met itself going up!

Sam Clemens wrote of the way the river used to chuck pieces of Arkansas and Tennessee back and forth at each other, and how he tried to find a man in the town of Napoleon ten years after that burg had been washed away altogether.

Sam was slow getting the hang of the river jargon, which was maybe the reason he picked on the simplest of the lot, Mark Twain, for his pen name. "Riverese" is a queer lingo; a real "sailor of the sail" is just as baffled by it at the start as a landlubber. But it's easy enough once you get the swing of it. "Mark twain" indicates that there's only twelve feet of water covering the rising bottom. A hump of sand under water is a reef; out of water it is a bar. When a bar gets a grassy growth of young willows, it is called a towhead. When cottonwoods choke out the willow, and silt and rotting vegetation form a soil, the one-time reef attains the dignity and name of island.

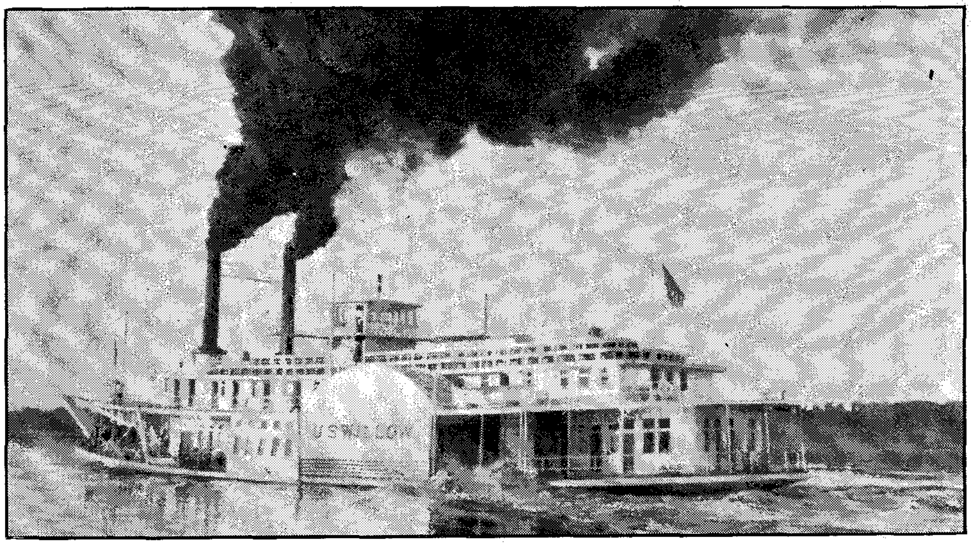
A chute is a narrow back-channel on one side of an island. If it carries water enough, a boat may frequently save many miles and much time by using it. Directing a boat "down the shape of a bar" or "along the shape of a bank" means that it should run fairly close and follow the contour of bar or bank on a parallel course.

Just at this point, Captain Good spied a steamer whose captain was well known to him. He went on, changing the direction of his reminiscences thus:

> There's old "Quaker Oats" drifting his tow of coal barges round the next bend. That's navigating for you. He's got more cargo there than forty old-time packets like the *Lee* and *Natchez* could carry.
>
> If he "steered" that bend in the usual way, those ten or fifteen acres of barges would smear half a mile of bank and go to pieces. You'd hear cables snapping like gunshots and see the barges piling one on the other like stampeding cattle. But old "Quaker Oats" will "drift" it without setting the quaking aspens ashiver on that caving bank. That's piloting for you! Old Horace Bixby, for all the reputation he had 'count of what Sam Clemens wrote about him, couldn't do that in a thousand years. Bixby was one of the best (tho not the best by a long shot) of the packet-boat pilots of his day; but packet-boat piloting was child's play compared to handling big tows.
>
> They call Cal Blaizer "Quaker Oats," because he looks like the picture on the breakfast-food package. No, he's not really a Quaker. Quakers speak softly and don't swear. Cal has the only voice on the river that can make itself heard above the roar of a tow of barges busting up in an ice gorge. And he is almost as famous for his spitting as for his piloting. He always has a quid in his cheek, and he keeps his spittoon over against the front of the pilot-house, beyond the wheel. He can spit through the spinning wheel for watch after watch without tarnishing the brass-work or a spoke.
>
> Another famous spitter was Tom Garrison. He weighed three hundred and fifty pounds, and had been the end man of a minstrel show before he became a steamboat captain. Tom spat neatly and accurately with tobacco, but his most artistic work was done with Number 4 shot. He could expel these pellets with such force from his muscular lips that a fifty-feet-distant darky deckhand would slap his stricken neck and holler, "Wasp!"

Here Captain Good told his interviewer of the finish of the famous river race between the *Robert E. Lee* and the *Natchez*. He ran away to see this when his father refused to take him. We read on:

> Every *one* was yelling like an Indian, but the one thing I remember out of all the bedlam of cries was the booming voice of a big buck nigger, who kept shouting: "Look at him froffin' at de mouf!" A tumbling bow-wave has always been a "froffin' at de mouf" to me ever since.
>
> The *Lee* roared past us faster than I have ever seen any river boat speed to this day. The big wall of water she pushed ahead drove our log-raft grandstand high upon the sloping mud bank, and then the depression sucked after her dragged it back into the river again. Men and women and kids were tumbling over each other, and a lot of them must have fallen between the rolling logs. Some must have been killed or drowned. I don't recall ever hearing, and I wouldn't have remembered if I had.
>
> That sight of the roaring, snorting old *Robert E. Lee* occupied my thoughts to the exclusion of everything else for many days. I don't even remember whether I got a hiding when I forgot myself at supper and bragged that I had seen the *Lee* before Dad had.



BEARING THE GUARDIAN OF THE GUIDES FOR RIVER BOATS

Captain Good's new tender, the *Willow*, successor of the *Oleander*, in which he patrols a thousand miles or more of the lower Mississippi, inspecting "aids to navigation."

KELLY REGISTERED BALLOON
243071

For the man who wants the finest that money can buy

THIS tire is built by Kelly-Springfield to meet the demand for larger, more rugged tires that will stand up under the faster driving and harder braking of today's cars. It represents absolutely the last word in modern tire-building.

It is oversized throughout, with nearly 10% more air capacity than any standard balloon tire of corresponding size, and has a tread nearly twice as thick and extending so far down the sidewalls that the likelihood of punctures is negligible.

To make sure that the buyer gets maximum service, each Kelly REGISTERED Balloon will be individually registered direct with the Kelly factory at the time of purchase.

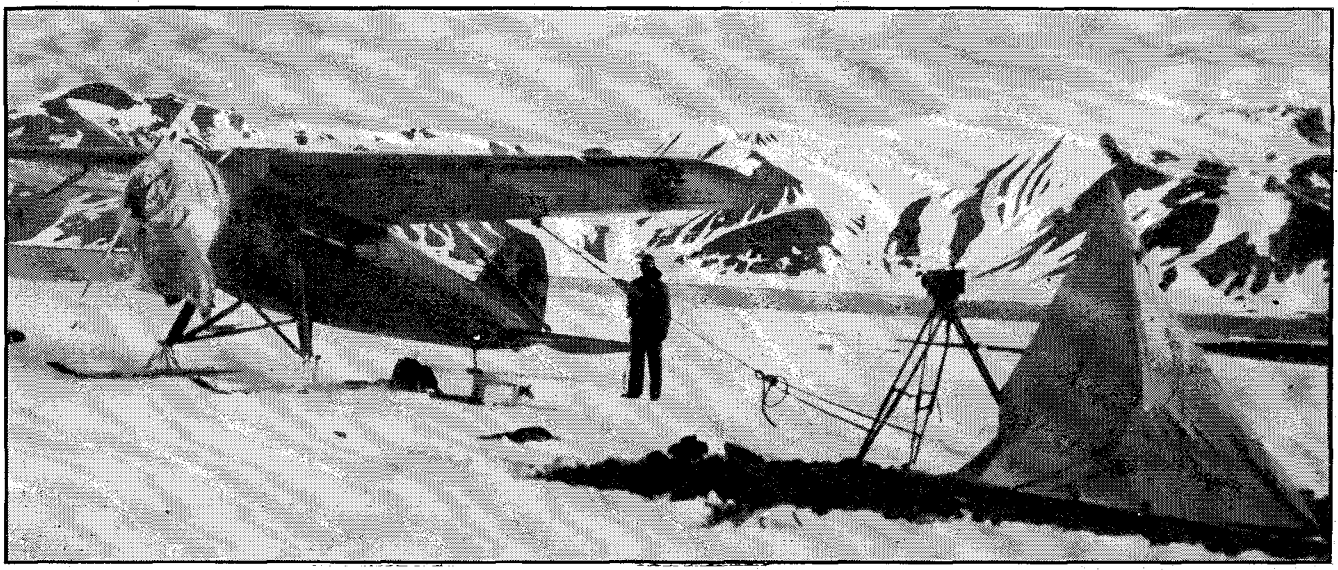
A set of these tires will last until you are ready to turn in your car.

KELLY

Registered

BALLOON

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, 1775 Broadway, New York



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ONCE AGAIN THE AIRPLANE DEMONSTRATED ITS ADAPTABILITY FOR POLAR EXPLORATION

After having its pontoons changed for skis, as above, this monoplane, when the snow melted away, shed the skis for wheels.

BUILDING WILKINS'S SOUTH POLE LANDING-FIELD

THE LANDING-FIELD OF GLITTERING ICE was deceptive. And that was appropriate enough, for it floated in the harbor of Deception Island, far down south in the Antarctic. But, from above, the frigid airport seemed just the thing, and the daring aviator skilfully set his plane down on it. The landing was perfect—almost! The machine slithered along the smooth surface for three hundred yards. Then, just as it came to a stop, it struck a soft spot, plunged through into the icy water of the bay and was kept up only by its broad wings which, spreading out, rested on firmer ice. That was an Antarctic adventure that nearly proved fatal to Pilot Ben Eielson, and furnished hours of hard labor to the past winter's Antarctic expedition, led by Capt. Sir George Hubert Wilkins, who describes this adventure, and many others, including the discovery of new land, in a series of articles copyrighted by the New York *American* and Universal Service. Sir Hubert and Lieutenant Eielson, heroes of last year's flight over the North Pole, have recently returned to this country with their aids for a vacation from South Polar exploration. They have again shown the airplane's usefulness in polar regions. Next September they will set out to their base at Deception Island to resume their work. "Do not ask for anything sensational," said Sir Hubert, according to *The American*, as he returned. "We have merely come home to spend the night. A work that will take several years has been well started." In the meantime, Commander Richard E. Byrd, who is also exploring the far South, remains there.

Imagine starting out to explore the South Polar regions in an airplane, and having the weather turn so warm that the snow melts and the ice becomes too thin to hold up a plane. That happened, and the skis that had been taken for landing and taking off from the snow were useless. Imagine, too, having to build a landing-field not so very far from the South Pole. That is what Sir Hubert and his helpers had to do, almost with their bare hands. Says this intrepid explorer in his copyrighted serial narrative:

> We had carried our two Lockheed Vega monoplanes to Deception Island at the edge of the Antarctic on board the Hektoria Whaling Company's fifteen-thousand-ton transport ship *Hektoria*, and were comfortably established with the ship as our headquarters. There we lived in a degree of comfort not excelled in a crack ocean-liner.
>
> In anticipation of using snow surfaces for take-offs when the weather cleared, we changed our pontoons for skis, and the machines stood in readiness about half a mile from the ship.
>
> Dull clouds with low ceiling continued for many days, and the snow was damp and sticky. Unable to do any useful work, even if we had gone into the air, we decided to avoid unnecessary risk and kept the machines on the ground.
>
> Then came a period of unusually warm weather. Snow disappeared from the hills as if by magic. Water formed six inches deep on the flat bay ice. Our snow-covered shore ski-landing field melted in a night.
>
> There was nothing to do but clear a runway on the hillside, remove our skis, and use wheels for trial flights.
>
> Under the circumstances it might have been advisable to replace our floats, but there was always the possibility of the water in the harbor being blocked with ice on the days when the weather was fine. The menace of bird life in the harbor was serious and might easily lead to trouble.
>
> With the help of twenty whalers we cleared the loose stones from a forty-foot runway on a projecting peninsula of volcanic cinders.
>
> The peninsula at its base was less than one mile wide. To cross it required the climbing of one slight rise, a turn of twenty degrees gliding down an incline, climbing another slope to a hill crest 100 feet above the starting-point, and then turning at an angle down the other side—a complicated procedure for a heavily laden, fast-moving airplane.
>
> It was more so because the surface was soft and gravelly, and there was always the risk of turning a wheel inside out.
>
> The weather continued warm and cloudy, with short intervals of sunshine. These intervals were used to test the machines in flight, and to search the neighborhood for a better landing-field. From the air the land-locked harbor of Deception Island could be clearly visualized.
>
> The neighboring islands ranged higher than Deception, and they were more snow-covered, but the mountains rose sheer-sided from the sea.
>
> They shed many steep glaciers, the reticulated feet of which reached out into the water, making it almost impossible to approach the mountains from the sea-level.
>
> We flew for many hours about these majestic masses, and at last, when the sun's slanting rays allowed the warm air-currents to form engirdling clouds, we turned our fleet-winged monoplane and followed the shadowed coast to our temporary home.

It was returning from such a flight as this that Lieutenant Eielson had his accident in the ice, already described. That this was caused by an unusual weather condition, we can see from the following:

> Normally, from observations recorded each year since 1914, the harbor ice is strong and solid until Christmas. Our adventure happened on the first day of December.
>
> We had regretfully to come to the conclusion that our first long effort would perforce be made from the gravelly landing-field, but before that could be done there was much improvement to be made on its surface.
>
> We had carried out our test flights, met with distressing adventures, and had come to realize that we could not hope to enter

Do you SMOKE FURIOUSLY IN EXCITEMENT?

...AGAIN SPUD'S MOIST-COOL SMOKE IS A GREAT IDEA!

When the day suddenly jams and challenges your nerves—do you keep reaching for cigarettes? Then reach for Spud . . . and still be able to enjoy cool, moist mouth-happiness when the fuss is over. Be able to realize sustained tobacco enjoyment . . . not a souring routine from pack to lip. Spud's smoke is proved 16% cooler by science. Its coolness heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. It makes Spud the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

SMOKE 16% COOLER by TEST

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

HOW the coolness of Spud smoke was proved scientifically, and what "Smoke 16% Cooler by Test" means to you, are told in this little book, sent gladly on request.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

the realms of Her Majesty of the Great White South without a struggle and great risk.

Instead of flying happily away on skis, prepared for all emergencies, we would be compelled first to complete a runway, then with wheeled landing gear, which would spell disaster if a forced landing was necessary, and a minimum supply of equipment and provisions, take a desperate chance.

A peculiar spell of warmth and quite unusual rain had melted the snow and formed pools of water everywhere. Then, suddenly, the clouds gave way to perfect sunshine. Our field was not yet prepared, so we decided to try a trip with pontoons—one machine was then fitted with pontoons, the other with wheels. We hoped with pontoons to fly south, land on the snow and make a depot of supplies.

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SAFE "AT HOME" ON DECEPTION ISLAND

Wilkins (with his hands on the propeller) and Eielson, stretching their legs after a long flight over the dazzling white continent of Antarctica.

Fearing the hazards and a wholesale slaughter of sea birds which thronged the harbor, we set off for a trial flight. A motor-boat preceded us.

Our speed soon excelled that of the motor-boat, and we clove our way through the whirring, squawking pigeons, nellies, sea-gulls, terns, and Mother Carey's chickens, fortunately missing them in our take-off.

With even a light load, the machine was loggy on the water, but, facing a breeze, we managed to rise and, once in the air, the machine behaved perfectly.

We descended to take on a greater load, and as we came gliding down the air seemed full of sea birds. It was impossible to miss them all.

We took on our supplies, and, altho we tried in ideal conditions, we could not rise to the step of the floats and leave the water.

There was nothing to do, says Sir Hubert, but transfer the equipment, further clear the runway and, using the land machine, have faith in the Whirlwind engines. And this they did. Reading on:

The final clearing of the field was easier said than done. Much of the surface was of volcanic tufa and lava lying in ridges like huge furrows on a field deeply plowed. In some places we had to remove two feet from the surface; at others fill in ditches several inches deep and many feet wide. Our friends, the Norwegian whalers—without whose aid we could not have succeeded—came to our aid. They brought extra picks and shovels, wheelbarrows, forks and buckets, and we set to work with a will to remove the cokelike débris.

Fortunately the material was not heavy, but it was considerable in bulk, and the many tons of it we shifted stood in rows feet high on both sides of the forty-foot-wide runway, adding, of course, to the hazard.

The weather was warm and ideal. It could scarcely continue so for more than a day or two. We had been fighting with the seaplane for twenty hours. For sixteen hours we dug and raked and carried off the lava. Our backs were breaking and every finger blistered.

At last the way was clear, but by no means perfect. We could use it at a frightful risk, but the risk of not getting more of such perfect weather was greater.

I hurried to transfer my instruments from the seaplane *Los Angeles* to the land-plane *San Francisco*, and while the others snatched a little rest I fixt radio, drift indicators, compasses, sextants, cameras, charts and chronometers, which were necessary for navigation.

By 4 A. M. these instruments were installed, and I wakened Eielson so that we might test them in the air. Crosson and Porter came out to help. We circled the field for half an hour and, final adjustments and everything being in order, we landed.

There were only the tanks to fill, but even the carrying of 200 gallons of gasoline over 200 yards of gravelly field and filtering it through chamois leather is no light job. Crosson and Porter filled the tanks.

This Antarctic landing-field, named Hoover Field, ran in three directions with two sharp turns, we are told. Furthermore:

It was up hill and down dale. Each side was banked with lava. Would the machine with its heavy load steer on the soft surface? Would it, in the short distance, gather sufficient speed to take us into the air? We spoke but little. We looked at the field and at each other. We both knew that for safety's sake we should spend another twenty-four hours preparing the runway. I said to Eielson:

"What do you think?"

"Whatever you say."

I thanked God for the courage of my companion. I knew I could depend more upon his skill than upon the weather. As yet there was not a cloud in the pale blue sky, but the thermometer stood a few degrees above freezing and the barometer, falling steadily, indicated that the clear weather would not last.

Eielson heated the oil on a stove. Then we hurried off and brought our packs of food and personal equipment to the plane.

All our food, consisting of pemmican, biscuits, chocolate, malted milk and raisins, our spare clothing and stoves for melting ice, was arranged in packs which we could throw upon our backs. The packs served as sleeping-bags.

Each man's equipment was separate and complete—a necessary precaution when traveling over crevassed ice, and where one might fall through and disappear forever.

Our Alpine climbing gear was carried separately and was made up of axes, crampons snow-shoes, ropes and small, strong blocks and tackle, with which each man could haul himself along the rope perpendicularly suspended.

Capt. Marinius Hansen of the *Hektoria* came along to wish us good luck, and we took our seats.

The engine was turning over smoothly. A final checking of our time was made by Victor Olsen, our faithful wireless operator, and we rolled forward. It took some time to gather speed, but we could not afford to go fast until we had turned the first sharp bend.

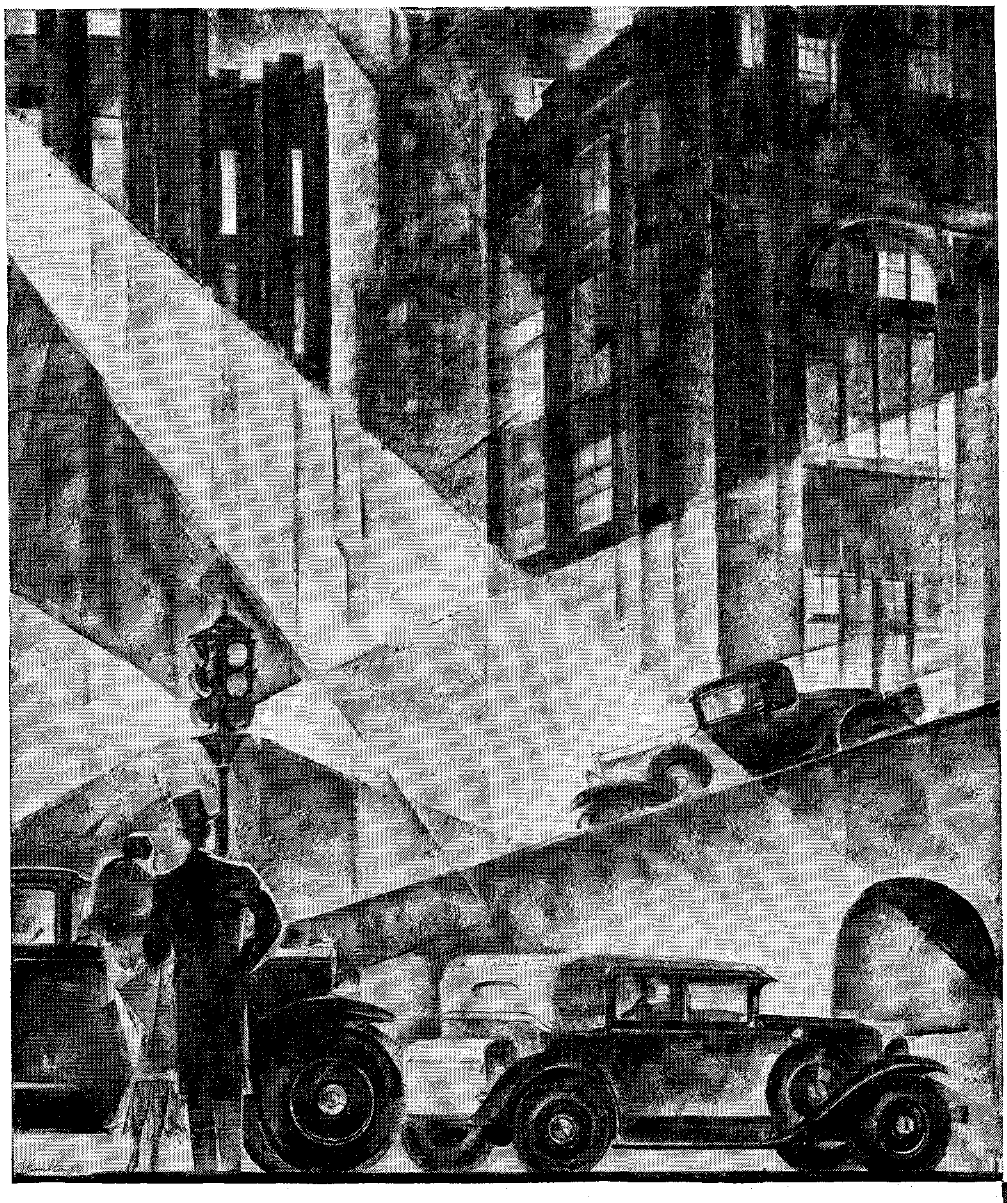
Then we went on down the hill, plowing through a snow-bank. We experienced a great bump as we passed a ditch. Then another and deeper one bounced the machine into the air.

As we climbed the second hill we gathered speed, entered another ditch near the top and bumped with such violence that I was thrown from my seat, and the contents of the cabin tumbled on top of me. Eielson clung to the controls, guiding the machine with consummate skill.

Then, as we reached the hilltop, the ground sank beneath us and we were in the air.

The flight thus started was destined to have extensive results geographically, we are told. About 40,000 square miles were "chopped off" the supposed Antarctic continent, and more than twenty new islands, three new channels, one strait, and many bays and mountains were added to the map.

THIS IS THE AGE OF ALUMINUM



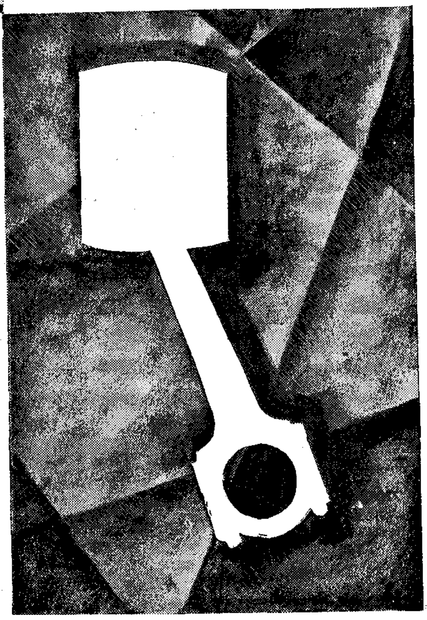
WINGED HORSE POWER

LYNITE strong aluminum alloy connecting rods, used in conjunction with LYNITE pistons, further reduce reciprocating weight, resulting in an even smoother running motor. Their high heat conductivity and the fact that a close thermal contact may be obtained by babbitting directly to the aluminum, result in cooler big end bearings. Further, big end bearing pressures at high speeds are lessened because centrifugal and inertia forces are reduced.

THE endless scientific research applied to the development of strong aluminum alloys by Aluminum Company of America has created in LYNITE an alloy of immeasurable value to motor performance.

LYNITE strong aluminum alloy pistons increase speed, pulling power and fuel economy . . . decrease weight and wear on cylinders and bearings . . . reduce vibration to a minimum . . . and give you a cooler running motor with less carbon.

They will shoot you ahead at the flash of the green . . . and keep you ahead on the highway. Insist on them.



LYNITE

ALUMINUM ALLOY
PISTONS AND RODS

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ALUMINUM - IN - EVERY - COMMERCIAL - FORM

Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
The J.B. Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A. Montreal, Canada

When you think of shaving think of

Aqua Velva

for After-Shaving!

Soon the summer will be here. Let Aqua Velva start it with you. For the stimulating thrill that Aqua Velva gives, as though a sleepy skin had asked for it, brings real pleasure of a summer morning.

Profit, too, in that it cares for tiny nicks, cuts, abrasions—unseen, mostly. Tones up. Invigorates. Makes facial tissue firm. Protects from dust and germs. Does all any after-shaving preparation has ever done before—and then a lot more!

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream, Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin as the super mild, super moist Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and *Fit.*

Start your summer with Aqua Velva. Soon enough you'll discover how remarkably worth while it is.

**5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers.
Or a Free Trial size by addressing:
Dept. D39, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Canada**

**Williams
Aqua Velva**

For use after shaving

HOW A FEMINIST TERRORIZED COLONIAL MARYLAND

BEFORE the determined female the Maryland Assemblymen cowered. And well they might, for the fathers of the colony knew from bitter experience the force opposing them. Mistress Margaret Brent, a pioneer feminist, was a familiar and awe-inspiring figure to them. For ten years she had been rising, almost as regularly as the sun, before Court Council and Assembly, demanding this, requesting that, seizing, attaching, and enjoining right and left. Yet it seems queer that Maryland should have been so troubled by Mistress Margaret, for C. W. Whitmore, telling us of this lady in the Baltimore *Sun*, also tells us that the colony had already seen an all-female jury in session and women succeeding in various businesses at that early date. But now Mistress Margaret had capped the climax. She requested that she be given a voice and vote in the Assembly. The Assemblymen feared her, "even when she came as a plaintiff or suppliant. But now she was coming to join, to be with them in all their deliberations, perhaps she would expect even to adjourn with them to Jollie's tavern across the road!" Reading on of this feminist of the 1600's:

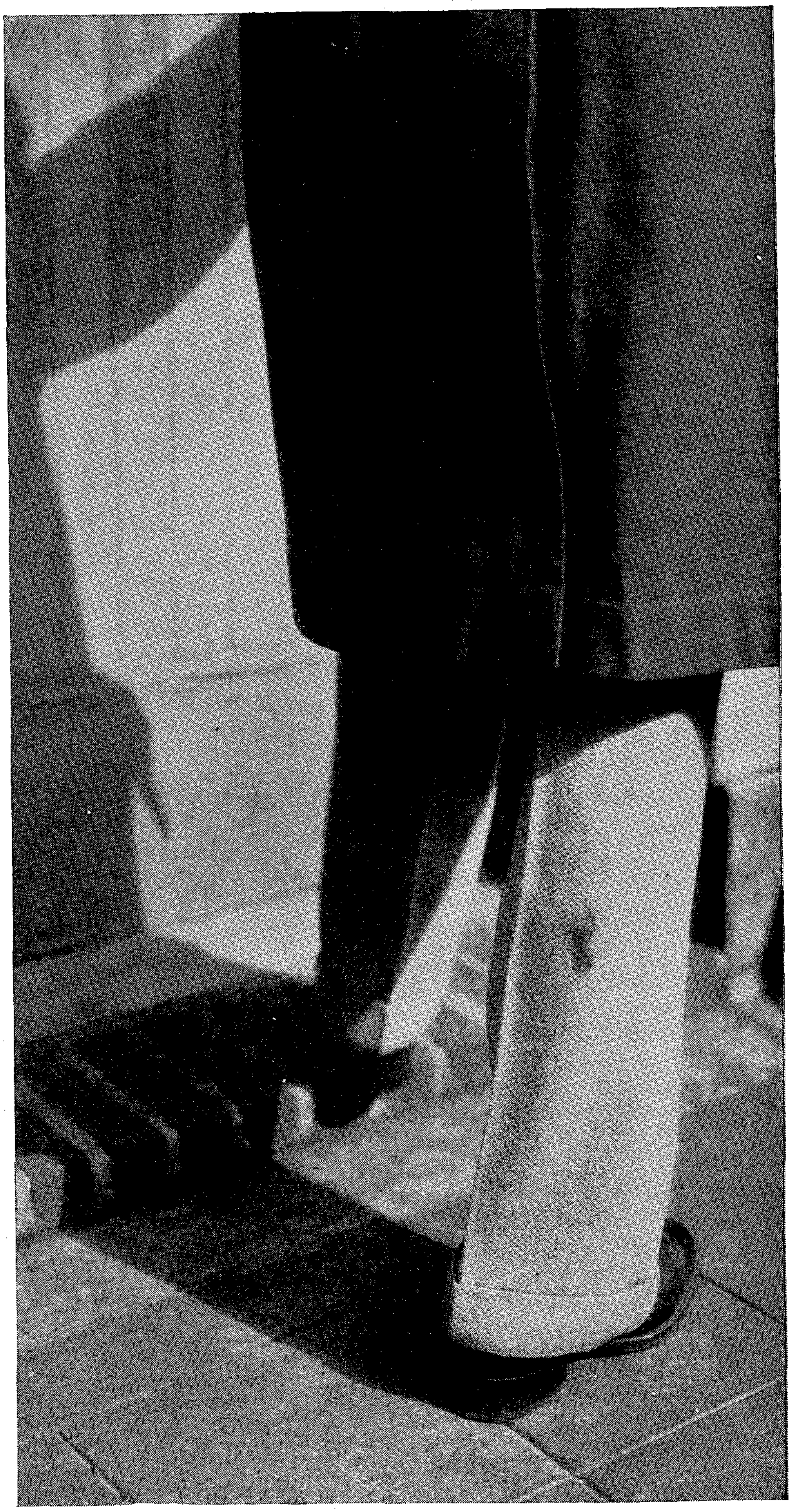
> Seeing her enemy in confusion, this doughty daughter of battle fired her second shot. Not only one vote would she have, but two! She was not only Mistress Margaret Brent, lady of a manor, holder of courts baron and courts leet, citizen extraordinary and official plenipotentiary, but was she not also executrix of the recently deceased Governor, Leonard Calvert, and appointed by the court to be administrator of the Lord Proprietor's personal estate in the commonwealth? Yes she was all of that, and if that wasn't worth an extra vote, no one should vote at all!
>
> The confused and alarmed Assemblymen looked helplessly toward their presiding officer, Deputy Governor Greene. This gentleman now found himself in an exceedingly embarrassing situation. In a sense he was Governor by the grace of none other than Mistress Brent herself. Governors, of course, were ultimately appointed by the Proprietor in England, but when the first Governor, Leonard Calvert, died in Maryland with an unavoidable interval of many months before word could be gotten to England and a successor brought back, an emergency was created that demanded unusual measures. Leonard Calvert, knowing that death was near, sent for his trusted adviser and kinswoman, Margaret Brent, and before a number of witnesses appointed her his executrix, with the quaint words of instruction, "Take all and pay all." He then ordered every one else out of the room while he communicated in private to his executrix the details of his last wishes. She later deposed that among these was the order that Thomas Greene should act as Governor until the Proprietor should have time to make a permanent appointment. So it was ordered and Thomas Greene became Governor by virtue of the unsupported deposition of the lady who now stood before him demanding admission to the sacred legislative precincts, and insisting upon, not only equal rights, but superior rights.
>
> Governor Greene met the crisis like a true Anglo-Saxon male. He ruled, in effect, that it would be unseemly for this delicate flower of maidenhood to be subjected to the rough ways of a man's world. Was not woman's place in the home? There was Mistress Hawley, wife of the Secretary of the Province, who had molded untold numbers of cheeses and dried infinite yards of peaches, making an everlasting name for herself as a homebody by sending samples of her housewifely art to Lord Baltimore, and drawing from Captain Cornwallis the tribute that "should her husband's affairs force him to withdraw himself and her it would not a little eclipse the glory of Maryland." Now there's a woman for you! If only Mistress Brent would go home and do likewise! In any case the gentlemen of Maryland must not allow a lady to be contaminated by association with them in their own peculiar field of politics. He was very sorry, but it seemed to be quiet impossible to grant the petition.
>
> The legislators heaved a sigh of relief. Good old Tom Greene! He knows how to handle 'em! Lady Brent stormed. She protested every act of the present Assembly unless she be admitted, but the day was saved as far as the men of the Assembly were concerned, and this was one of the occasions when Margaret was left.

It should be borne in mind that this decision was not based upon any existing law forbidding women a seat in the Assembly, we are cautioned by Mr. Whitmore, who continues:

> The Charter indeed mentioned "free men" or their "deputies" as constituting the Assembly, but free men seems to have been understood in a general sense which included women, as Margaret Brent had undoubtedly been exercising many of the prerogatives of free men, and she as well as many other women had been transacting business in a representative capacity before the law. It seems likely that the decision of Governor Greene excluding Margaret from her desired vote was based largely upon fear of her aggressive disposition, and partly no doubt because of their reluctance to being on a constant social strain which they felt the presence of a lady would require.
>
> It is difficult to see how this vigorous, domineering and yet quite magnificent woman could have been so grossly misrepresented in our alleged historical novels and general popular conceptions. Here we find her merely prettified and washed out of all semblance of truth. Impossible romances have been invented for this woman who was most likely over forty in this period, and who seems to have been engaged in a perpetual war against the male sex. All of her finer moments were in her transactions with women or when she was managing men. All of her warlike demonstrations were against men. One hundred and twenty-four times in eight years this dewy flower of romance appears in the court records. We find her entering suit for payment of sixty-six pounds of tobacco, then valued at approximately four cents a pound, as nearly as we can apply money values to a product which was itself currency. We find her haling a barber into court and demanding payment of two and a half barrels of corn for a "fortnight and three days' use" of one of her servants. The court awarded her two barrels and one bushel instead of the two and a half barrels she demanded, evidently regarding her bill as somewhat exaggerated.
>
> While she generally appeared as a complainant, she sometimes was summoned to

Of course . .

he can't see that smudge



If it weren't for you, he'd probably go to the office blissfully unconscious of the fact that dozens of people during the business day would see it and classify him as a careless man!

That wouldn't be fair to him, would it? *You* know that no man could be neater.

You know, too, how vital a part personal appearance plays in a man's progress. In the business world, the man who *looks* successful usually *is.*

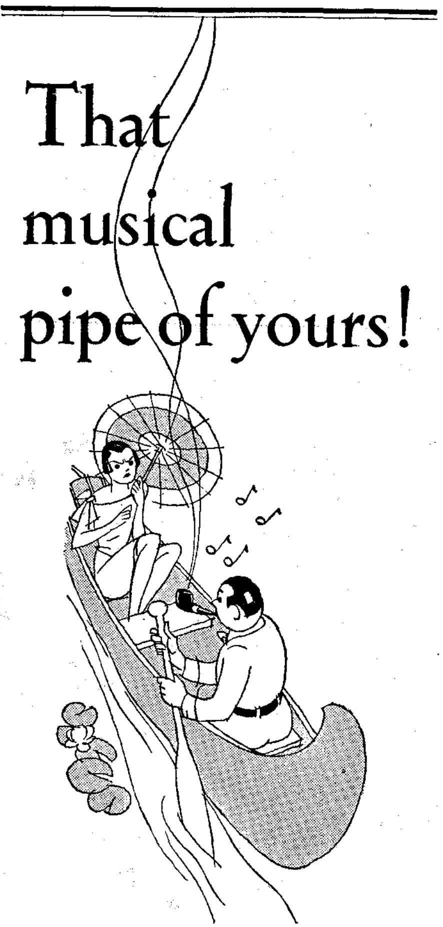
His suits, overcoats, neckties, mufflers—it's *so* easy to keep your eye on them, and it's *so* easy to have them dry cleaned as soon as they begin to look the least bit worse for wear.

Your good man has a lot on his mind—his personal appearance should really be a part of *your* part of the partnership—

With the help of a good dry cleaner, it's so little bother to keep him looking his very best always—and it may mean so much!

clothes *do* help you win
—*dry clean them oftener!*

Published in the interest of the Dry Cleaning Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio.



That musical pipe of yours!

SHE hadn't counted on *that* when she consented to come for a quiet paddle on the lake. Before you wreck another romance, better silence that noisy old briar with a real pipe mixture. Sir Walter Raleigh is all of that—the mildest, most fragrant blend that ever came out of the South. So good we line the tin with gold foil to preserve its freshness right down to the last pipeful.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. 30, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky

B.W. PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's milder

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

court as the defendant. We find her sued by Thomas Thornborough for a horse which had been promised him by Leonard Calvert for "bravery at Fort Saint Inigoes" during the Ingle rebellion. Calvert, however, had died before the horse was delivered, and Mistress Margaret as executrix for his estate had sold it to Cuthbert Fenwick, refusing to recognize the claim of Thornborough. Hence the suit.

Mistress Margaret seems never to have been very popular with the proprietor, Lord Baltimore, who wrote many bitter things about her from England, and "serious difficulty arose between them over her handling of the proprietary property, as its administrator, after Leonard Calvert's death." Quoting further:

> His lordship sent an order refusing to confirm those transactions wherein she had sold any of his property to her brother Giles or her sister Mary. There is a very sinister sound about this imputation. Could it have been possible that the lady had favored her relatives?
>
> Whether or not she was willing to help Brother Giles with his lordship's property, it is certain that she was not willing to help him with her own, for we find the record of a conveyancing of Giles Brent to Margaret Brent of "all lands, goods, debts due to me, cattle and chattels and servants belonging to me in the Province . . . for the satisfaction and payment of seventy-three pounds English money which I do owe to herself." In this we see the picture of a hard-boiled sister selling out her own brother for seventy-three pieces of silver.
>
> But there is another side to Margaret in which she appears not only capable and efficient, but likable. She was made guardian of the little Indian girl, daughter of Emperor Kittimaquund, who had been converted to Christianity, and with his family had been baptized, the daughter being named "Mary Brent" in honor of the Virgin and of Mistress Margaret. Margaret made an excellent guardian and deserves much of the credit for the pleasant relations which then existed with the Indians. On one occasion she even went to court in behalf of the rights of her Indian ward to certain cattle which the Calverts and Cornwallis contested—and she got the cattle!
>
> Her most striking service to the colony came during the disturbance which followed the death of Gov. Leonard Calvert. He had brought over from Virginia a detachment of soldiers who had subdued the Ingle rebellion. He had pledged his own and his brother's estates as security for their wages. A considerable delay in payment, however, resulted after his death, and mutiny threatened. Deputy-Governor Greene was quite helpless in the emergency and Margaret took command of the situation, fully justifying the statement made by Historian Bozman that the Governor (Calvert) would have done better for himself and the province had he appointed Greene executor and Mistress Brent Governor. She solved the problem by selling certain cattle from the estate of Leonard Calvert, and when that proved to be not enough she went further and disposed of cattle belonging to the proprietor himself, until all the wages of the soldiers were paid and peace was restored.

FRANCE HAS ITS "SMITHS," BUT THEY CALL THEM MARTIN

THE Smiths are supreme in America. France has few, if any, members of this family, but it has another that occupies a correspondingly large amount of space in its directories and telephone books, we learn from Raymond G. Carroll in a copyrighted article in the New York *Evening Post*. For weeks recently, we are told, those who specialize in the importance and might of names debated over which one dominates in France. And the Martins won! Five candidate names were entered in the contest—Bertrand, Dupont, Durand, Laurent and Martin. How the palm was awarded is told thus by Mr. Carroll:

> Three main sources were studied: the lists of French participants in the World War at the War Ministry, the city directory of Paris and the telephone directory of Paris. In addition other records were examined in the count.
>
> The serious aspect of the competition was the overconfidence of the adherents of Durand and Dupont, two names which have always been regarded as running neck-and-neck in any count of Frenchmen. Martin was a complete dark horse.
>
> However, Martin had an overwhelming triumph in each enrolment. As for the statistics of the war, the name of Bertrand took second place, which was almost as great a surprize as the emergence of Martin as the most powerful name in France.
>
> Andre Laphin, commenting in *L'Intransigeant* upon the Martin victory, said: "Glory to Martin. This name in France has outdistanced all rivals. It is a crushing success for Martin. No question about it. The race is over and Martin is the winner."

A count of the past and present members of the French Parliament shows that there have been more Martins, four to one, than any other name, we are told. "This is particularly true of the Senate," says Mr. Carroll, continuing:

> In the Paris directory, called the *bottin*, the Martins take up seven and a half columns. The Durands come next, filling over three and a half columns. After these are the Duponts, almost three columns; the Laurents, two and three-fourths columns, and the Bertrands, two and a half columns.
>
> In the Paris telephone book, always referred to as the *annuaire*, the Martins again lead off with four and a half columns. The Durands muster a scant two columns, the Duponts, the Laurents, and the Bertrands each one and a half columns, but in actual count of names in the order named.
>
> *Tout Paris*, which is the annual social publication that corresponds to the Social Register of American cities, has sixty-one Martins, thirty-four Bertrands, twenty-eight Durands, twenty-four Laurents, and twenty Duponts.
>
> In the last *Qui Etes-Vous?* the French "Who's Who," a selected list of notable living Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, were found eighteen Martins, seventeen Laurents, twelve Bertrands, six Durands, and three Duponts.
>
> Lists of French names approached from any angle, or any classification, show the name of Martin to be in the lead. It is a French name that hits upon all cylinders—lawyers, physicians, writers, artizans, clerks, professors, merchants, in fact, all walks of Parisian life.

Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only.

Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.

On this page are illustrated a few distinctive examples of fine timepieces with movements by well-known makers, and cases by Wadsworth. Other models will be shown in future advertisements of this series.

The Wadsworth Watch Case Company, Dayton, Ky.
Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

HOW FOCH SMOKED A PIPE AND WON A WAR

"HOLD ON, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS." Then a favorite expression came from the General's lips. "One only gives when one wishes to do so." The two Commanders faced each other in a tragic situation. It was November 8, 1914, Stephane Lauzanne, editor-in-chief of *Le Matin*, Paris, tells us in a copyrighted article in the New York *Herald Tribune*. The World War was young then, and on the banks of the Yser the British Commander-in-Chief, General French, "felt his army melting through his fingers." He had appealed to the French General, who had come post-haste to him at Vlamertynghe, to find the Englishman in bed. A short, tragic dialog took place.

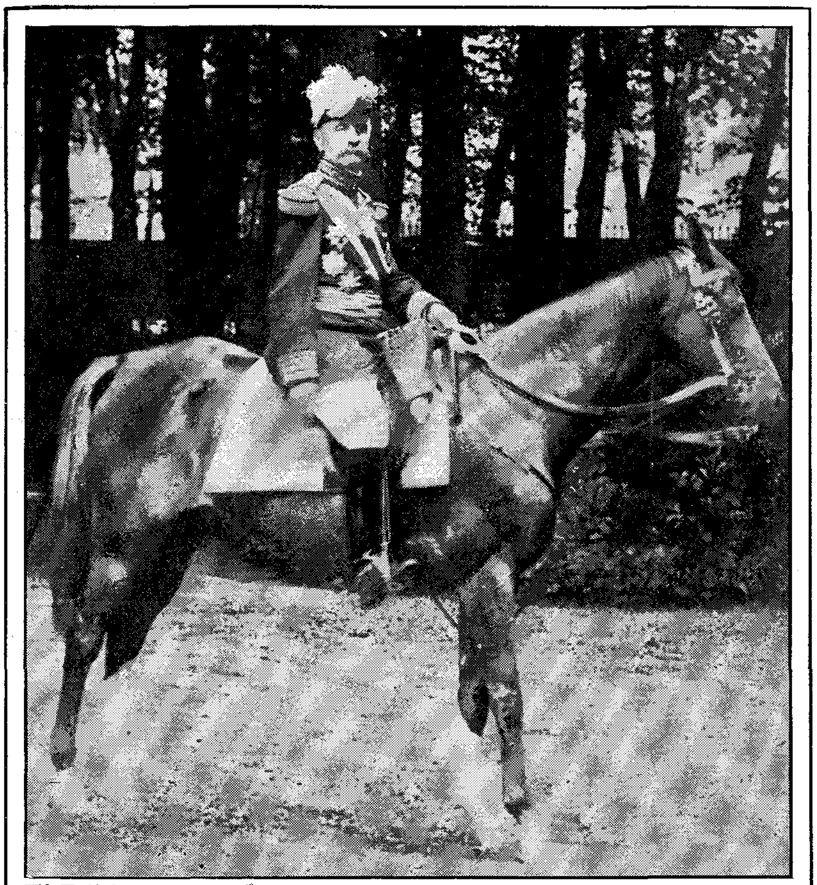
"Have you any reserves?" asked Ferdinand Foch of French.

"No."

"I shall give you some. But for God's sake, hold on. Hold on, no matter what happens."

In his memoirs the English general said later of this scene, "To all I explained to him, Foch had only one reply. 'Attack! Attack! Attack!' We attacked and the enemy was stopt."

Marshal Foch, who has just died, with the words, "*Allons y!*" ("Let's go!") on his lips, was then a subordinate general in the French Army. He was destined to become supreme commander of the Allied armies in the World War, leader of the greatest military force ever known. And the principle that led him to victory with these troops, we are told by many reminiscent articles on his life, was "Attack! Attack! Attack!"



Wide World photograph

"ATTACK! ATTACK!" WAS HIS MOTTO

And, in the vastness of the forces he generaled and of the war he won, Marshal Foch is ranked as the greatest commander in all history. Here we see him in parade uniform on his favorite horse, the beau-ideal of a veteran cavalryman.

Foch stands out as the victorious captain in the greatest of wars. But, says the New York *World*, whether he was the greatest of strategists is a matter of debate. That honor "is claimed by some for his German opponent, Ludendorff. But Ludendorff lost." How Marshal Foch led the Allied troops to victory was explained by himself thus, according to *The World:*

> "How did I win the war?" the wise old soldier with the twinkling steel-blue eyes and seamed shrewd face repeated years after it was all over. "By smoking my pipe. . . . I mean by that, by not getting excited, by reducing everything to the simplest terms, by reserving all my strength for the task in hand."

His long last illness found the Marshal as brave and cheerful as he had been in the crises of battle. He displayed great good humor and lost none of his interest in the main concerns of his life. This Associated Press dispatch sent from Paris before his death describes vividly his conduct as a patient:

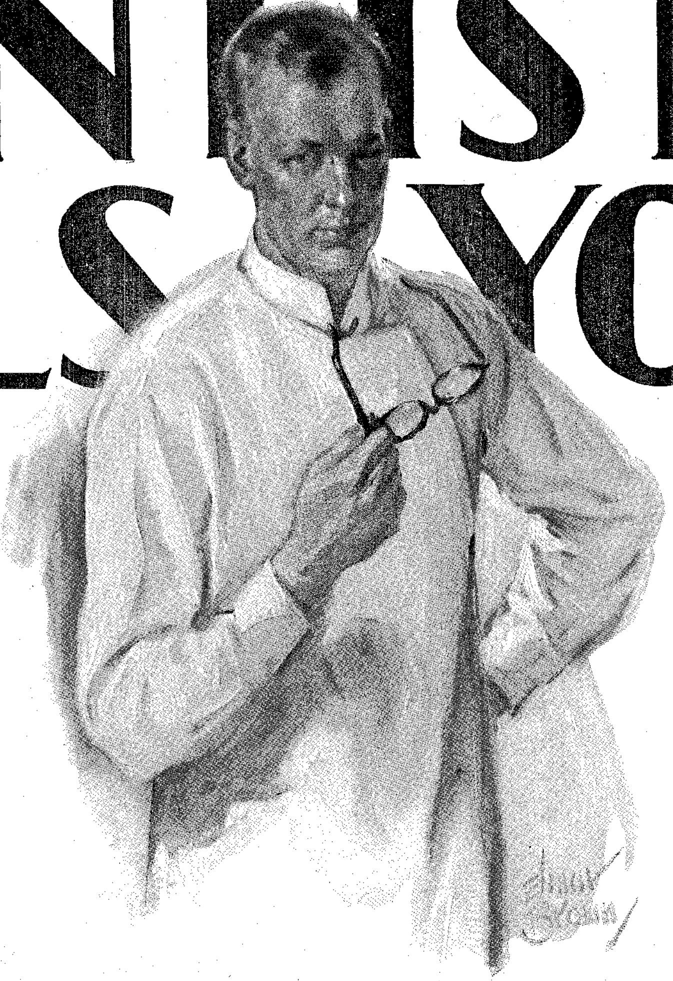
> Attacked by a coalition of diseases, in which heart, kidneys and lungs joined forces—any one of which separately has proved fatal to countless mortals, Foch rebelled against only one general order, namely, complete repose.
>
> Rigid dieting he accepted with a smile.
>
> Vile drugs he swallowed, gulping but cheerful.
>
> Cracked ice upon his heart failed to affect his good humor.
>
> Painful physical examinations were endured with unfailing equanimity.
>
> But the great disciplined mind that grappled with problems involving the lives of 10,000,000 men upon the fields of battle became Bolshevik when doctors commenced feeding it extracts from daily papers dealing with the decrease of the birth-rate in France and the influence of the aurora borealis upon the belated spring season.
>
> That athletic body, always alert, never resting, jumping to and fro in the midst of general staffs or councils of war, deeply resented being carried from bed to sunlit window and back into the sheets.
>
> "You tell me the Americans are worried about me," Foch once shouted at Dr. Daveniere, engaged in reading to his patient clippings from overseas publications. "Let me see those papers. I want to read them myself."
>
> It was done once, but the size of the head-lines in the American newspapers, captioning dispatches from Paris referring to his illness, simply staggered the Marshal.
>
> "Have I been as sick as all that?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.
>
> Celine, the aged Brittany cook, who looked after Foch's diet, then entered the room bearing a platter upon which could be seen the white meat of a chicken, mashed potatoes, and a little rice boiled in milk.
>
> "I will get up and have this meal near the window," the commander-in-chief of millions of men averred in no uncertain tone. "Monsieur Le Marechal will remain right in his bed, and I will serve him," retorted Celine of Brittany.
>
> There was no argument.

It was impossible to deny at that time, we learn from this source, that the illustrious soldier was retreating slowly toward a "certain position prepared in advance," and "from which there is no counter-attack, but eternal stabilization of the front." Proceeding:

> "Pray to heaven," said Dr. De Gennes, the youngest of the four medical experts attending to the Marshal. "Pray to heaven that no further relapse occurs. Each relapse leaves our glorious patient a few steps down the ladder of life."
>
> "Bring me that plan of the Twentieth Army Corps during the first battle of the Marne," Foch's voice rang out one day to nurses and doctors, as if once more commanding the military staffs at Senlis.
>
> "Napoleon's greatest stroke was at Rivoli," Foch laid down the law at another time to Doctors Heitz and Daveniere, after he had insisted that military strategy be discust.
>
> The medical men, perturbed about the Marshal's blood-pressure, high temperature, and hectic pulse, dared not oppose the old soldier's expert opinion, yet they believed the 1814 campaign better.
>
> Then, softly, silently, bearing a small framed painting in her

(Continued on page 53)

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU



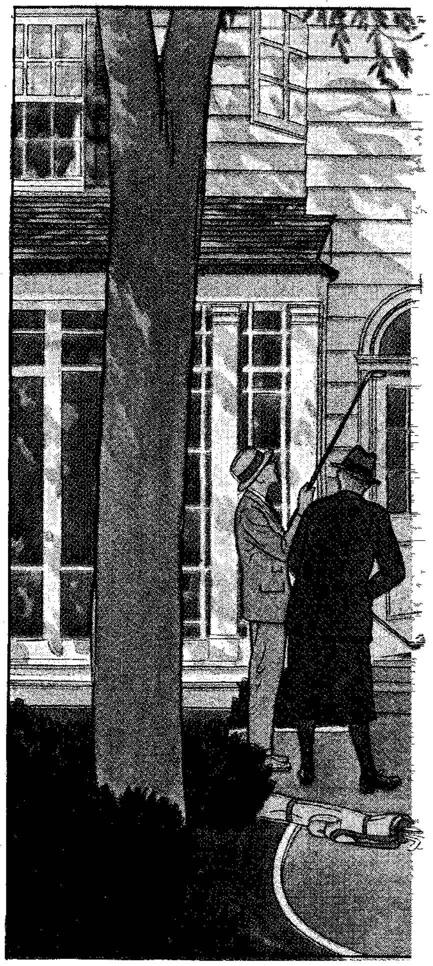
KNOW YOUR DENTIST and so know more about yourself. For to your dentist's eyes and understanding your mouth and teeth are as a printed page, an index to your future comfort and health.

There, and in the unimpeachable shadows of your X-rays, he can read of conditions or tendencies that should be combated by preventive dentistry. For your dentist is more than a repairman; he is the staunch ally of Nature and Medicine in the crusade against disease and pain.

When your dentist suggests that you consult a physician *do it!* He wants to safeguard you from needless suffering, protect you from troublesome systemic disorders—rheumatism, arthritis, afflictions of heart or kidneys—that can arise from oral defects. Let your dentist know you. Visit him regularly. Accept his dictates and directions implicitly. Accord him the respect and obedience his profession deserves. Do not cause him to waste his energies or time in argument. Sensibly and surely, "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. • Toronto, Ont.

This is Advertisement No. 1 of the Lavoris Reciprocation Program tendered the American Dentist in appreciation of more than 25 years' acceptance and good will



Fuel system of the new Ford has been designed for reliability and long service

THE practical value of Ford simplicity of design is especially apparent in the fuel system. The whole purpose is to give you many thousands of miles of use without trouble of any kind.

The very location of the gasoline tank is an example of this careful planning. It was one of the first things considered in designing the new Ford because of the importance of the fuel system in the performance of an automobile.

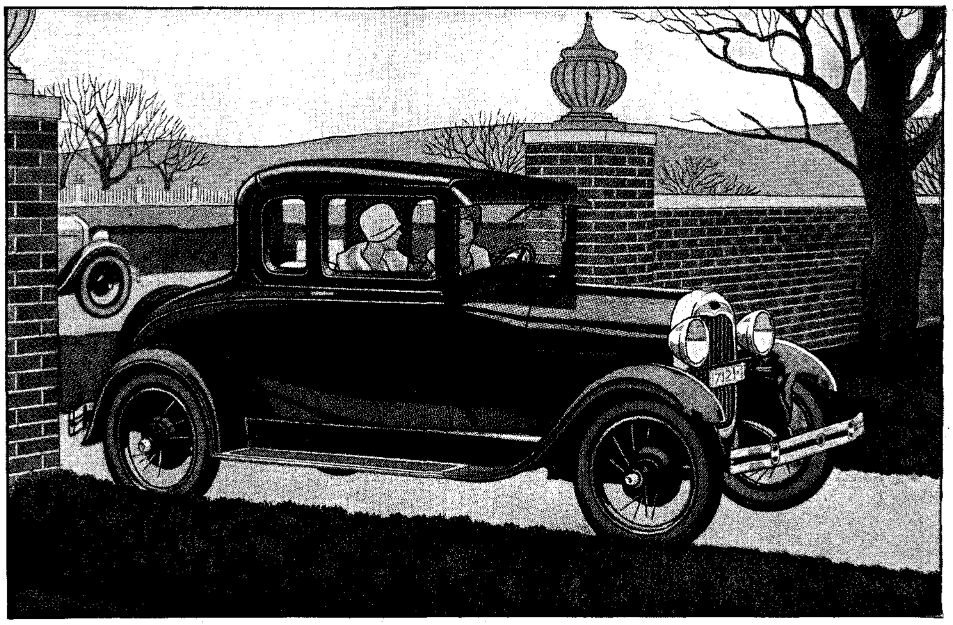
There was no manufacturing problem. Having started fresh in the building of the new Ford, the way was open to put the gasoline tank in any position that seemed best.

The result desired was a direct gravity feed without any intermediate step—the simplest and most effective way of feeding gasoline to the carburetor without variations in pressure. So the gasoline tank was placed where that would be possible. Service to the public was placed above precedent.

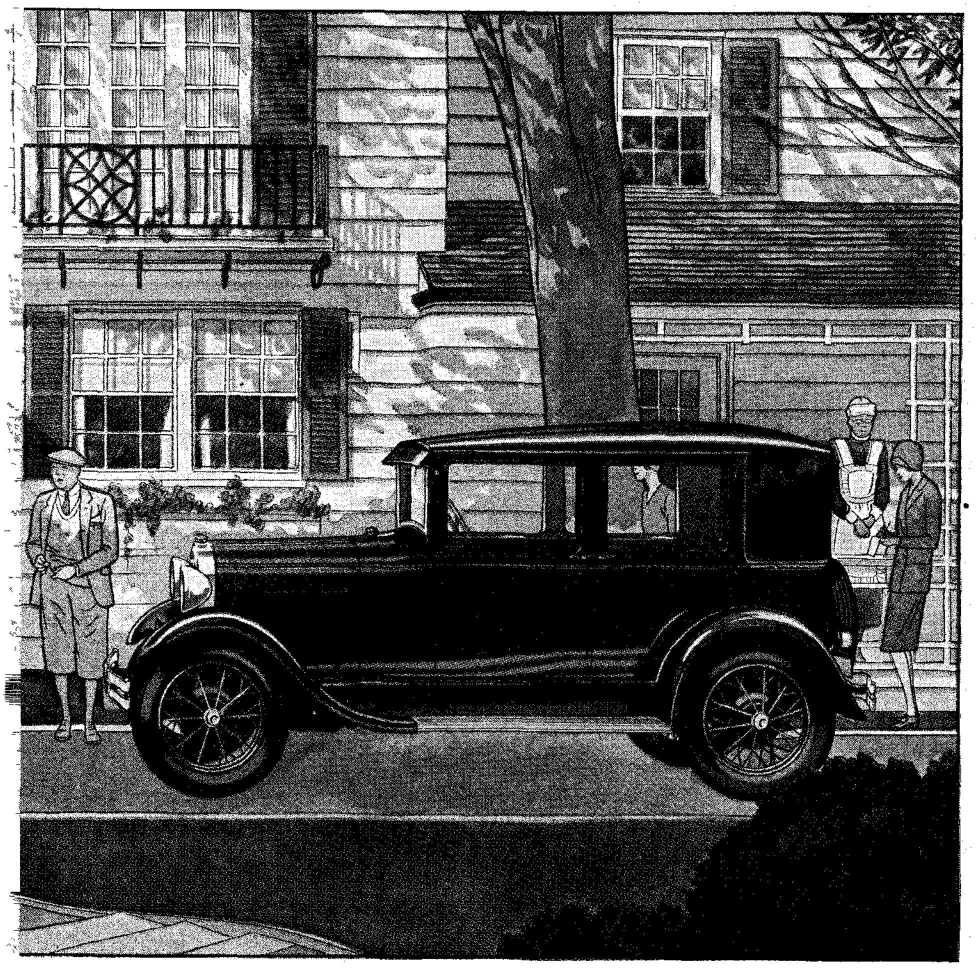
Because of the central location the gasoline tank in the new For there is no need of a long fuel li with its multiplied possibilities trouble. The Ford fuel line, as matter of fact, is only eighte inches long and is easily accessib all the way.

The tank itself is made of heav pressed steel, and is terne plated prevent rust or corrosion. An addi tional factor of strength is the fa that it is composed of only tw pieces, instead of the usual three four, and is electrically welded not soldered.

The carburetor in the new Fo also has many interesting feature It is unusually reliable in action b cause there are no moving parts i any way affecting the mixture. A adjustments are fixed except th needle valve and idler, so there



The new Ford is distinguished by the trim, gracef simplicity of its lines and the beauty of its colo Without being extreme, it has struck a new note automobile designing. Shown here is the Ford Cou a splendid all-weather car for business, profession and social use.



FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Ten body types

Choice of a number of colors in each body type

Quick acceleration

55 *to* 65 *miles an hour*

Fully enclosed, silent six-brake system

Four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers

Triplex shatter-proof windshield

Alemite chassis lubrication

Vibration-absorbing engine support

Reliability and economy

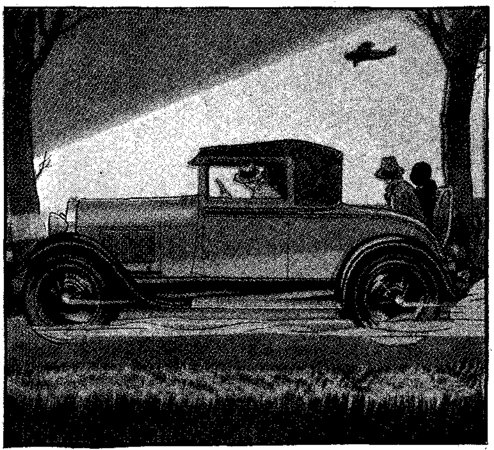
ctically nothing to get out of
er. "Keep-it-clean" and "don't
er" are the two things to re-
nber in the care of the Ford
ouretor.

he choke on the dash of the new
d acts not only as a primer but
wise provides an easy and con-
ient way for you to regulate
gasoline mixture and thereby
ease gasoline mileage.

or quick starting, the choke
on should be turned one full
to the left (counter-clock-
e) and then pulled outward,
be released the instant the
ine starts.

s the engine warms up, the
ke should be turned to the
nt (clockwise) until it is ap-
ximately ¼ turn open. This
ne best adjustment for average
driving. For cross-country driving at sustained speeds, the choke adjustment may often be kept almost fully closed.

Throughout, the fuel system of the new Ford is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires very little attention.



There are really only three things to do, at intervals of 1000 to 2000 miles. (1) Clean the sediment bulb. (2) Remove the carburetor screen and wash it in gasoline. (3) Take out the drain plug at the bottom of the carburetor and drain the carburetor for a few seconds.

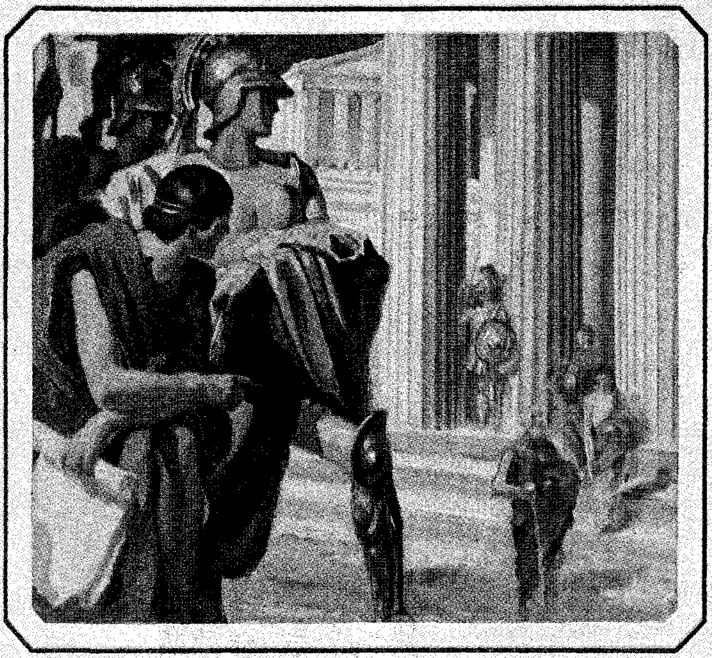
Make it a point to have your Ford dealer look after these important little details for you when you take the car to him for periodic oiling and greasing.

A thorough checking-up costs little, but it has a great deal to do with long life and continuously good performance.

One of the outstanding features of the new Ford is its remarkable riding comfort. Somehow, you seem to just glide along, as if every road were a good road. Those transverse springs and four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers do make a difference!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

PACKARD



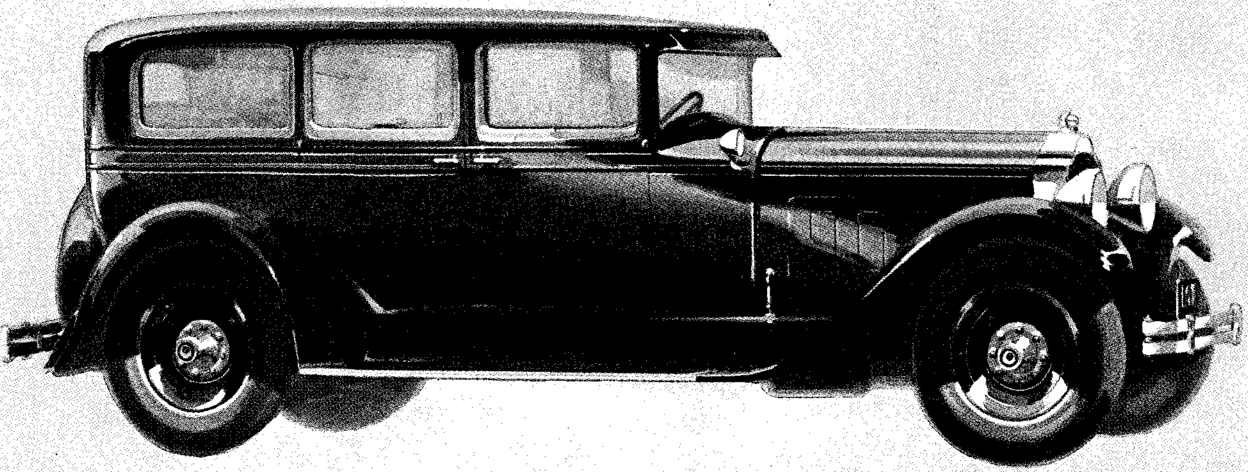
The pure beauty of classic Greek architecture will endure forever. The principles of sound design are changeless

Real beauty is unchanging. Classic forms still delight the eye after twenty-four centuries. A thing of true beauty, grace and charm need pander to no passing fad or changing mode.

The Packard has long been distinctive—and distinguished. Its beauty has been acclaimed by the motoring world at large—flattered by imitation. Through ever-varying trends in motor car styles Packard design has persisted unaffected in basic essentials, supreme in its original conception—refined only as time goes on.

To owners, the stability of Packard lines means more than a satisfaction of the artistic sense. It signifies, too, that no frequent and radical changes in appearance will depreciate their investments—that their cars will be Packards in looks as well as in name, through long years of luxurious service.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



(*Continued from page 48*)

puny arms, entered little Annette Fournier, eleven years old, the Marshal's granddaughter.

The doctors halted her, and the painting dropt to the floor. It was the "Battle of Montmirail."

P. & A. photograph

HANDS ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

This greeting passed between the King of England and France's Generalissimo, on a visit of George V to the war area.

Foch, after kissing his granddaughter, gave one look to the canvas on the floor; then turning to the doctors, said:

"I believe you are right; the campaign of France was Napoleon's best."

It was a briar pipe and his Christian faith, we learn, returning to *The World*, that figured most in anecdotes of Foch. His pipe and his faith "were always with him." Jeanne d'Arc was his spiritual heroine as Napoleon was his secular hero. Continuing this sketch:

For five minutes he would stand in salute before the statue of the Maid of Orleans. And all his days his eyes would brighten at the mention of Napoleon. Every day of his life he attended mass, and the story was told of how Clemenceau, the hard-bitten old anti-cleric, called on him at his headquarters one Sunday morning in the spring of 1918 when a crisis impended.

The Tiger asked for Foch, and they told him the Generalissimo was at mass.

"Don't disturb him," said Clemenceau sharply. "It has always succeeded well with him. I will wait!"

Foch enshrined himself in one masterly message that will go down in history along with other imperishable sayings. How it came about requires the prelude of his own explanation of the Battle of the Marne, for that is where he made his famous utterance.

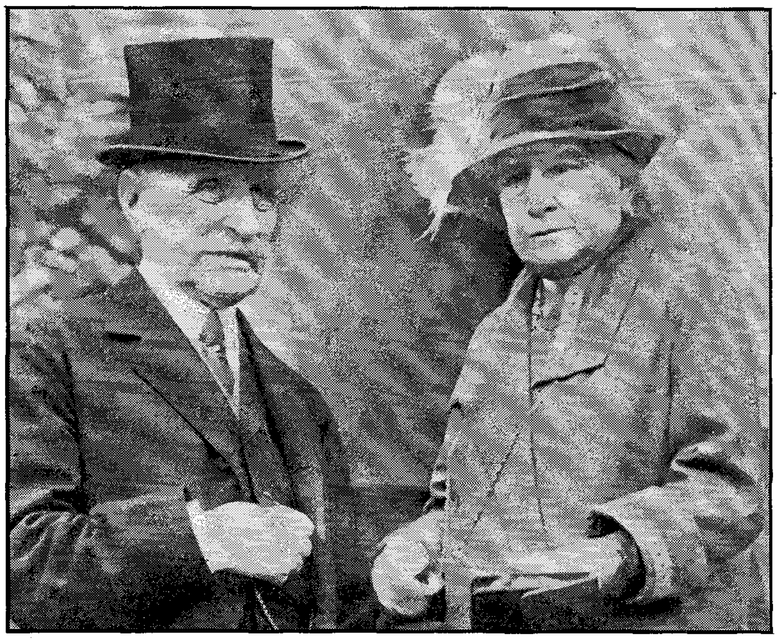
"Ah, we passed anxious hours at the Battle of the Marne," he told afterward in his vivid, pointed way. "I remember, above all things, the evening of September 9, when the 42d Division, which I wished to launch on Hausen's flank, was kept waiting. General Grosetti arrived at last, a little late. Oh, it wasn't his fault; one does not arrive always when one wishes!

"It is 5:30 P. M. I have given the order to take the offensive on all the line. But the movement is executed so slowly! Grosetti himself, the most courageous of generals, dares not advance into unknown country too precipitately, and postpones his attack until the morning.

"And then, about midnight, bruskly, my telephone rings.

"'We are in the station of Fere-Champenoise!'

"With a bound I am out of my chair. Fere-Champenoise? Why, the Germans had it!


Wide World photograph

A FAMOUS FRENCH DARBY AND JOAN

Marshal and Madame Foch, photographed at the Longchamps race-track.

"'Who—who are you?' I cry.

"'Colonel Simon of the Moussy Division.'

"And Moussy himself knew nothing—nor Dubois!

"I answer: '*A la bonne heure. Bravo, bravo, bravo!*'

"Immediately I telephone to all my divisions—my tired, weary divisions: 'In action! Advance! *En avant*, Grosetti! *En avant*, Humbert! *En avant*, Battesti! *En avant*, Lefèvre! You can go no farther, Radiguet? Very well—but listen: at 5:30 precisely all your elements in action! I don't want excuses!'

"*Parbleu!* Each one of them had his objections, his good reasons why he could not go a step farther. I was deaf to all. It is necessary to be deaf sometimes in war."

Ferdinand Foch was of the old régime. Glorious and triumphant in war, he did not believe in beating swords into plowshares in time of peace. He did not hold that the world had reached the millennium of tolerance and good-will. He believed that a long drawn-out interlude of armed authority was ordained in the order of things before man could even begin to realize his responsibilities to his neighbor, and he saw the sword as the good instrument of that beneficent authority. A sword not to be rattled in the scabbard, but to repose there ready for the offender.

However clear and keen his mind, "his faith in the sword and in the Savior were never unreconciled," we are told, continuing:

He was untroubled by the ironical thought which prompted Thomas Hardy, for instance, to write: "After two thousand years of mass, we've got as far as poison-gas!" Marshal Foch never missed mass nor a chance to forward the clerical cause in France.

Born in 1851, at Tarbes, in the south of France, Foch belonged to an ancient Catalonian family. This explains his name, which, while not being typically Gallic, is not German. Boyish enthusiasm over the campaigns of Napoleon—he had mastered Thiers's "History of the Consulate and the Empire" before he was twelve—fired him with the ambition of becoming a soldier.

The year previous to the Franco-Prussian War he was studying in St. Clement's, a Jesuit college in Metz, where more candidates for army commissions were taught than at any other school in France. At the outbreak of the old war the student enlisted as a private in the Fourth Regiment of Infantry, which never got into action.

The Germans won the war, Alsace-Lorraine was lost to France, and with Alsace-Lorraine went the

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DE SOTO SIX · PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS
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EVERY CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT, regardless of its price, is a testimonial to the fact that Chrysler Motors is today's champion of progress in all fields of motordom. ¶ In design, of course, each product of Chrysler Motors has its own distinctive identity—but all are definitely related in basic quality and progressive engineering. ¶ This is something new in automotive merchandising. It guarantees to the purchaser of any low-priced Chrysler Motors product enjoyment of the same fine kind of performance, comfort and dependability which characterize Chrysler Motors products of higher prices. ¶ All the great forces of Chrysler Motors, unified under one personal direction, are geared together to make the latest discoveries and developments of Chrysler engineering available *to all pocketbooks.* ¶ The inevitable result is that each and every Chrysler Motors product can easily prove itself the prime achievement and surpassing value of its field.

MOTORS

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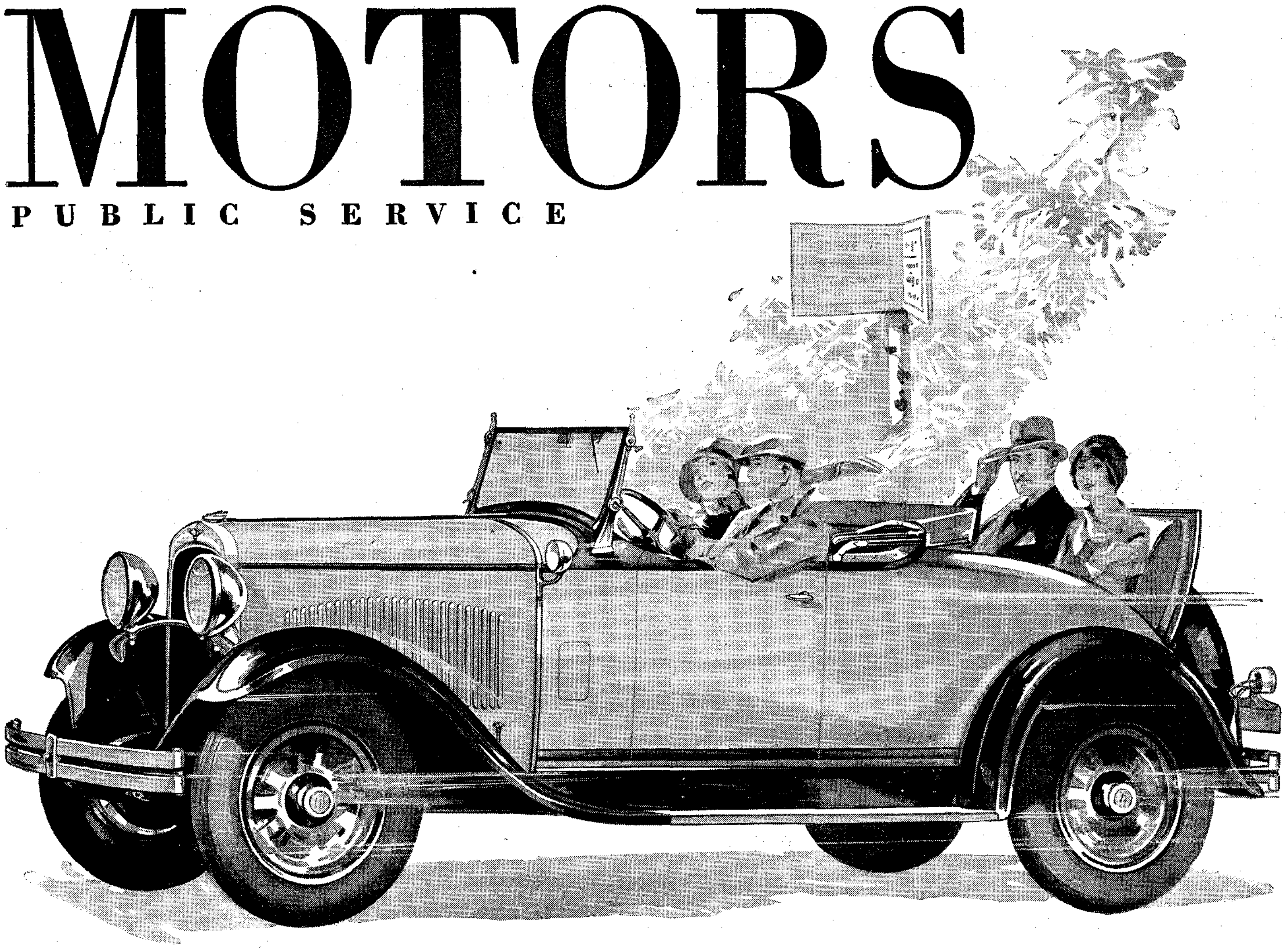

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CONSIDER what you get in a Dodge Brothers car that is styled by Walter P. Chrysler. You are sure of that dependability, integrity and skill in manufacturing for which Dodge Brothers motor cars have always been famed. You have the advanced design and the superlative engineering that are so characteristic of Walter P. Chrysler's genius. And in the new Dodge Brothers Six you get this known trustworthiness, this charm of design, this brilliance of engineering at a cost so moderate as to single out this car from every other as the greatest value in the history of Dodge Brothers.

EIGHT BODY MODELS . . . . $945 TO $1065 F. O. B. DETROIT

NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

boy's beloved school at Metz. Ferdinand Foch entered the Polytechnique, the French preparatory military school, just as the disastrous war of 1870-1871 was drawing to a close, and the motive for his whole subsequent life was implanted in his mind.

"From the age of seventeen"—he said nearly fifty years afterward, when he had turned the tables on Germany—"I thought of revenge. That was after I had seen the Germans in Metz."

All his life the soldier stuck to his facts. Revenge may not be a pretty animating force in a man's life, but there it was, like a sword in the scabbard when the Allies needed it nearly half a century afterward. The young cadet was graduated from the "Polytech" and chose the cavalry arm, transferring to the cavalry school, and joining the active service of the Army as a captain in 1878.

By 1895 he had made such progress in his chosen branch of the art of warfare that he was admitted to the War College in Paris, where he spent several years as Assistant Professor of Strategy. He wrote several books, but they were unknown outside military circles.

Moved up to the professorship in 1900, Lieutenant-Colonel Foch succeeded. In analyzing the operations of the Franco-Prussian War, he showed that Von Moltke's elaborate schemes would have come to naught had the French commanders only seized inviting opportunities for strategy instead of being bent on discovering the tactics of the enemy and carrying out their own preconceived rules of warfare. Napoleon was revered by Foch, who never tired of relating the meeting between General Moreau and the Little Corporal. . . . "It is always the big force that beats the little one," said Moreau.

"You are right," replied Bonaparte.

P. & A. photograph

ONCE COMRADES-IN-ARMS, THEY MEET AGAIN

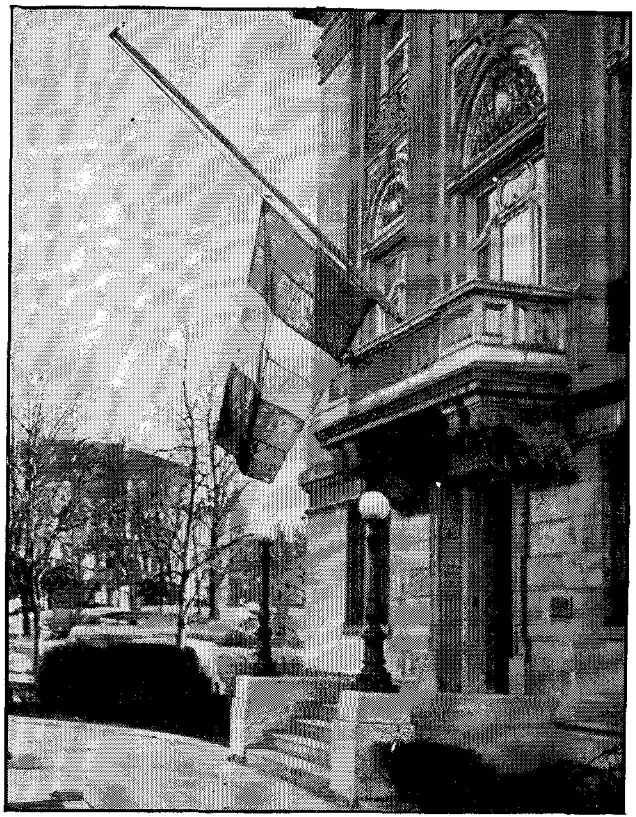
Marshal Foch and General Pershing photographed together during the American Legion Convention in Paris two years ago.

"Nevertheless, General, you have often beaten big armies with small ones," said Moreau.

"In that very case," said Bonaparte, "it was always the small number that was beaten by the big one."

Moreau lifted his eyebrows.

"When," said Bonaparte, "with the smaller force, I was in the presence of a big army, rapidly grouping my men, I fell like a stroke of lightning upon one of its wings and smashed it. Then I took advantage at once of the disorder into which this maneuver never failed to throw the hostile army, to attack it at another point, always with all my forces. Thus I defeated it in detail, and the victory which resulted was always, as you see, the triumph of the larger over the smaller."



International Newsreel photograph

THE TRICOLOR TELLS OF A NATION'S SORROW

Lowered to half mast at the French Embassy in Washington, it gives a crowning touch to the official mourning for France's great soldier.

The outbreak of the World War found Foch with the full rank of General in command of the Twentieth Army Corps, with headquarters at Nancy, says *The World*. Quoting further:

His corps was in the center of the French line at the Marne, and for three days and nights they fought against terrific odds, withstanding the onslaughts of crack German troops. Then came the stroke narrated in Foch's own words, and his famous dispatch to Joffre; and after the Battle of the Aisne, which immediately followed the German retreat, Foch was sent up to Flanders, and later to the Somme, where he displayed the same high military qualities.

During 1915 and 1916 he was charged with important military missions outside France, being ordered to Italy to reorganize the Italian forces on the Isonzo.

Gradually it grew apparent to the Allied Governments that the war could not be won without supreme command of all the armies being vested in one man. Foch had long been aware of this. He had pointed out Napoleon's saying, "One bad general is better than two good ones," and Machiavelli's maxim, "Let only one command in war, for several minds weaken an Army."

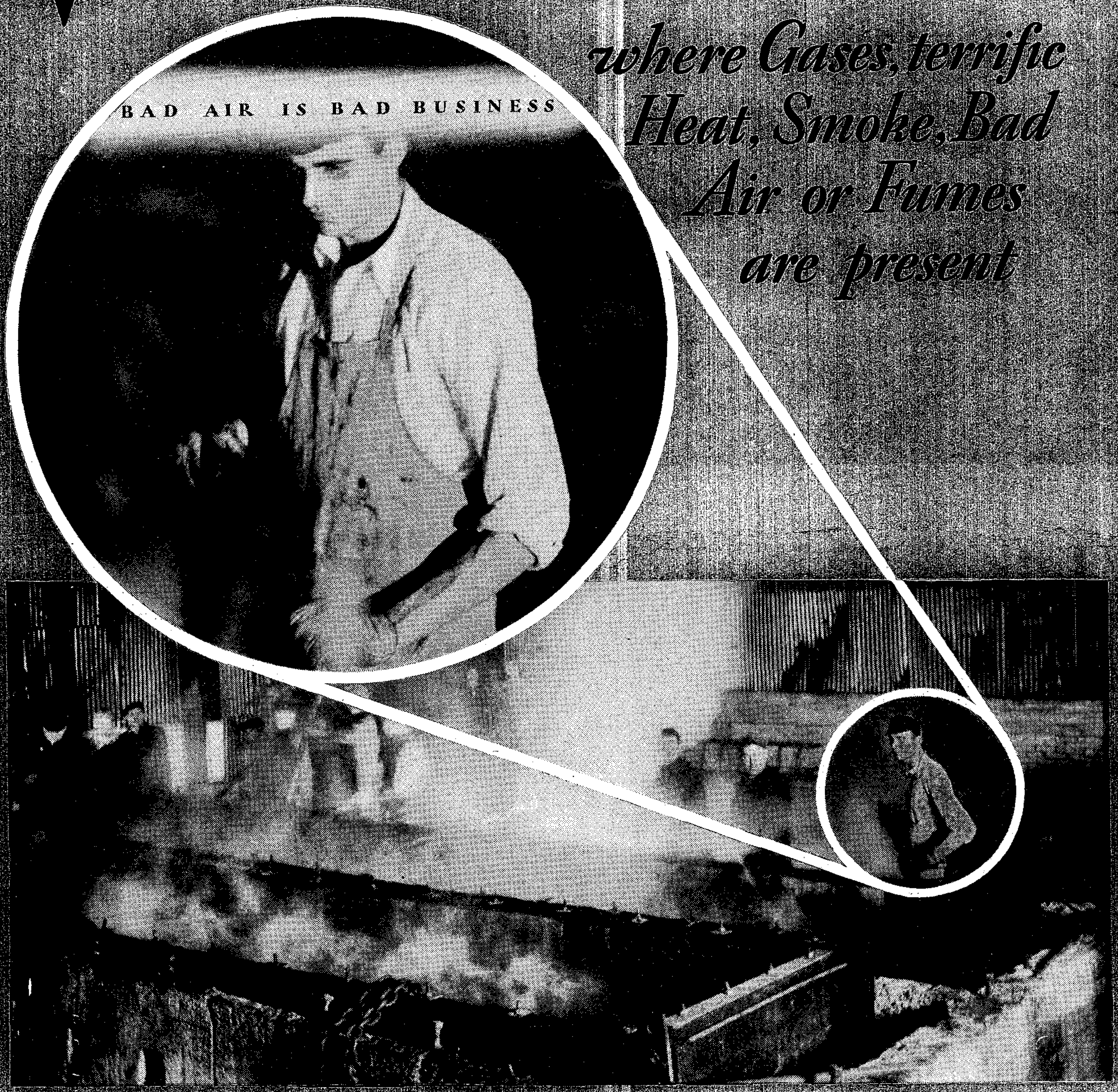
It took the Allies nearly four years to understand these aphorisms and to achieve unity of command on the Western front, which ran through Belgium and France, from the North Sea to the Alps. At one time, on this long line, the main theater of the World War, there were as many as five separate armies under five separate flags—speaking five separate languages—each absolutely independent of the other, but all opposing one enemy. The Belgians in Flanders, the British along the Somme, the French in Champagne, the Americans in the Vosges, and the Italians in the Alps—all were masters of their own destinies.

"When, in the spring of 1918, the higher command was finally created and the Allied armies faced the Germans as a single unit, the war was won," said Foch himself after it was all over. "The end was only a matter of time. The armies of the Kaiser had to surrender or be crumpled by the great hosts of democracy fighting as one great Army."

As for the end of the war, the Boston *Evening Transcript*

Ventilation is Vital —

where Gases, terrific Heat, Smoke, Bad Air or Fumes are present


BAD AIR IS BAD BUSINESS

"Me, I'm sick," grunts Tony. Of course he is—breathing fumes over a pickling vat. "Why don't they get some air in here?" complains a worker whose lungs are filled with dust from the grinders and bad air from the machine shop.

And so it goes! In industries that have "steam" processes, "pickling" vats, machine or forge shops, grinding and welding departments, or in plants where terrific heat, gases and fumes are prevalent, men can't work and stay well without proper ventilation.

In offices, stores, restaurants, theatres and similar places where people work or gather, the effects of bad air are just as serious, though less quickly evident. Victims of Bad Air are tired, half sick, drowsy, sluggish—easy prey for headaches, colds and other more serious respiratory diseases.

American Blower Electric Ventilating Equipment corrects Bad Air conditions, and thus removes the *source* of these evils. It is made in numerous styles and types for installation in any business. It can be applied to many problems for a very moderate sum. Reliable ventilating contractors in all the principal cities will gladly quote you prices—or phone our nearest branch office.

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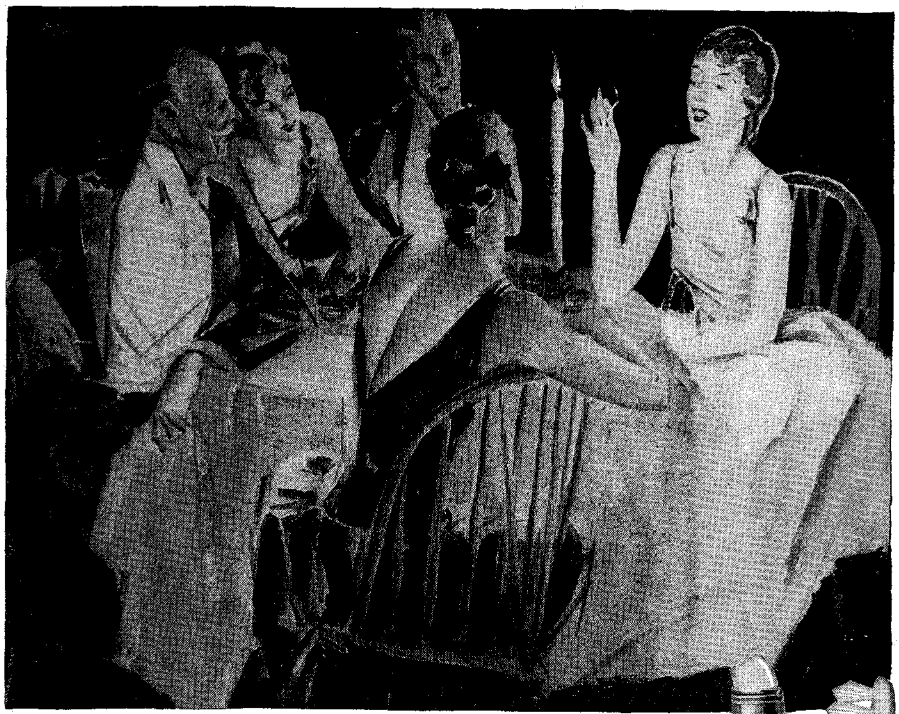
MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT SINCE 1881



White Teeth deceive 4 out of 5

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*The Disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth, Attacks Gums—and Health is Sacrificed

As your dentist will tell you, the daily brushing of teeth is not enough. For there's a grim foe that ignores the teeth, even the whitest teeth, and launches a severe attack on neglected gums. It ravages health. It often causes teeth to loosen in their sockets and fall out. And it takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. It is Pyorrhea.

Don't let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. For additional prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well... Forhan's for the Gums.

Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note a distinct improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New... Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's the perfect mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it!

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

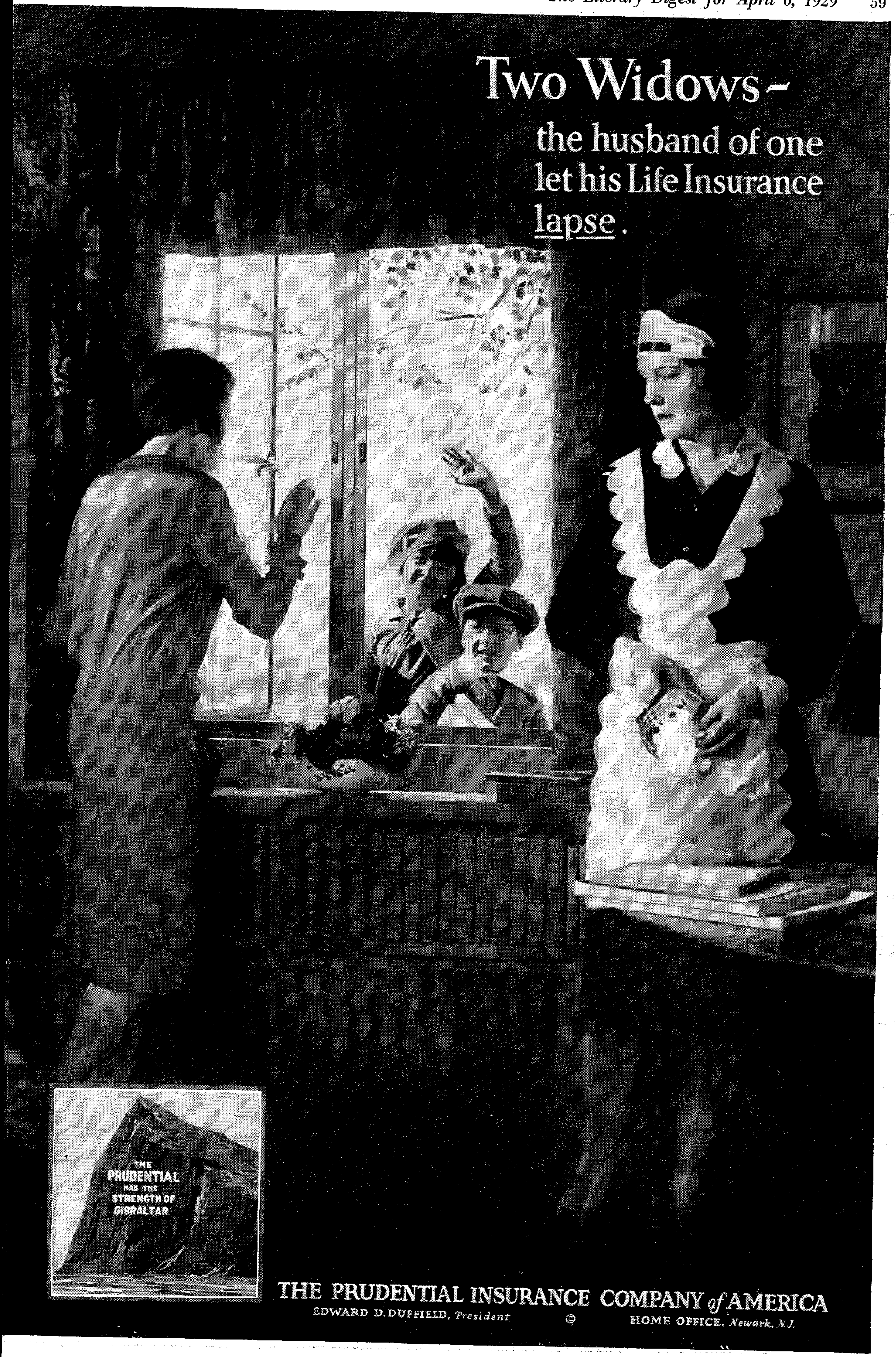
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

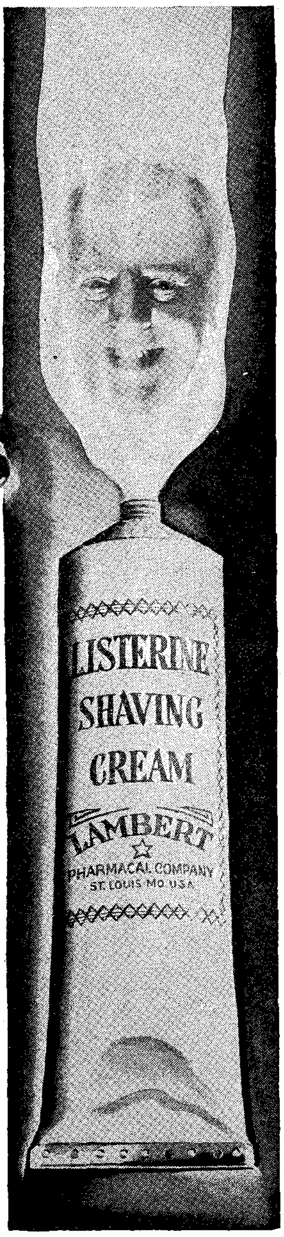
quotes a former interview with the Marshal, giving us this part of his account of the Armistice in his own words:

> When Weygand came into my private car on the cold, rainy morning of November 8, 1918, to tell me that the German plenipotentiaries had just arrived, I glanced out of the window. We had stopt on a spur near Rethondes, in one of the thickest parts of the forest of Compiègne. It had been raining for several days, and the soil was so swampy that, altho the train of the Germans was only about sixty yards from my own, it had been necessary to rig up a kind of footbridge for them.
>
> As I looked at them, I said to myself "Behold the German Empire, beaten and asking for peace. *Eh bien!* Since it is coming to me, I shall treat it as it deserves I shall be firm and cold, but without bitterness or brutality."
>
> I began to read the conditions of the Armistice slowly. After each paragraph I stopt to allow the interpreter to translate Then I watched the men to whom I was talking, and as the translation proceeded I studied the impression it was making in their faces. Little by little I saw disturbance spread over their countenances Winterfeldt especially was very pale. I believe he even wept. When the reading was finished, I said simply: "Gentlemen, I will leave you the text. You have seventy-two hours to reply. At the end of that time you may let me have your observations in detail." Erzberger, however, became pathetic. "In heaven's name, *Monsieur le Marechal*," he said, "do not wait seventy-two hours. Stop the fighting today. Our armies are a prey to anarchy We are threatened by Bolshevism. Bolshevism may sweep all Germany, and menace France itself." "I do not know in what condition your Army may be," I answered. "I know only in what situation my own armies find themselves. Not only is it impossible for me to stop the offensive, but I am giving an order for redoubling the vigor of the pursuit." Winterfeldt intervened in his turn: "But, *Monsieur le Marechal*, it is necessary for our staffs to meet and discuss in detail the carrying out of the Armistice. How can they do this if hostilities continue? I beg you to halt the hostilities for technical reasons."
>
> Again I replied, "Technical discussions can take place just as well seventy-two hours from now. Until then the offensive will continue." That was the last of it. The four plenipotentiaries rose and departed.

During the two days that followed, November 9 and 10, Marshal Foch slept very little, *The Evening Transcript* tells us, proceeding:

> He had no doubt that the German plenipotentiaries would accept his conditions, but wireless messages intercepted at the Eiffel Tower brought news that revolution had broken out in Berlin. Then Foch began to ask himself this disturbing question: "What government did those men in the forest represent?"
>
> Nevertheless, on the evening of the 10th he regarded it necessary to remind the Germans through General Weygand, that at daybreak the next day the seventy-two


Two Widows—
the husband of one
let his Life Insurance
lapse.
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President
©
HOME OFFICE, Newark, N.J.



LUBRICATE the skin for Painless Shaving

YOU KNOW that glycerine is good for the skin. But do you know its amazing benefits in a shaving cream?

The very first time you whip up that big blanket of Listerine lather and touch the razor to your face, you will relax and grin from ear to ear. Gone are the scrape and pull which heat and harshen the skin. The razor fairly glides along. For its path has been prepared, made smooth and easy by a cushioning film of glycerine.

Right at the base of the beard, where friction between face and blade is greatest, Listerine Shaving Cream deposits this microscopic film of cosmetic lubricant. That ends the dreaded nick and pull which cause most shaving pain.

Dense and packed with moisture, Listerine lather in addition quickly subdues the toughest beard, while giving tender skins the coolness of menthol and the antiseptic benefits of Listerine's essential oils.

The next time you are buying a bottle of Listerine, ask the druggist for Listerine Shaving Cream. We promise you an utterly new experience in smooth, quick, painless shaving.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE *Shaving Cream*

50c

for the big 5 months' tube

Frankly, Listerine Shaving Cream is made only for men who appreciate quality. It is no 25c or 35c product, but a rich blend of costly ingredients, painstakingly developed by Listerine chemists to achieve the ultimate in shaving comfort. The big tube actually contains 118 inches of cream, easily a five-months' supply. And no man can say how many times that it is worth to him until he has tried it and knows its rapid beard-softening, its soothing coolness, its new lubricating and skin-saving effect.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

hours would be over. Then they must sign or go.

Scarcely had Weygand completed his mission when Captain de Mierry, one of Foch's staff officers, was called to the telephone, and a wireless message just received at the Eiffel Tower was read:

> "*The German Government to the German Plenipotentiaries at the Allied High Command.* (6:30 P. M.)
>
> "The German Government accepts conditions of the Armistice which were offered to it on November 8th.
>
> "THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EMPIRE.
> "3084."

The cipher, 3084, represented the signature of the new Chancellor of the Empire, Ebert, who later became President of the Reich.

"Then," said Foch, "I slept no more A little after two o'clock in the morning, the German plenipotentiaries came back to my car and began a final discussion. They demanded that, in view of the troubled conditions of all Germany, the Army should be allowed to keep a larger number of machine-guns to maintain order I therefore allowed them five thousand machine-guns and a hundred motor-trucks That was all. At exactly 5:15 in the morning they signed the Armistice, writing their names in big, angry letters. At seven o'clock I ordered my car and started for Paris. At nine o'clock I reached the War Ministry in the Rue Saint-Dominique, and was shown into M. Clemenceau's office. He did not seem in very good humor, and he asked me grumblingly:

"'What have you yielded to the Germans?'

"My only reply was to hold out the document. I added that at eleven o'clock he might fire a gun and announce the end of the fighting. He wanted this to take place at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the moment when he was mounting the tribune in the Chamber. But I insisted. 'In two hours the last shots will have been fired and the firing will have stopt over the whole front. It is impossible to keep the populace of Paris from knowing.' Some other people who were in the office, especially M. Barthou, joined me in my insistence. 'All right,' the Tiger finally agreed. 'Fire the gun at eleven o'clock.' I had nothing to do now but retire. '*Monsieur le President*,' said I, 'my task is finished. Yours is beginning.'"

When the real history of the World War comes to be written, Edwin L. James tells us in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Times*, an important chapter must be given to Marshal Foch's relations with General Pershing, or rather, the relations of the interallied Commander-in-Chief to the American Army. Continuing, Mr. James introduces us to some little-known phases of international relations during the great conflict:

> It is true enough that in forming the first American Army, General Pershing—to whom full credit for his effort has never been given—had his difficulties with Marshal Foch, who had before him requests by the British and French armies for the use of the little-experienced American troops in their armies.

General Pershing could tell an interesting story of the vicissitudes through which he went in establishing the first American Army. But there is another side to the story. Late in the war, when from both French and British quarters there was voiced the opinion that greater results could be obtained from using the American troops in a different way than in their own armies, Marshal Foch was found by the side of General Pershing in agreeing with the American commander that the best could be got out of the Americans by putting them on their own. When a movement was started to make an appeal over General Pershing's head to President Wilson, Marshal Foch opposed that move, even tho high officials of the French Government favored it. He praised General Pershing's cooperation, and said that he had become convinced that the American commander knew what to do with his troops to get the best results. The accomplishments of the American Army in the Argonne in the last weeks of the war justified Marshal Foch's judgment, as it also justified General Pershing's.

When General Pershing learned of the Marshal's death, he said:

"The death of Marshal Foch fills me with the deepest grief. At this moment those trying days of the World War, when we fought side by side, come vividly to my mind. All Americans will remember him as the great commander. His triumphal visit to America will remain for us as a precious souvenir. My sincerest sympathy goes out to his family and the French people in this hour."

Marshal Foch's memoirs were being completed under his direction from the vast collection of records which he had amassed. Marshal Foch intended from the outset to treat his memoirs from a military standpoint, and his uncompleted work is largely technical. While he gives keen appreciations of the various allied armies, he goes only very slightly into political issues. Indeed, since his advice at the Paris peace conference was disregarded, the Marshal was very chary about expressing an opinion on the pending international issues, except to say, about a year ago, that from the military view-point it did France no good to have on the Rhine the number of soldiers which then occupied that territory.

Personally, Marshal Foch led a quiet, religious and almost ascetic life. He never craved excitement, and loved his pipe. Every day he attended some sort of religious service, even during the war. A frugal and simple man, he goes into history with the admiration and respect of all leaders who fought with him and against him. Field Marshal Haig and General Pershing have called him the greatest soldier since Napoleon. He and General Ludendorff had the highest mutual respect for each other.

The world mourns the man who commanded successfully the greatest military force ever gathered together on the face of the earth. He went to his death refusing to believe that wars were over.

Marshal Foch's countrymen's view of him is admirably exprest by M. Lauzanne in the *Herald Tribune* article already quoted. Continuing:

> Marshal Foch made a gallant fight against death before being vanquished.
>
> He saw it coming with perfect serenity. Having been confined to his bed for nearly three months, he had no hope of recovering,

They may *look* alike — *but* . . .

GOLFERS know that there may be great differences in quality between golf balls, *although they may look alike* from the outside. For this reason, once a ball has proved itself, golfers usually stick to that brand.

Similarly, lamps that look alike may be different in quality. All Edison MAZDA Lamps have the mark MAZDA stamped on the bulb. This guarantees that they are made of the finest materials, and with skill, facilities and care that insure high quality. Because of this quality, *they give the full value of the current consumed.*

For your convenience, Edison MAZDA Lamps are safely packed in cartons of six . . . to prevent breakage and to assure you an extra supply on the shelf whenever sockets need refilling. Keep sockets filled. Where they are empty, there is likely to be *dangerous eyestrain.*

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

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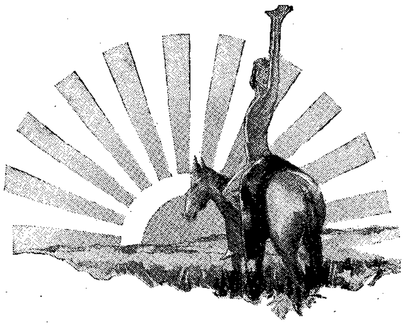
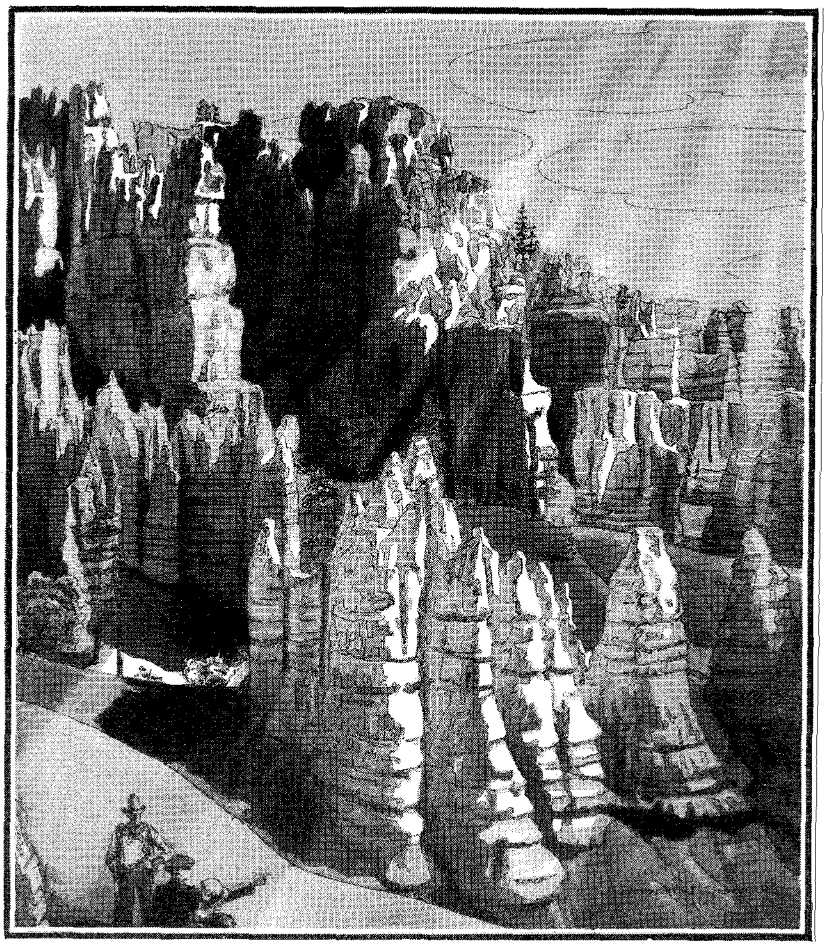
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Union Pacific



"Unka-timpie Wa-Wince Pock-ich"

(Bowl shaped canyon filled with red rocks standing up like men)



BRYCE CANYON

Our Newest
NATIONAL PARK

LONG before white men discovered Bryce Canyon, the Indians of Southern Utah looked upon it with awe and wonder. They called it Unka-timpie Wa-Wince Pock-ich — "bowl shaped canyon filled with red rocks standing up like men."

That expression, though vivid, scarcely begins to describe it! Nowhere else in the world has Nature played so fantastically, so colorfully, with stone!

The great side walls are fluted like giant cathedral organs. Other architectural rock-forms tower upward in vast spires and minarets—marbly white and flaming pink. And high on painted pedestals stand human shapes, startlingly real. Figures of Titans, of kings and queens!

And yet, Bryce Canyon is *only one of five great wonderplaces* to be seen on this new exclusive Union Pacific tour. You see Zion Canyon, Cedar Breaks and Kaibab Forest as well—entirely different—no less thrilling! And as a climax, the Grand Canyon itself, the most colossal, most sublime chasm in the surface of the earth!

The trip requires only five days by motor-bus after leaving your Pullman at Cedar City, the gateway, with accommodations at handsome lodges. You can easily include it in a two weeks vacation. You may go independently or on an Escorted All-Expense Tour with interesting companions.

The season is from June 1 to October 1. Send the coupon at once for richly illustrated booklets, and full details, including the low cost.

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Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information including cost, and booklet:
☐ Zion-Bryce Canyon-Grand Canyon National Parks ☐ Western Wonderlands (tells about *all* the West). ☐ Yellowstone ☐ Pacific Northwest and Alaska ☐ California ☐ Dude Ranches ☐ Hawaii ☐ Colorado ☐ Escorted All-Expense Tours

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City ____________ State ____________

LOW SUMMER FARES TO ALL THE WEST *via*

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

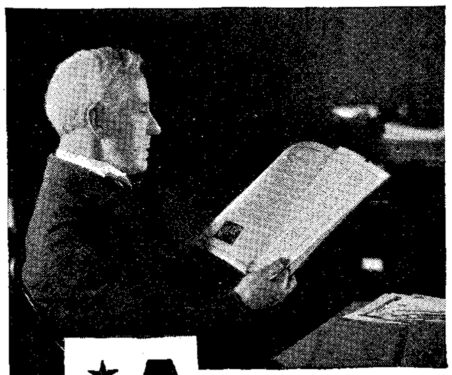
> but did not want to take away the hope of those surrounding him.
>
> Every day, when the physicians called, he used to say, "Do your duty." Very often he joked with them.
>
> His mind remained wonderfully lucid. Only a few days before passing away he discust the Battle of the Marne with them just as if he were lecturing at the War College.
>
> "Is it true," asked Dr. Heitz-Boyer, his personal physician, "that at the hardest moment of the fighting you sent Joffre the message: 'Hard-prest on right, broken through my center; I am attacking on left; my situation is excellent'?"
>
> The glorious patient had a smile on his lips.
>
> "I never dictated such a message," he said, "but I might have dictated it. It was my favorite doctrine. When in the War College I have always taught my pupils that on the battle-field one is vanquished only when one believes one is vanquished."
>
> The whole theory of Marshal Foch is summed up in that sentence. For him, material strength counted little, moral strength much.

Premier Poincaré, then President, told M. Lauzanne a story about an extraordinary scene in the small town of Doullens when, in March, 1918, Foch was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies. As we read on:

> Poincaré had come with Premier Clemenceau to Doullens to confer with Lord Milner and Earl Haig. He found there, walking up and down the square, a general drest in gray who was playing with an old cane. It was Foch. As soon as he saw the President of the Republic, he took him aside and said:
>
> "Sir, you don't know the orders which have been issued, do you?"
>
> As a matter of fact, the President did not know the orders. They were serious ones. They included almost complete withdrawal of the Army; also, after a brief delay, the evacuation of Paris. They seemed to produce an extreme excitement in the mind of Foch. In his short, nervous, impatient tone of voice, he repeated:
>
> "Paris! Paris has nothing to do with this matter. Paris is far away. We ought to stop the Germans right here. We've only got to say, 'They shall not pass!' and they will not pass. One can always stop an invading enemy. One has only got to give the order. Three-fourths of the battle is won when the men know they are not going to retreat. Haig and Pétain are two men who are trying to keep the door closed, each by pushing on a separate bolt, watching the enemy pour in, not knowing how to close the door, and who ought to make the first move."
>
> "How would you stop the enemy?" asked the President.
>
> "You know my method," Foch replied. "I would drive a nail into the door here; then another at this point; then at this one. The enemy would be almost stopt. We can always stop the enemy."
>
> And, effectively, an hour later, when the conference was over and Foch had been appointed the single Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies, the very first order that he gave the French and British generals was "No withdrawals. Stop the enemy where he is."
>
> But Foch could not stop Death where it was. He did not even try. When last summer his statue was unveiled at Casseit, where he had headquarters for a long time, Poincaré paid him the following splendid compliment:
>
> "Even the glory itself has failed to dazzle Foch. He entered immortality while living, with good grace and nobleness, I was going to say with indifference, which disarm envy."
>
> Neither that good grace nor that nobleness, nor even that indifference, forsook him on the bed of suffering at the supreme hour when his soul departed for the kingdom of shadows.

When the Marshal visited America in 1921 as the guest of the American Legion, the whole country united and delighted to do him honor. A brief résumé of the festivities in his honor is presented by the Associated Press:

> The tribute of Church and State, business and cultural circles, and persons of every walk of life was showered upon the little Marshal. He received eighteen honorary degrees from American colleges and universities, won the praise of church dignitaries—Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish—and the late President Harding and numerous governors and mayors paid him honor, while the rank and file of the United States and Canada added their voices and gestures to help make out of these particular honors one of the greatest receptions ever accorded a foreigner on this continent.
>
> Harvard, Yale, and Princeton were among the schools that conferred degrees, and the Bricklayers' Union gave him an honorary membership; he was made an honorary Knight of Columbus, and the Sioux Indians of South Dakota named him "Charging Thunder"; he helped bury America's Unknown Soldier, and later at St. Marie's, Idaho, consoled a trio of lonesome French war brides. In Kansas City he attended mass on the anniversary of his son's death in battle, and later reviewed the cadets of West Point and midshipmen of Annapolis.
>
> Throughout his tour every day, with the exception of one when he remained in comparative seclusion in Cleveland so that no reception to him might interrupt interest in an election, was packed with intense activity, and at one time his physician asked that the schedule of receptions be modified. Later in the tour, however, he was found to be gaining weight.
>
> The welcome from children was as great as that given him by grown-ups. A ten-year-old girl in New York broke through lines of police the day the general arrived and handed him a bouquet of roses with the request that they be taken back to France and placed on her soldier-father's grave. At Kansas City he discarded a program to spend half a day with children, to whom he said: "You, in the future, should remember that the men must work and that the women must pray."
>
> One million persons welcomed Foch in New York, and the noise of his reception drowned out a cannon salute at a fort in the harbor; at Independence, Kansas, a young man drest in a marine's uniform stood at salute beside a gray-haired woman on the porch of a home while the General's special train tore through the town without a stop on the way to Kansas City; in Chicago news-reel cameramen forgot their cranks while they joined in the cheering, and the chapel chimes of the University of Chicago pealed out "Madelon"; a French cook in a Cleveland hotel, who had been gassed and wounded while fighting for France, was overcome and had to leave work after he had been summoned to receive the greeting of the General.



★AMAZING OPPORTUNITY for manufacturer who must cut costs

CONDITIONS in Piedmont Carolinas attract every manufacturer who faces:

(1) ruinous prices set by competitors anxious for sales;
(2) unreasonable demands by labor every time business shows some sign of improving;
(3) top-heavy investment in plant and excessive overhead.

These conditions face manufacturers in *all* lines, to some extent. But in one industry they are most acute—and if that industry can escape them it points the way to every other.

Garment Makers Prosper Here

Makers of women's dresses, children's rompers, blouses and wash suits, men's shirts, men's clothing, and makers of cotton or rayon underwear—all know the meaning of cutthroat competition.

Experience of manufacturers in these lines points the way to others. On moving to Piedmont Carolinas they have found cost of plant reasonable and operating overhead remarkably low.

They have found ample supplies of intelligent, farm-reared white labor, that after a short learning period turns out high production.

They have taken advantage of abundant raw material sources.

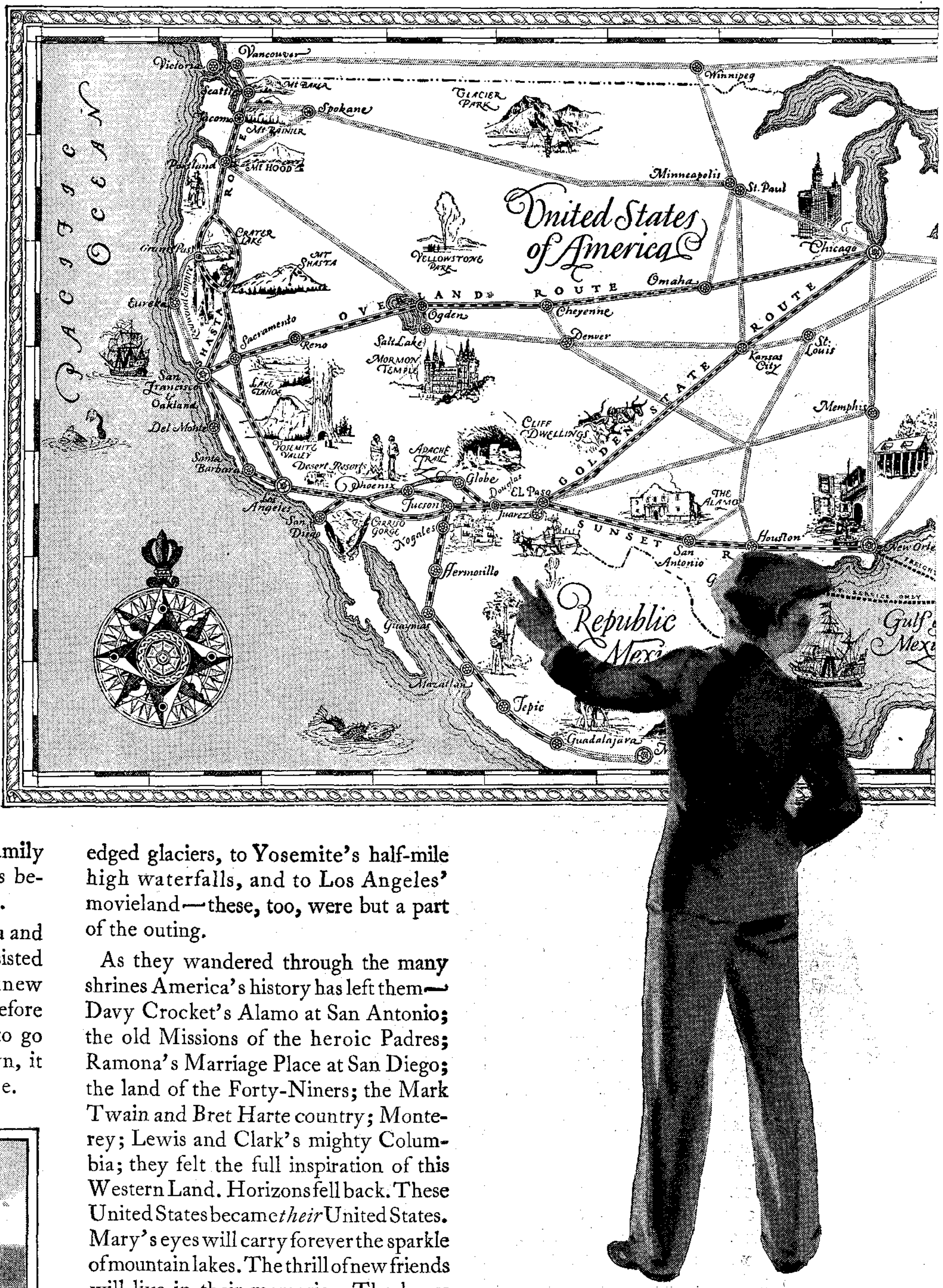
They have seen all these economies result in costs so low that *they could set prices at sales-compelling levels and at the same time earn handsome profits.*

★The figures and data are in this book. Write for it today, addressing Industrial Department, Room 1025, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, N. C. Your request will be fulfilled gladly.

DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

The Taylor family pushes


Pacific Ocean
Vancouver
Victoria
Seattle
Tacoma
Spokane
Mt. Rainier
Mt. Hood
Portland
Glacier Park
Winnipeg
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Chicago
United States of America
Yellowstone Park
Crater Lake
Grants Pass
Mt. Shasta
Eureka
Shasta Route
Sacramento
Reno
Lake Tahoe
Ogden
Salt Lake
Mormon Temple
Overland Route
Omaha
Cheyenne
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Santa Barbara
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Apache Trail
Cliff Dwellings
Los Angeles
San Diego
Phoenix
Globe
Douglas
El Paso
Tucson
Carrizo Gorge
Nogales
Juarez
The Alamo
Sunset Route
San Antonio
Houston
New Orleans
Hermosillo
Guaymas
Republic of Mexico
Mazatlan
Tepic
Guadalajara
Gulf of Mexico

The time had come when Sam Taylor decided something had to be done about it. Of course there was nothing *wrong*. His salary was livable, wife—lovable, children—adorable. Yet life just didn't click. An occasional discord sounded in the accustomed rhythm of his work. Something was dulling the sparkle in Mary's eyes. Certainly something had to be done. He needed . . . well . . . that was it! A change. A trip? Not one of those regular summer vacations to the same old nearby resort, but a trip that would open his mind, stir his pulses. He would go into that land he had long since visited in his imagination—the West!

That night he casually suggested to the family that this summer they might visit the Pacific Coast. Sam will tell you now that the excited pleasure of that evening was worth every cent the trip cost him. The Taylor family journeyed West many, many times before they actually boarded the train.

Mary wanted to see Santa Barbara and Del Monte, little Miss Margaret insisted that they visit Hollywood, Sam knew he must see the Pacific Northwest before he died, and if Junior didn't get to go through San Francisco's Chinatown, it would be much safer to stay at home.

Nature's mystery, Crater Lake, in the gorgeous Cascade range of Southern Oregon—served by Southern Pacific's Shasta Route. A very fascinating side-trip.

Sam had to find tickets that would include them all. The Taylor family went West,—Southern Pacific.

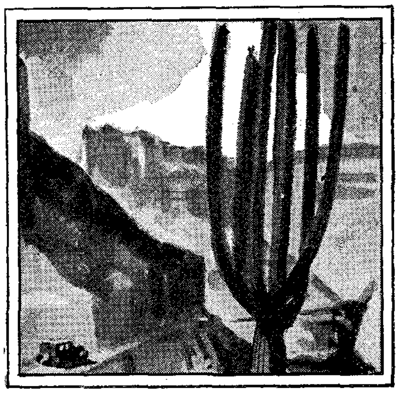
Their baggage bristled with golf clubs and tennis rackets. But the clean, brisk fun on cool fairways and tennis courts that overhung the Pacific's shore was only part of the vacation's reward. Days of hiking and riding, nights of dancing, merry tours to Mt. Rainier's flower-edged glaciers, to Yosemite's half-mile high waterfalls, and to Los Angeles' movieland—these, too, were but a part of the outing.

As they wandered through the many shrines America's history has left them—Davy Crocket's Alamo at San Antonio; the old Missions of the heroic Padres; Ramona's Marriage Place at San Diego; the land of the Forty-Niners; the Mark Twain and Bret Harte country; Monterey; Lewis and Clark's mighty Columbia; they felt the full inspiration of this Western Land. Horizons fell back. These United States became *their* United States. Mary's eyes will carry forever the sparkle of mountain lakes. The thrill of new friends will live in their memories. The brave sweep of this Pacific slope, its contrasts, people and natural wonders will stand behind them always. The Taylors became *a family with a national background.*

In the fast developing Pacific slope Sam had visioned the possibilities of a branch factory for his firm. And, somehow, he knew he had gained the poise and self-confidence to make the dream real.

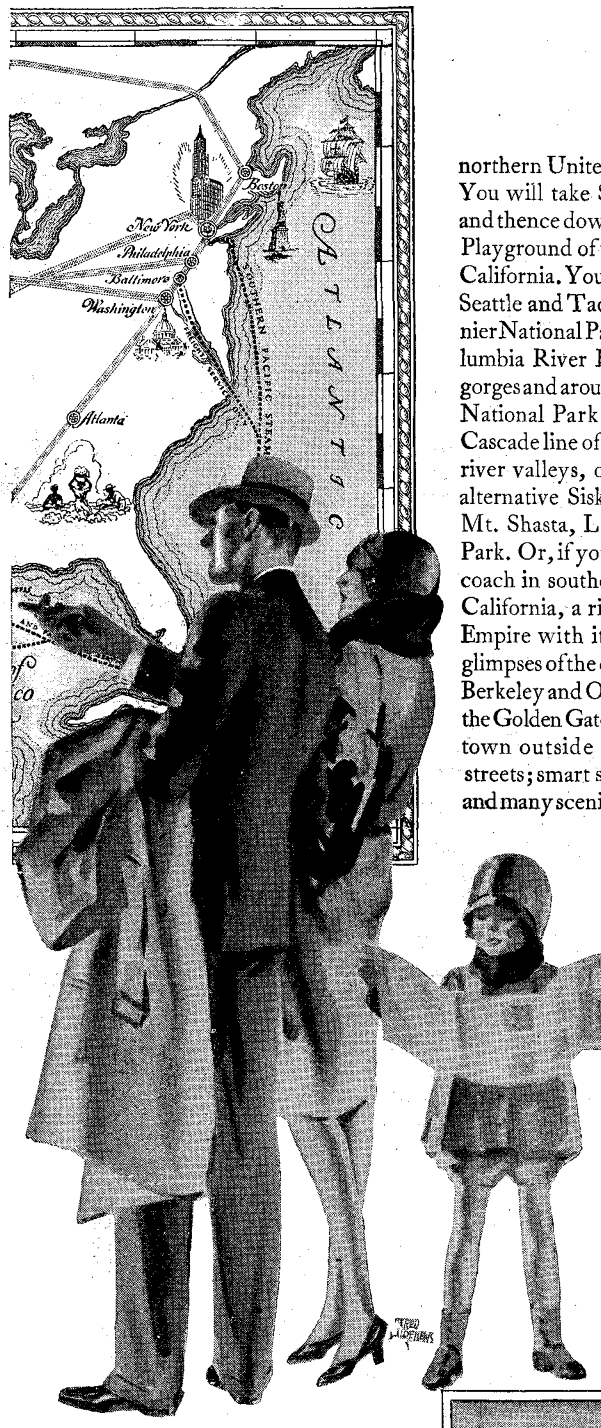
To the casual observer, Junior carried home only two things from the West. A bit of western sunset in his cheeks and a strange imitation of two Chinamen in argument. But a few knew that his school-books had come to life. Glaciers, craters, mountain-passes and old trails were memory keys that opened new worlds for him.

At home, in her imagination, little Margaret entertained the many friends she had made on her trip. Two always-invited guests to the make-believe "parties" were Miss Sing Lo, from San Francisco's Chinatown and a sun-bathed mermaid she had met on a Los Angeles beach. Invariably she "borrowed", for the occasion, Smilin' Sam, her favorite



Deep in Arizona's mysterious desert winds Apache Trail. A one-day motor detour on Sunset or Golden State Route.

back a few American horizons



When the Taylor family planned their trip Sam found as many demands as to the places that must be visited as there were members in the family. Seattle in the Pacific Northwest, San Francisco's Chinatown, Southern California's beaches were a few of the "we musts". Sam solved the problem by going one way, returning another and seeing them all. A Southern Pacific ticket brought harmony to the family and relief to Sam's pocketbook.

waiter from a Southern Pacific diner.

Sam Taylor, his wife and youngsters are mythical folks, of course, but the trip they might have taken is a very real trip that has been actually made by many a happy family.

Why don't you invest in this trip West this Summer?

Why shouldn't you join the thousands who will visit the Pacific Coast this year?

When you see the Pacific Coast, see it *all*. No one city, no one sector is complete without the changing, blending, majestic background of this Pacific land. You have choice of Southern Pacific's four great routes. Go one way, return another. Let this pioneer railroad, interpreter of the West, show you the whole Pacific Coast.

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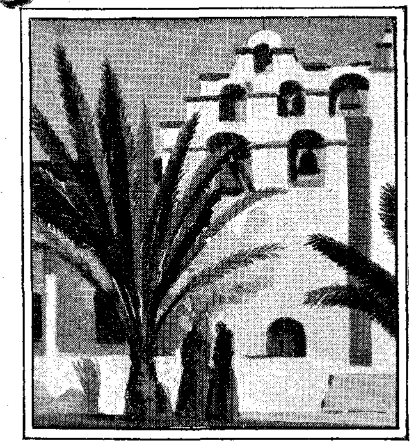
Write to E. W. Clapp, Dept. B34, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, for illustrated book: *"How Best to See the Pacific Coast"*.

On the train to California!



San Gabriel Mission, near Los Angeles, founded in 1771, one of the chain built by the heroic Padres, about a day's journey by horseback apart along the California Coast. Shrines of a romantic phase in California history, the simple beauty of the early Spanish Missions has been an inspiration, now everywhere apparent, in California architecture.

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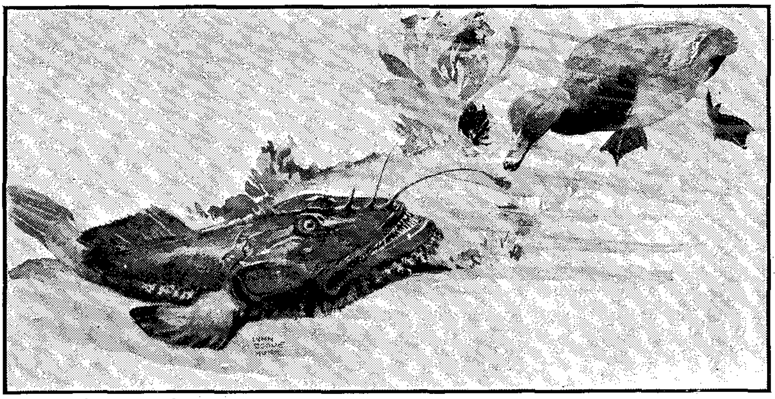
BEASTS • BIRDS • AND • TREES

WIDE-GAB, WHO "BITES MORE THAN HE CAN CHEW"

A TERRIFIC BATTLE WAS BEING WAGED in the water. Spray was splashed far and wide. What creatures of the deep were thus engaged in mortal combat, the boatman could not tell, but rowing closer he discovered a striking natural instance of the vision that is greater than its owner's grasp. He found a goosefish, sometimes appropriately known as the wide-gab, with a mouthful of feathers. The fish, ambitious fellow, was trying futilely to swallow a gull it had seized as the bird floated on the surface; and the gull was so reluctant to be swallowed that a deadlock had developed. The case is related by E. W. Gudger in *Natural History*, the journal of the American Museum of Natural History. Mr. Gudger is bibliographer and associate in the department of fishes at the Museum. He cites this episode from Jonathan Couch's "History of the Fishes of the British Islands." Continuing, Mr. Gudger tells us that the three-foot-long fish had managed to get the body of the gull down into its gullet and stomach. But the bird proved to measure four feet and six inches across its spread wings and the job was too big for Wide-Gab, and because of it he met his end. When found, the tail, feet and after parts of the gull's wings projected from the fish's mouth. Wide-Gab could neither swallow nor let go, so he and his prey became the prize of the boatman, who gave the pair to a museum.



Illustrations by courtesy of *Natural History* (New York)

"COME INTO MY PARLOR," SAID WIDE-GAB TO THE DUCK

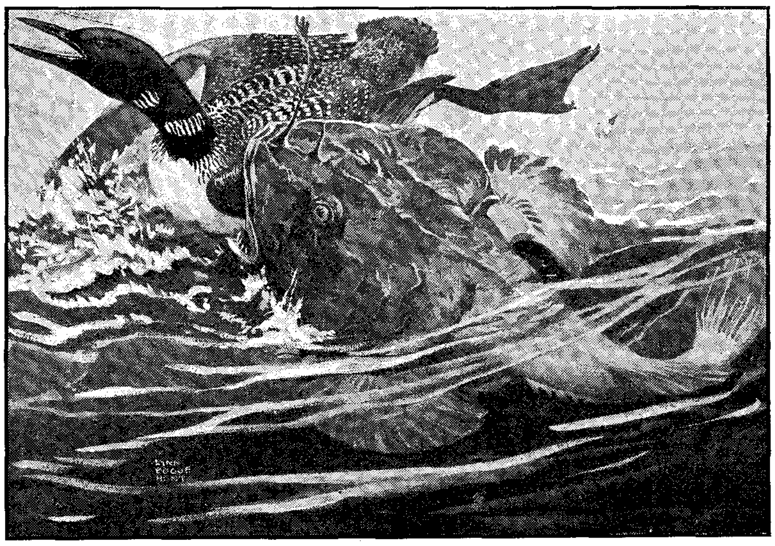
Here is the conception of the artist, Lynn Bogue Hunt, of one of these greedy fishes lying in wait. It generally lurks at the bottom in comparatively shallow water.

Wide-Gab, who feeds on other fishes, and sometimes tries fowl, is also called the angler, because he has on top of his head two or more spinelike tentacles with fleshy lobes or lappets at the ends, says Mr. Gudger, continuing:

> Since the days of Aristotle this fish has been credited with dangling the tentacles in front of his mouth to entice fishes to approach, and when close enough, the victims are forthwith engulfed by the rapid opening and closing of the angler's mouth. This alleged habit has recently been established as a fact by a competent observer. As may be seen in the figures, the angler does have a very "open countenance," and on this account two of his characteristic common names are "wide-gab" in Scotland and "all-mouth" in America.
>
> Another common name is "goosefish," given because it is believed that he swallows whole geese, ducks, and such other aquatic birds as he can lay hold of. Nevertheless, however common and wide-spread is this belief, the supporting evidence is scanty.

However, the writer presents a case of this, for which he is indebted to Mr. Feodor Deguyieff Polevoy, of 100 Ridgewood Place, Staten Island. Thus:

> Mr. Polevoy came to my office carrying a gunny-sack having in it a rather large, weighty, and flexible object, which he said was a fish of a kind unknown to him. This sack when emptied gave up a goosefish, which measured 3 feet, 1½ inches long "over all," 15 inches wide over the head, 13½ inches wide just in front of the pectoral fins, and 3¼ inches between the inner edges of the eyes. The huge mouth was 10 inches wide straight across from angle to angle, with a vertical gape of 6 inches.
>
> In both jaws the long, straight, conical teeth are so hinged as to be depressible only in a backward direction. Further, around the entrance to the gullet on the supra- and infra-pharyngeals are patches of backwardly pointing teeth arranged quadrant-fashion. These are hooked or sickle-shaped and also hinged so as to be depressible backward toward the throat. A pull on any one of both lots of teeth simply brings it to or (in the case of the pharyngeal teeth) toward the perpendicular. Such teeth readily grasp and hold objects, are easily depressed to permit the inward passage of food, but absolutely prevent any "backing out" on the part of any live object of prey. Furthermore, since the bones and cartilages of both jaws and pharyngeals are freely movable, it seems that this fish might be able, by working the sets alternately, to "hitch" its prey steadily backward into the gullet.
>
> The fish in question had been caught under the following circumstances. On the morning of November 18, 1928, Mr. Polevoy and some companions had gone out duck-shooting long before day on Raritan Bay, New Jersey, in a rowboat covered with rushes for a blind. In the half light of the early morning (about six o'clock), when some five miles off shore, they saw about one hundred feet away a rather large object thrashing around at the surface of the water. In the poor light they were unable to make out what it was. Conjecturing that it might be a shark, a dolphin, or an octopus, they cautiously rowed around it several times, getting always closer. Presently they recognized the object as a large fish with a bunch of feathers protruding from its wide mouth.
>
> The fish thrashed about at the surface, seemingly unable to



THE GOOSEFISH'S GREED IS SOMETIMES SUICIDAL

When he tries to swallow a live loon whole, as in the instance shown by the artist, the struggle sometimes attracts fishermen who capture both dinner and diner.

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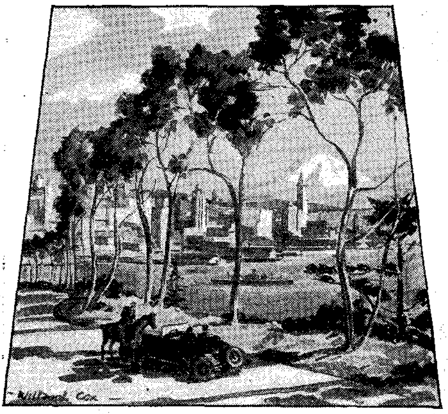

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

sink. The men then drew the boat alongside, caught the fish with their hands, and hauled it aboard for examination. Whereupon they found that this (to them) unknown fish had a good-sized sea-gull so stuck in its throat that it seemed equally powerless to swallow or disgorge it. Just why the fish seemed unable to sink is not clear, but it may be that, in seizing the bird, it had gulped in and passed down into the stomach, as its relatives the pufferfishes do, a quantity of air sufficient to float it, like them, at the surface of the water. In this case the bird, caught by the teeth set around the pharynx, could not be expelled, and for some reason could not be swallowed, hence it acted as a plug to retain this air. Once an aquarium pet of mine, a minute pufferfish about the size of a 45-caliber bullet, while distended, got a bit of oyster lodged in its throat, could not descend despite violent efforts, and nearly choked to death.

Such then is that account of the capture of this goosefish. It hardly seems likely that the fish could have caught the bird close inshore and have brought it in its mouth five miles off shore—the sea-gull must have been taken while it was floating on the surface of the water, which on this morning was perfectly calm and quiet. This conjecture is supported by the fact that when the bird was carefully extracted from the throat of the fish its head was found tucked under one wing—it had been asleep when captured. Unfortunately the bird itself was not brought in.

Now, lest the reader think this a not unusual case, let us examine the all-too-scanty literature dealing with the food and feeding habits of the angler, or *Lophius Piscatorius*, suggests Mr. Gudger, proceeding:

The most extensive investigation ever made on the food of *Lophius* is reported by T. Wemyss Fulton in a paper on "The Distribution, Growth, and Food of the Angler." In this able article, Fulton records the examination of the stomachs of 541 anglers without finding a single bird in any of them. However, he did find whole fish or fish remains in half of them (269), and concludes that the goosefish is almost wholly a piscivorous beast, as its specific name *piscatorius* implies.

Nevertheless, the goosefish does, at any rate occasionally, eat birds, as our case plainly shows. The few reported instances make a background for Mr. Polevoy's interesting experience. The most definite, and likewise the earliest one known to me, is contained in a short note entitled "Voracity of the Angler," found in the English journal, *The Zoologist*, for 1865. This was written from Dublin, Ireland. The author, Mr. H. Blake-Knox, tells us that there was once brought to him an angler (Irish, *mullagoon*) with a cormorant in its throat. The fish had seized the bird with its portmanteau-like mouth and had swallowed it as far as the shoulders. However, the cormorant was so strong and its feathers were so light, that it had raised both itself and the fish to the surface, where they were caught while struggling—an exact parallel to Mr. Polevoy's case. The bird was rescued from the fish, but was so badly wounded by the fish's long sharp teeth, that it died in a few days.

Mr. Blake-Knox adds that he had personally known of a number of cases where anglers had devoted such diving birds as guillemots and razorbills, and that in one instance he had taken the remains of a great northern diver from the stomach of a *mullagoon*. He had heard of two or three other instances where these birds had been killed by the angler.

Francis Day, another English ichthyologist, in his "Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland," quotes the account of Couch and supplements it as follows. At Belfast (Irish anglers seem especially fond of sea birds) an entire and perfectly fresh widgeon was once extracted from an angler. At Youghal, another, while still alive, was once cut out of a goosefish. Further cases were reported to Day of anglers devouring guillemots and razorbills, and the author expresses the belief that they would probably swallow any bird which they could capture.

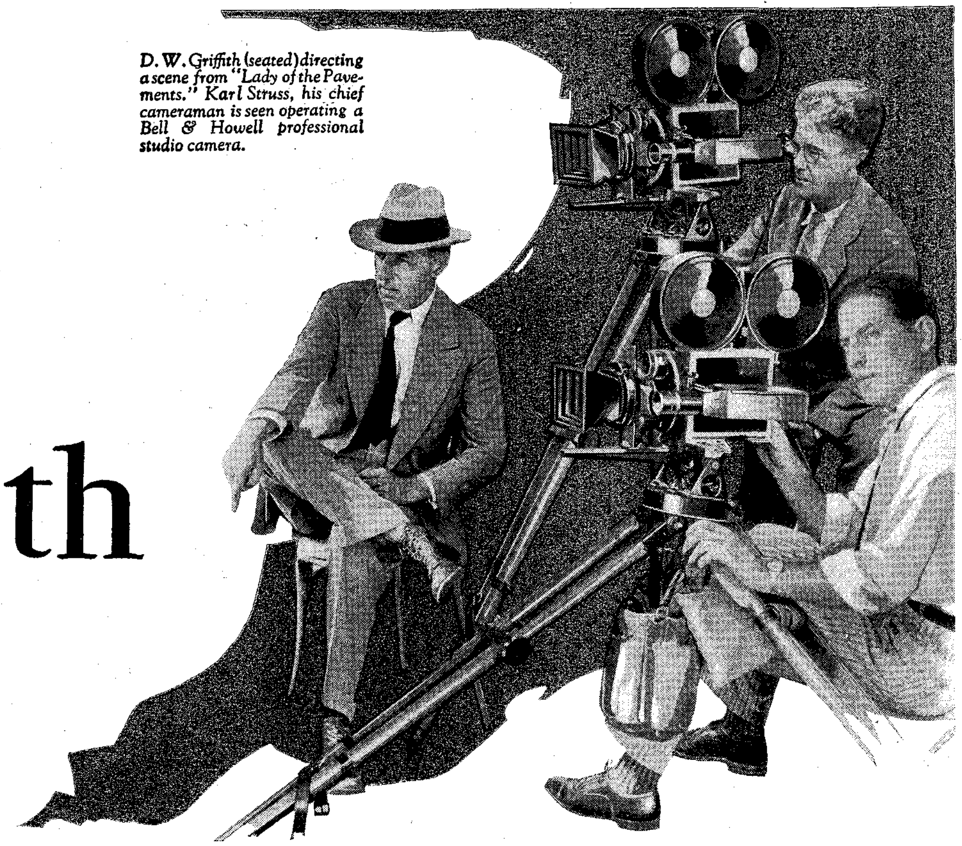
Coming now to our own United States, Dr. G. Brown Goode will be quoted from his "Fisheries and Fisheries Industries of the United States." We read:

He accounts for the name "goosefish," because it has been known to take in live geese. A fisherman once reported that, on investigating a struggle going on in the water, he found an angler that had swallowed the head and neck of a good-sized loon. The loon actively resisted any further swallowing and in its efforts to escape kept the fish at the surface. Goode wrote further that he had "an authentic record that seven wild ducks had been taken from the stomach of one angler"—surely the grandfather of his tribe!

The range of Wide-Gab's taste in food includes both fishes and birds, as Mr. Gudger proceeds to show further by means of another citation, continuing:

Last of all, Dr. Henry B. Bigelow, in the "Fishes of the Gulf of Maine," discusses at some length the food of the common angler. He names more than twenty-seven kinds of fishes that have been taken from its stomach, and then goes on to discuss the kinds of birds that have also been found therein. He affirms that, as its name goosefish infers, it feeds on birds, and says that "cormorants, herring gulls, widgeons scoters, loons, guillemots, and razor-billed auks are all on its recorded dietary." In Pamlico Sound, North Carolina, Doctor Bigelow himself had found grebes and various diving birds, as scaup ducks and mergansers, in goosefish. However, he doubts, and in this he is backed up by the local fishermen there, whether a large goosefish could pull down and swallow a live wild goose, no matter how frequent the opportunity due to the great abundance of wild geese in Pamlico Sound.

Here then is the evidence that *Lophius*, the goosefish, does feed on birds, and an interesting story it makes. And interesting, too, it would be to enumerate the kinds and quantities of fishes (some as long as itself) found in it—together with the story of how one angler tried to swallow another. Then again, there are interesting accounts of how they swallow such inanimate objects as the wooden buoys of lobster pots and sink nets, seine corks, stones used for anchors, and in two cases anchors themselves. But all this, as Mr. Kipling says, is "another story."



D. W. Griffith (seated) directing a scene from "Lady of the Pavements." Karl Struss, his chief cameraman is seen operating a Bell & Howell professional studio camera.

D. W. Griffith *says*

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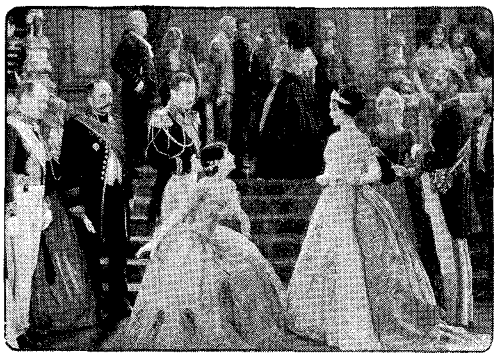

A scene from D. W. Griffith's production "Lady of the Pavements" with William Boyd, Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez—a United Artists release.

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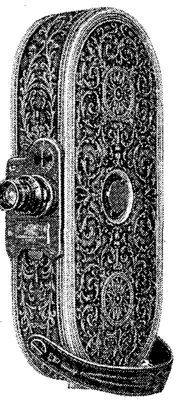

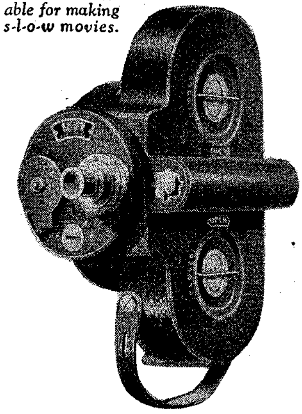

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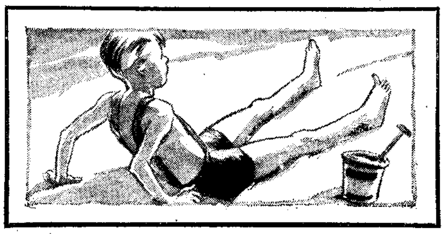
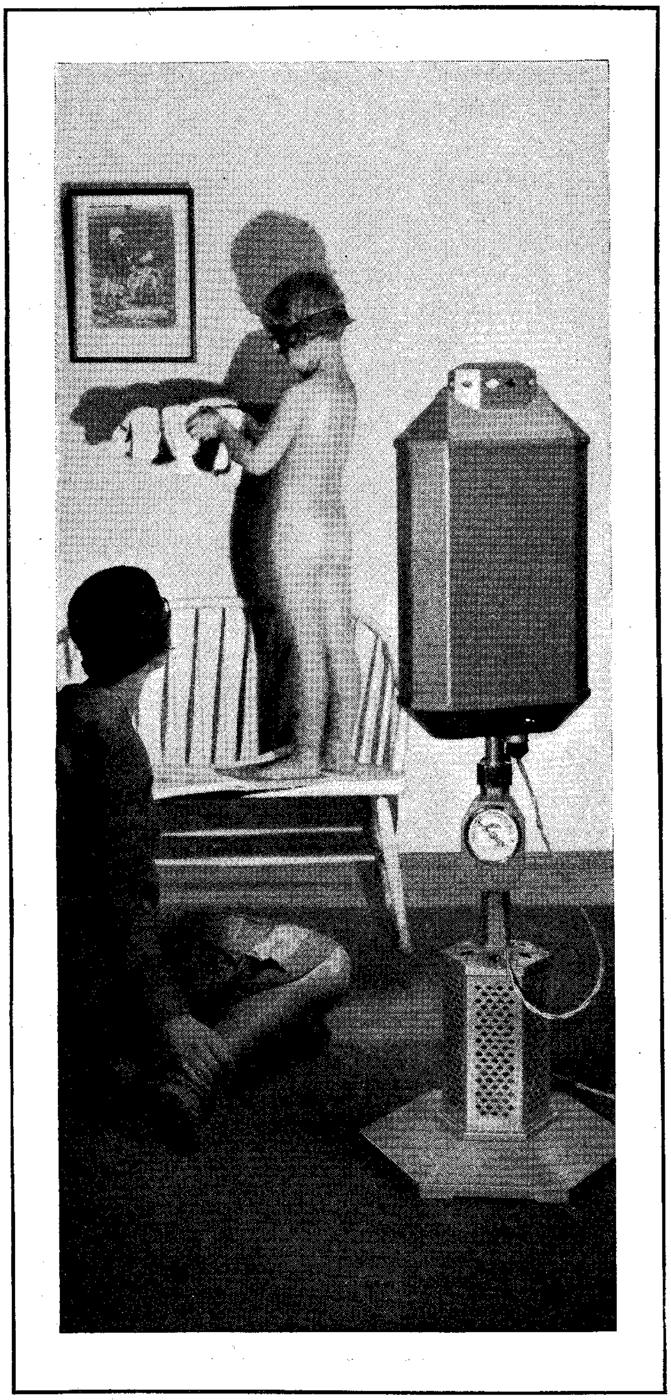


Food for the Sun-Starved



HOW grateful the sun is beginning to be upon the cheek! One side warm and comfortable, fairly soaking up the light. The other cool, swept with April winds. All too soon the clouds gather, all too quickly the sun sets. What a pity the summer isn't here!

But in thousands of homes tonight the summer sun will be a welcome visitor long after the capricious April sun has gone to rest. Countless men, women and children will bathe their whole bodies in summer sunshine just at bedtime. They will sleep sounder, wake with greater enthusiasm, go through the day with less fatigue and more joy. Such are the gifts of the summer sun — and the summer sun can be made to shine at the turn of the switch on the Eveready Sunshine Lamp!

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HOW FEMALE HUSKIES LEAD BYRD'S MUSHERS

SHE was mad enough to bite nails in two, but since there were no nails at hand, Star chewed her way out of her wire cage on board the ship. It was impossible to keep her confined. She was a husky destined for one of Commander Byrd's dog-teams, but when she was put in a stockade at a northern trading-post, on her way from her northern home to join the other dogs of the great expedition to the other end of the world, she would jump out, or escape in some manner. So resourceful and intelligent a dog is naturally a team leader for the expedition, and with her are two of her children, we learn from Nell Ray Clarke in a copyrighted article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Indeed, the writer tells us, nearly all the team leaders are females; and the reason is that in the dog world the female is—if not more deadly—smarter than the male. At any rate, continues Miss Clarke:

That is the opinion of Dr. David E. Buckingham, who went to Labrador to choose the seventy-eight fine huskies upon whom devolves most of the burden traction of Byrd's operations on the great white continent of Antarctica.

"Oh, yes, that is true enough," Dr. Buckingham said when he was asked if he was sure about it. And he wouldn't admit that he was being chivalrous.

"In fact, the leaders of the dog-teams used in Labrador, Greenland, and the frozen islands to the north of Canada are always females, and it has for such a long time been considered the wise thing to put a female in the lead that I have no doubt that it is the proper thing to do," he said.

"When I began to think it over seriously there seemed to me to be four main reasons why females should be made the leaders of the husky teams," he continued.

"They have a finer sense of responsibility, they are more faithful and more intelligent, and they are lighter than the males, and consequently more agile, and can jump over the hummocks and detour around deep crevasses of ice with more ease than the males and, therefore, are better in the lead of a team than the heavier male would be.

"Just as the woman has a peculiar sense which has to do with the preservation of her own young, so the female of the species in the dog world has this intuitional instinct which causes her to blunder less often in her judgment than the male. In nearly every species of mammal the female produces the food for her young; in only a few instances does the male help her. This gives her a finer sense of responsibility and perhaps a keener judgment of conditions and values. But the most conclusive argument lies in the fact that the Labrador fishermen who have had long years of experience in driving dog-teams, have learned that it works out better to put a female in the lead.

"In endurance the female huskies are equal if not superior to the males. In fact, they must have this endurance, for they travel under conditions which impose more of a strain on them physically before their puppies are born than any condition under which the male works.

"The preponderance of the dogs we chose for the expedition are males and, naturally, they will follow a female better than they would a male. A male leader might happen to be the mortal enemy of some other male in the team with him and, naturally, there might be trouble. But most of the males will follow along peaceably behind the same female. It is only when another female is hitched in a team behind a female leader that we might expect trouble—feminine treachery, you know!

"Several of the leaders of the teams are the mothers of the dogs who will follow her, and wherever another female is hitched behind her she will be the daughter of the leader. The sense of family unity is stronger in the female than in the male. The mother dog will be interested in her puppies and will manifest affection for them long after their full growth, whereas this feeling is seldom strong or at all evident in the sire, and, therefore, the female makes a better family leader. We have endeavored to keep the dogs in family groups so far as possible, such groups making for a natural harmony in teamwork, which otherwise might be difficult to attain."

No one realized better than Commander Byrd how important a responsibility the task imposed on Dr. Buckingham was, for it may easily happen that upon the dogs will rest in the main the success or failure of the expedition, we are told. Further:

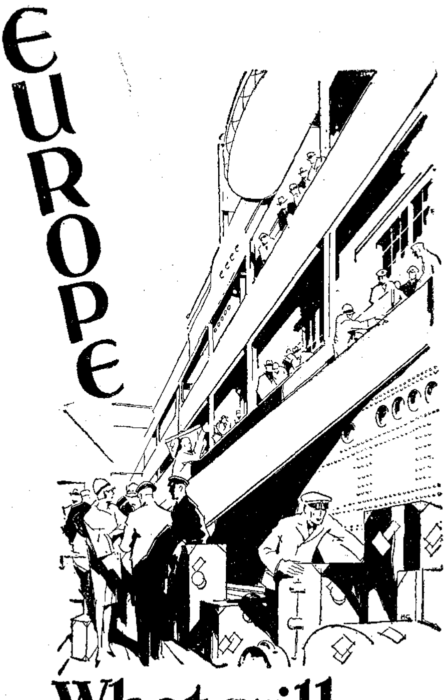
It is the dogs who carry all the supplies from the ships to the main base fifteen miles inland and thence to the smaller bases to be established at intervals of twenty-five miles over most of the 800 miles to the South Pole.

Amundsen exprest it as his belief that the fact that he relied upon dogs which he brought from Norway for his journey over the ice to the South Pole was the main reason for his success over the expedition of Sir Robert Scott, which relied upon ponies. If the dogs which Dr. Buckingham has chosen should, for some unfortunate reason, die or become useless for the work for which they have been selected, the expedition itself must fail.

The choice of the dogs was therefore no slight responsibility which Dr. Buckingham felt could be shifted lightly to the shoulders of some one else. So he climbed aboard a little steamship from Quebec, sailing out of the mouth of the St. Lawrence and 900 miles northward along the coast of Canada, through Belle Isle Strait between Newfoundland and the mainland and on to the northernmost villages of Canadian Labrador. Already word had been sent out by Frank Clarke, the president of the trading company operating along the coast, by telegraph, by letter, and by word of mouth, of the need of the Byrd expedition for dogs. The fishermen concentrated their dogs at three points along the coast, Harrington Bay, where the Grenfell Mission and Hospital are located; Mutton Bay, and Blanc Sablon, and from them Dr. Buckingham made his selection.

As DIGEST readers are already aware, the Byrd string of huskies lost its most famous member in Chinook, a twelve-year-old male "of the heavy Greenland type." Dr. Buckingham had this to say of Chinook's characteristics:

"He resembled a smooth-coated St. Bernard, but was less massive, and his head was smaller, with less pendulous lower eyelids and smaller ears. He was light tan in color, and his summer coat was short, but



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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

in winter it grew quite heavy, but not shaggy like a St. Bernard, dense in texture with a heavy undercoat which resisted the severe cold. Chinook had as traveling companions at least eight or ten dogs of his own blood.

"A mother dog, Diamond, has five sons in her team, and Snowball will be followed by two sons.

"In Labrador the dogs are driven tandem or six in a row, each dog wearing a light sealskin harness. The ordinary work of these dogs has consisted heretofore of trips from the shore inland for firewood, and they haul from sixty to eighty loads, each load weighing from 700 to 1,000 pounds, during a season. That means that each dog was pulling on the frozen trail 125 to 130 pounds, or twice or three times its own weight."

BURNING BUSHES THAT GROW TO-DAY

THE traveler was astonished as the Corsican bush suddenly burst into flame. He had tossed a lighted match near the shrub. Then, as suddenly as it had sprung up the flame vanished, leaving the maqui plant unharmed. The burning bush did not cease to exist with the end of the period of Moses, who, it will be recalled, received his charge to lead the Children of Israel from such a source. Such inflammable shrubbery may be encountered at present in Corsica and Germany, we learn from Ewald Schild in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig). In explanation, Herr Schild writes:

> The maqui is well provided with oil glands which exude an etheric oil of uncommon combustibility and powerful smell. The oil forms an inflammable gas with the surrounding air. The phenomenon is not confined to the maqui, however. In Germany plants of this sort are rarer, and their output of oil is smaller. Of the few which form an exception the chief is the dittany, a shrub with rich clusters of blossoms. If one examines the plant carefully one may see many greenish-yellow oil glands not only on the stems but on the petals and stamens as well.
>
> When the dittany is in full bloom a lighted match thrown on the ground near it brings forth the "miracle of the dittany." A brilliant flame leaps to the top of the bush, vanishing as swiftly, leaving the shrub uninjured, with the glands slightly scorched at most. The reason for this phenomenon is that the oily vapor, mixing with the air, forms an inflammable gas which burns with explosive velocity when ignited.
>
> It is conceivable that insects are attracted by the fragrance of this plant and pollenize it, while its acrid taste protects it from animals. This circumstance would be favorable to the plant in Mediterranean regions, where in the summer no drop of rain falls and injury by animals is particularly damaging.
>
> Tyndall has shown also that the thin layer of oily vapor with which the Corsican maqui is particularly well enveloped is less easily penetrated by light rays, so that the plant is thus protected by day from overheating and evaporation and by night from too much cooling.

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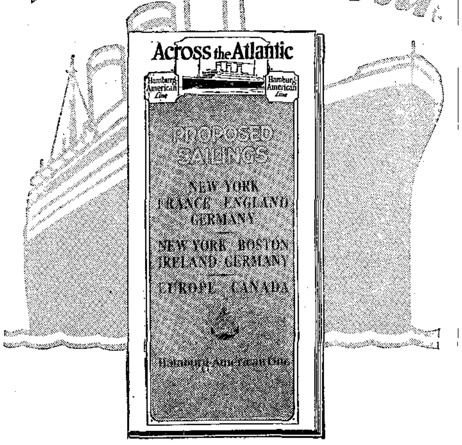

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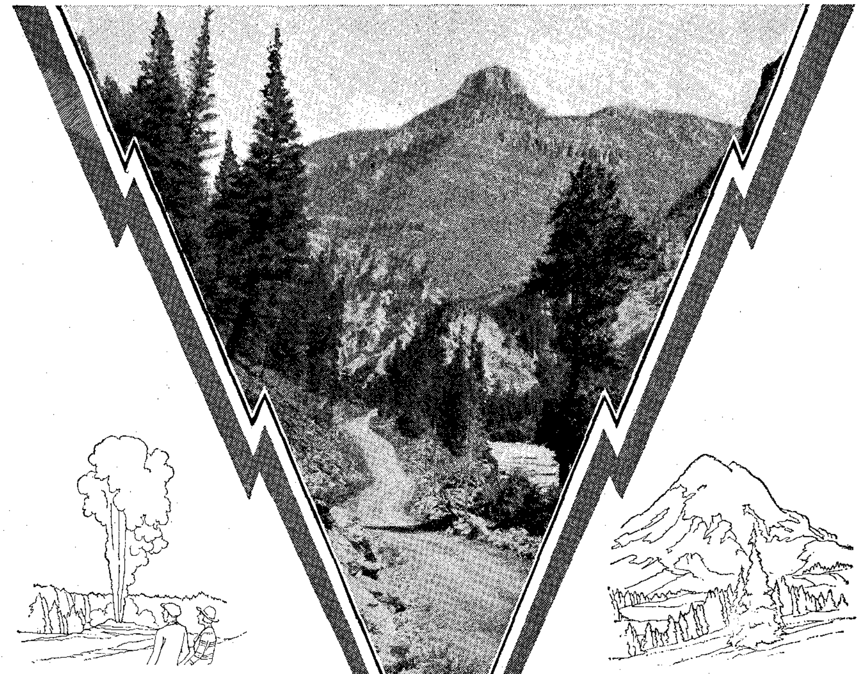
HOW THE WASP FIGHTS HER FOES

HOMEWARD flew the huntress, "with her quarry slung safely between her legs." Here we hasten to explain that the huntress in this case—the "gleaming huntress" as our author calls her—was a lady of the giant sand wasp family, *Sphecius speciosus*, "famed for her victories over the cicada tribe." The drama of her labors, her triumphs, and, alas! of her occasional defeats by one wicked little enemy, as we shall see, is unfolded with minute observation and delicate charm in "The Witchery of Wasps," by Edward G. Reinhard (Century Company). "What a large, brilliant creature she is," exclaims Mr. Reinhard, "well worthy of her name, the Showy Sphecius! She is a burly insect, nearly an inch and a half in length. Her robust form is clad to the waist in rusty red velvet, and below in glistening black marked with crescents of pale yellow. She wears tan hosiery, and her wings are a flashing russet." How this energetic lady digs her burrow, goes a hunting, captures a cicada—the singing tree "locust," much larger than herself—paralyzes him with her accurately planted sting, and climbs with him to some commanding height from which to transport him aerially to her subterranean home, there to become a living larder for her progeny—this insect epic, which has captivated many minds, is now told afresh at first hand, for Mr. Reinhard, an original and patient experimenter, comes with individual gleanings to swell the sum of our wasp-mindedness. Having described the insect Diana's hunting triumphs, he tells us of her ambushed enemy, thus:

> Her life would be all glory and conquest free from the disasters and tribulations of ordinary folk, were it not for the audacious persecutions of a little red-eyed rogue. A tiny fly clad in a Quaker's garb of drab and white, but with fierce bloodshot eyes, is the implacable enemy of the giant Sphecoid, that daring cicada hunter.
>
> Tho the wretched pigmy is not even half as large as the head of the giantess, her wiles have all but exterminated many a Sphecius brood. She is a Dipteron, known technically as *Senotainia trilineata*, and like others of her ilk she lives by brigandage on the unfortunate tribe of digger-wasps.
>
> I first made the acquaintance of this innocently garbed assassin one scorching afternoon in late July. I was seated alongside the burrow of the Showy Sphecius, waiting to see her return from the quest with a successful bag of game. Very soon my attention was arrested by a small grayish fly squatting in the sand, as I was, at the entrance of the wasp's galleries. It was a long two-hour wait on the sun-baked terrace for the home-coming of the female Nimrod, and I whiled away the time by observing the actions of the patient little fly crouching there in the shade of a blade of grass. Her plain dress of checkered drab seemed strangely out of place with those brick-colored eyes. What could this intruder want here at the doorway to the wasp's dwelling? I suspected the little urchin of some rascality—and rightly enough, as events showed.
>
> At last the low familiar hum of the wasp



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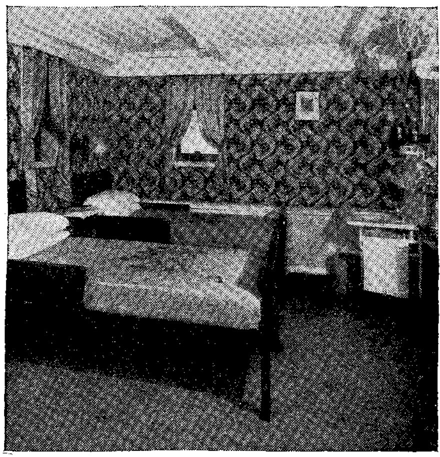

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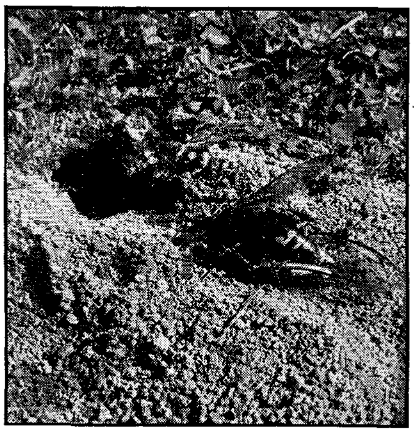
BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

when she is returning with a mass of venison broke it upon the cries of the crickets and the noisy bustle of the bees. There was a rapid descent, and with a thud the burdened wasp landed heavily in the grass and began to tow her massive prey up the sloping bank to her cavern.

But why this fevered haste, this worried excitement? What enemy need you fear? Your poisoned dagger would make short work of any blustering bandit. I surely am no source of worry to you. Often have cicada-bearing wasps, to escape from the tangling grasses, scaled my legs and back to take flight from the vantage-point which the height of head afforded. To them I am but a harmless mass.



Illustrations from "The Witchery of Wasps" (The Century Company, New York)

THE HUNTRESS HOME WITH HER QUARRY

It is just when she reaches the mouth of her burrow that her red-eyed enemy gets in its deadly work.

Are you, then, disturbed by the presence of this foolish little fly here at your burrow's door? Well, where on earth has the little imp disappeared to? The next moment I see the wasp start up out of the grass with her cicada and set off in swift flight around and around with four brigands—that rascally fly and three other wretches like herself—following close on the poor wasp's heels.

What brazen villainy is this? Off across the country the wasp darts, with the pack of flies close in her rear. They stick behind her in a line, swerving when she swerves, speeding when she speeds, unshaken by her marches and countermarches. The midges follow as closely in her wake as if they were tied to her by invisible traces.

The wasp's tactics can not elude these bold pursuers, laments Mr. Reinhard. "Their obstinacy finally tires the patience of the huntress," and:

> With a sudden swoop she drops to the ground and hurries pell-mell up the slope to her burrow. The foe is not a whit behind. Now comes the moment for the felon deed. The wasp has gained the doorstep of her home. For a moment her speed is retarded by the narrow doorway. In that instant the flies swoop down upon the hindquarters of the cicada, one of them alights on the favorable spot, quickly introduces her ovipositor into the fissures at the tip of the cicada's abdomen, and

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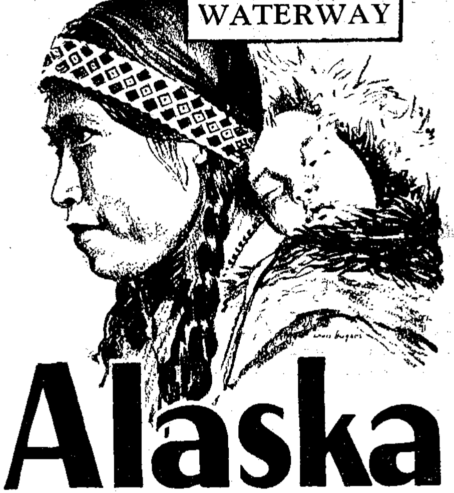

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the deed is done. The eggs have been laid. The parasite has played her trick.

Since this first insight into the wiles of Senotainia I have seen the little wretches commit many another daring piece of villainy, but their crafty maneuvers are always the same. It is not to strip the huntress of her booty that they dash in pursuit of her. Small chance would these pigmies have in a real clash with the giantess. No, their game is a more strategic and more atrocious one than mere highway robbery. To foist their family on another, to thrust their grubs into a stranger's home, to rear their breed at the board of an unwilling host whose progeny must starve that the parasitic maggots may feed fat at their expense—this is the deed these jades have been plotting.

But the wasp, deep down in the depths of her dwelling, is humming a joyous tune. Has she not escaped that band of pillagers without losing the precious victuals destined for her hungry larva? All oblivious is she of Senotainia's deed. But the parasitic eggs are safely tucked away in the tip of the cicada's abdomen, and in a few hours the ravenous brood of maggots will be ransacking the cicada's entrails, long before the lone egg of the wasp has hatched. Two days pass. The intruders are regaling themselves at the stolen feast. They have rummaged through the flesh-pots and have already turned the solid meat into a reeking pottage. When at last the wasp's larva leaves the cradle of the egg to seek its rightful repast, it finds the festive board already overrun by a set of lawless strangers, and the food a fetid soup. The lawful larva is doomed to starve while the greedy parasites carouse in plenty.

DOUBLE RATION FOR THE LUCKY LARVA OF A FIRST-CLASS HUNTRESS

Think not that this tragedy is of rare occurrence. My trowel has been sunk into scores upon scores of parasite-infested dwellings. I do not hesitate to say that fully half of the wasp's brood perishes through the machinations of the terrible Senotainia.

Nevertheless Mr. Reinhard bespeaks an attitude of tolerance, even toward the demoniac Dipteron, inasmuch as it may be an instrument "in regulating an excessive propagation of species which might, if left unchecked, turn topsyturvy the harmony of nature." It is to Fabre, "unsurpassed biographer of insects," that the solitary wasps owe much of their fame, he reminds us in his preface, continuing:

> He, Homer of the Insects, and Poet of Science, loved the wasps above all other

Twenty eventful years

. . . summed up in this black and silver booklet about

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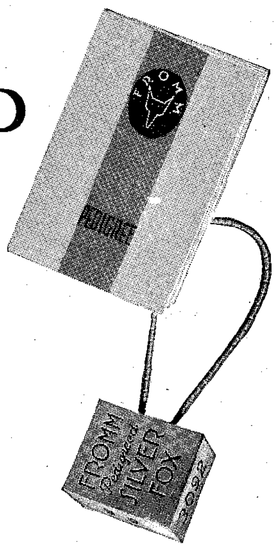

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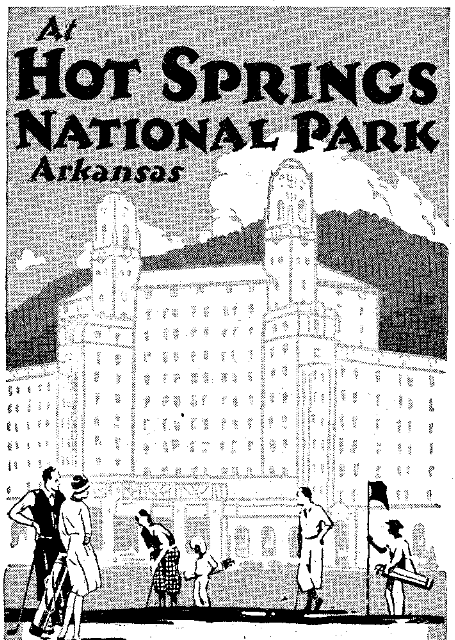

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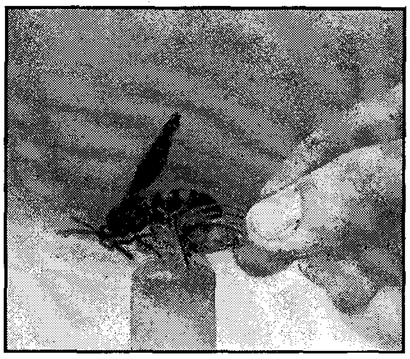
BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

of his winged friends. The spell of his researches possest me. Charmed by his accounts, I wished to see for myself some of the marvels which he described. I wished to see whether the wasps were really as remarkable as the stories told about them; to see, moreover, whether the American kinds were as wonderful as their French cousins. A mere glimpse into the actual life drama of the Showy Sphecius was enough to make me a devotee of the game of "Playing Fabre." It is a game in which the player always loses—loses his heart to his insect friends, and to Jean Fabre, the friend of his insects. The forfeit? These brief and humble souvenirs.

After the game there is always a process of checking up. Often I found that my results tallied with Fabre's; sometimes they were at variance with his; again, I was enabled to carry on the game beyond the point which Fabre had reached. Then, too, there were others who had played the game of watching wasps, both before and after Fabre had raised it to a science. Their performances also had to be studied, their hits and misses reckoned, their winnings and losses calculated.



LADY WASP WOULDN'T LET GO

Even when her human admirer tried to pull the cricket away from her.

I have chosen to play a lone hand, not without learning or getting help from others, but without borrowing from them. The things of which I speak I have really witnessed, and in the accomplishment of that have found my greatest joy and satisfaction. Much—aye, a stupendous amount—remains yet to be known; errors may be detected in these efforts of an amateur, but the game was played for the pleasure and the good there is in it; to win, yes, but with no concern for the ultimate score.

Knowledge in such things is like a gigantic sphere which must be chiseled out and then smoothed to perfection. Each worker is able to polish off merely a slight segment, more or less perfect. Many workers must come to the task before the sphere is harmoniously ground and a finished monument to science.

Can a wasp think? Has it the wit to modify its ancestral routine of life in order to surmount unwonted difficulties? Are some wasps brighter than others? Fabre was inclined to answer these questions in the affirmative, following his famous experiment of repeatedly moving back the cricket carried by the yellow-winged sphex to the mouth of her burrow, while

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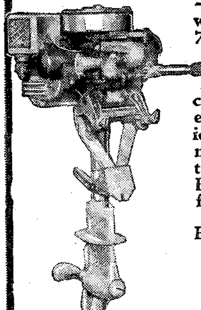

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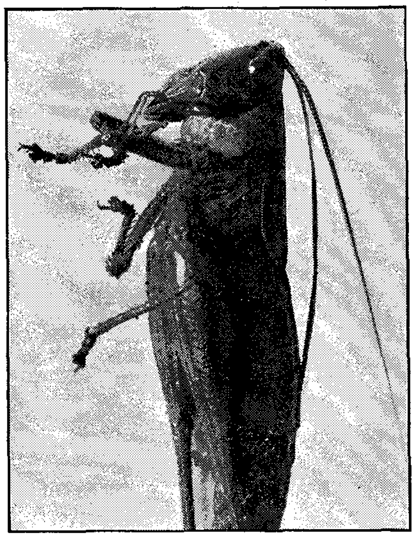
the huntress was making her brief preliminary visit to the interior. Similar experiments conducted by the Peckhams with the American sphex, Ammobia, which captures grasshoppers, brought them to much the same conclusion. Mr. Reinhard, after detailing a further series of these intelligence tests, sums up the case thus:

> Fabre does not state the precise distance to which he removed the prey; neither do the Peckhams give complete information. Till such details are worked out with mathematical accuracy, we are not justified in drawing positive conclusions regarding the greater or less adaptability of the wasps under experimentation. Until more is known about insect physiology, and until all experiments are placed on a strictly scientific and mathematical basis, our inferences regarding insect psychology are bound to be shaky and uncertain.



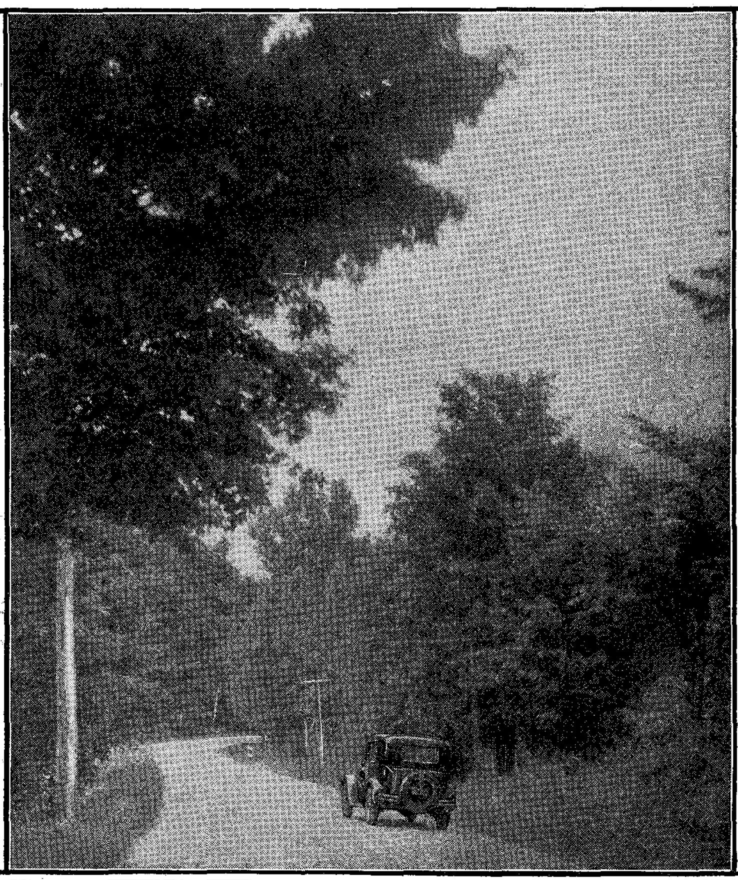
AMMOBIA'S LIVING LARDER

The grasshopper, paralyzed by the lady wasp, now nourishes her larva, which is curled under the victims's chin.

And now the author introduces us to an insect bull-ring, where combat is waged to the death. He exclaims with enthusiasm:

> September 4, 1921, is a date that will long be remembered by me. My diary records but a line: "Experimented with Father Frisch on the stinging habits of *Ammobia ichneumonea*," yet elsewhere I have three pages of notes which tell the story more fully. As I read them over after six years' interval, every detail of that eventful morning comes back to me—the suspense, the excitement, the thrill, the triumph that comes to an entomologist when he witnesses one of the most interesting performances in the pageant of insect life, yet one of the spectacles for which it is most difficult to secure a good seat at the reporters' bench.
>
> It is the combat between a paralyzing wasp and her foe, between Ammobia the gladiator and Xiphidium the beast. Xiphidium, a lance-tailed grasshopper incased in green armor, with strong jaws and nimble limbs. Ammobia, an expert with sting and wing, a warrior in tan and black and gold, an Ursus of the arena. The stadium is a grassy mound that serves as pedestal for a statue. No banners are flying, no crowds are cheering, yet the two spectators would not relinquish their seats for the best

Like a Good Rain



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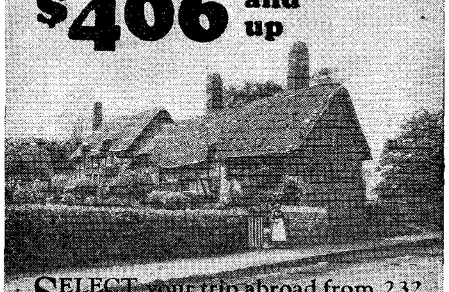
BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

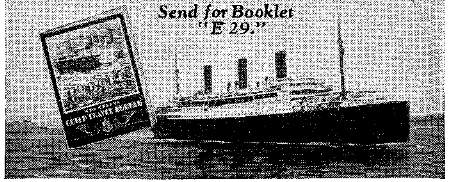
Continued

> boxes at one of Tex Rickard's championship bouts.
>
> Two lance-bearers are in their cages, ready to be liberated as soon as Ammobia arrives and shows herself prepared for combat. At nine o'clock she enters the stadium, *triumphantly carting* her latest victim. When she has buried it and stridden once more into the ring to preen herself and look about, we free one of our grasshoppers within three inches of her, vis-à-vis. She sees it almost immediately. Without preliminary sparring, she pounces savagely upon it full force. Curving the tip of her abdomen, she lunges at the grasshopper's throat, stinging with vigor through the lower neck articulation. Quick as a flash the victim goes down for the count. Then quickly with her sting-shod tail she probes about at the under side of the grasshopper's thorax.

It looks to the spectators "as if Ammobia were plunging her weapon into her adversary's body off center, between the first and second pair of legs and again between the second and third pair," and the author comments:

> There is no need to improve upon those ruinous blows. Without resorting to the refinement of malaxation which the Languedocian Sphex finds necessary, she mounts her defeated foe and adds it to the dowry which she was collecting for her daughters.
>
> The first bout is over. Will the champion condescend to tackle another foe? When she reappears we bait her with the other lance-bearer. Again a speedy victory. Again a sting in the neck and two in the thorax near the base of a first and middle leg which we see this time with greater clearness. The deed is already done.
>
> This wasp seemed so obliging that we felt she would perform again, provided we could round up some more grasshoppers. I left accordingly in an attempt to shanghai a few more victims for the sacrifice; a bout it could be no longer called, since the wasp was so superior in both encounters. My companion stayed behind to keep watch on her lest she elude us and go on a spree to celebrate her victories.
>
> From the meadow over the hill came the gay zithering sound of many grigs. Thither I ran, in dread that I might not be agile enough to capture a sportive locust minus my net, wondering if I could secure the right kind, anxious lest Ammobia should fail to await my return. But there was no shortage of lance-tailed grasshoppers in the tall grasses. The soft melody of the males urged me on. A graceful form clung to the top of a swaying stem; green it was, hard to see, but the long straight lance betrayed its identity. Grab! I had it! Another search. Two more were added to my bag. Breathless I rushed back, under a burning sun, to the arena, where, happily, the wasp still tarried.
>
> Growing reckless with good fortune, I hold a Xiphidium in my fingers and offer it to the wasp. Nothing daunted, she jumps at it and administers a cervical stab. I yield to the wasp. She clutches the hopper and tried as before to sting the thorax. The grig is a small one, so it is hard to see just what is going on. Almost at once she takes wing and carries it off. In a little while, empty-handed, she returns. Was I





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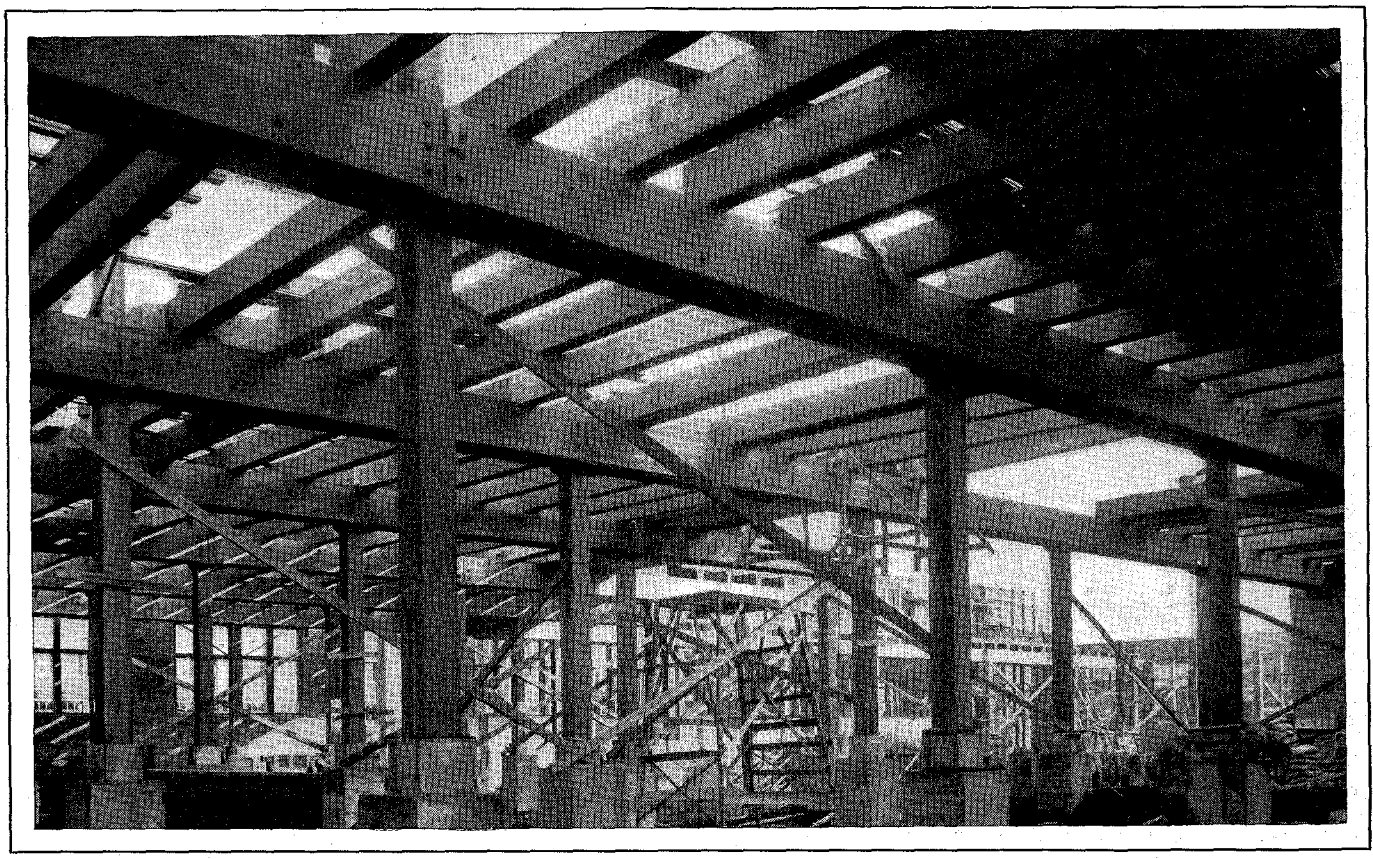

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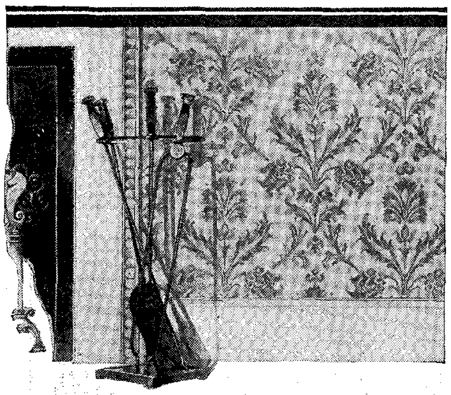

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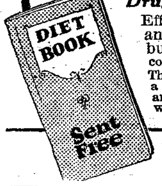

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

too bold, or my offering too puny? No, shortly she leaves again, and in five minutes or less is home once more with a hopper which looks like the one she carried off. In approved fashion she stows it away in the warehouse.

THE FEARLESS WEASEL WITH PERSONALITY PLUS

"GOSH, ain't it natural, tho?" Charlie the janitor paused in sweeping the corridor in the Middle Western college building to admire the stuffed weasel that apparently had been removed from the museum to this unusual place. It was "a stiff little pillar of weasel standing bolt upright on two hind legs," Gayle Pickwell tells us in *The Nature Magazine*. Then suddenly, we learn, the weasel came "unstuffed," and his curiosity satisfied, started off. He was utterly unconcerned and fearless, as are all weasels, we learn. His visit had probably been caused by the exhaustion of the rats and mice in the basement of the college buildings. He was looking for more rodent worlds to conquer. But as he loped away, the janitor and a hastily summoned naturalist took up the chase, and when a net was dropt over him only for a moment did he show any fear. In a cage he was composure itself. Among his mammal near-relatives, the weasel must be considered an individual with personality plus, observes Mr. Pickwell, continuing:

> Not that his cousins the mink, the skunk, and others are without striking evidences of individuality, but these must, all in all, concede the palm to this slim, lithe, slender fellow.
>
> A weasel is good to look upon, for his face, in spite of beady eyes, is handsome, his body supple in a degree almost beyond belief, and his coloring a rich blending of blacks, umber browns, and tans. Add to good looks an almost total indifference to and lack of fear of man, a spirit of sprightly playfulness, and a vigor and activeness that require almost constant motion. Then subtract from these pleasing qualities a nature which in downright bloodthirstiness and voraciousness has no equal—certainly the total equals an individual with personality plus.
>
> As to the lack of fear many a farmer and farmer's boy can testify. The old male skunk that lumbered into our barnyard one day in broad daylight and drove dog, chickens, and humans into shameless retreat could not exceed the impression made by a weasel, that, driven up into a tree came down at me with bared teeth when I climbed after him. Nothing but a small mammal did he appear, not nearly as large as the fox squirrels, but he had a heart as great as a mountain lion's.

Returning to the curious weasel captured at the college, we read:

> In a cage with net and darkness removed he became composed again, looked us over with calmness, not to say disdain, sniffed at poking fingers, tried only for a

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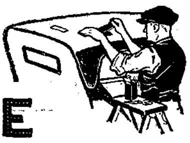

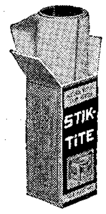

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moment to pry his way out and became the cool weasel again—the animal without fear.

The cage which became our weasel's new home had been devised for chipmunks and had, as a consequence, a wheel within for chipmunks to turn. The weasel, twisting his slim, sinuous body here and there within the cage, soon found himself in the wheel. It turned. The weasel loped ahead. It continued to turn. With great satisfaction our animal applied himself to this new proposition.

There is no doubt but that the first impression of that turning wheel upon the weasel was that he was thereby getting away from the annoying creatures who had humiliated him with a butterfly net. What else could it mean? Wasn't he moving in an orthodox lope? And, if his feet were going, he must certainly be getting somewhere. So, with this in mind, he occupied himself with great industry for a moment, but shortly slowed down and finally stopt, feeling, no doubt, that much space had been put between him and his captors. Can you imagine the obvious look of dismay and downright disgust on his face when, turning, he saw us still beside him? Nothing to do but run a bit farther. This he did, then stopt, looked about, displayed the same comical disappointment, and went at it again.

For upwards of two days that wheel was employed as a false means of escape. But at the end of that time our weasel began to associate food with the approach of the despised humans. Forthwith the desire to escape lessened, finally was lost, and now the wheel became something with which to play.

Just running straight ahead will do for play for a short time, but there is something monotonous in running that never gets one any place, so the weasel improved on this in several interesting variations. The spokes of the wheel on the inner side were wide apart and they presented a possibility: could he get his head in between them and out again as they went by without skinning his nose? Skin his nose he did at first, but shortly his head was bobbing in and out of those spokes as regularly as clockwork while he ran and the wheel went around and around. But he did not stop with putting his head in and out of spokes. Shortly his whole body went through, and then he presented, with his long slender, supple self, an epitome of gracefulness. Into the wheel he glided; down one-quarter the wheel turned; out he slipt, turned, and passed in again. So in and out, in and out, until the regularity and rapidity of the motion looked like a continuous, spiralling brown ribbon.

So determined was he at the business of wheel-turning that any obstruction in it made him angry. A pencil in the spokes would stop him, cause him a moment's annoyance in an attempt at running the wheel the other way, and would shortly be perceived. Forthwith the obstruction would be seized in powerful teeth, savagely tugged upon and chewed.

Once in the clean cool of a June evening in northern Illinois, on the homeward stretch of a long hike, I had heard a rustling in the grass beside the roadside ditch. There in the dusk I had seen, sitting bolt upright, the same little stiff bundle of weasel-curiosity that Charlie thought was "stuffed." I, too, waited motionless. Shortly the little fellow dropt into a near-by culvert and almost as soon popped out of the other end. A moment more and three or four youngsters emerged to play with each other like a family of kittens. They

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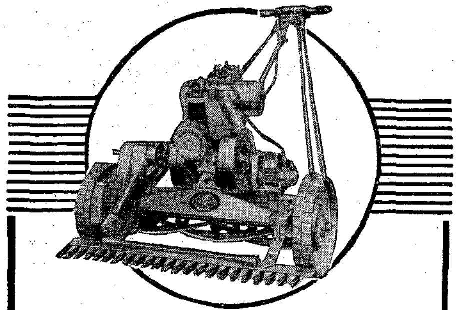

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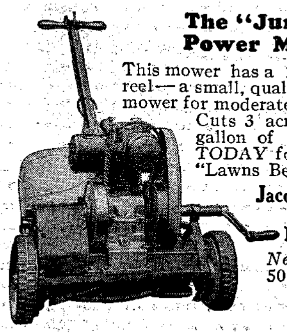

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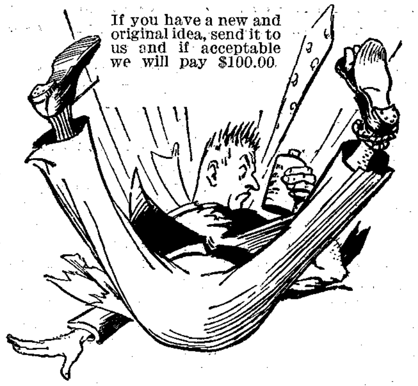

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

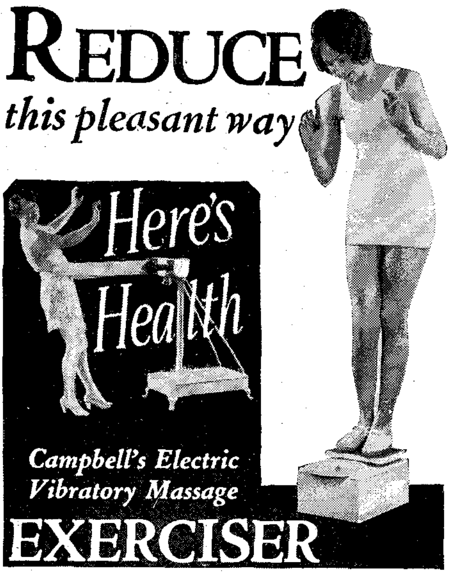
> wrestled and tugged, leapt over each other, dashed through the culvert or stood upright to look at the gawky object that was I. In such a manner did our caged weasel play, making a foolish wheel do for brothers and sisters.

A weasel, since much of his time is spent in traversing tunnels of rats and mice, to the terror of all the inmates, must never grow fat, we are reminded as we proceed to an account of the various strenuous but not wholly unpleasant ways in which this lithe hunter keeps his figure trim. Reading on in the description:

> His welfare depends on a long, slender body. So perhaps the many hours of play accomplished a definite purpose in this respect. One who, in the snows of winter, has followed the perambulations of a weasel's spoor, must be amazed at the ground covered in a single night. Never have I been able to follow them to a certain ending. But our weasel did stop now and then his play in the wheel and curled up in sound slumber. He curved his body like a dog, turned around several times, and snuggled down in a neat little ball of fur with his black-tipped tail reaching almost around him, his head tucked in beside his hips. From sleep he arose with reluctance. Usually instead he pulled the excelsior farther over him with his teeth and cuddled down the closer when lights went on in the room.
>
> One thing would drive away all desire for sleep. That was food. A squeak like a frightened bird brought him out in a flash, and he then looked our way, giving the only sound that a weasel seems to have, the peculiar sneezing sniffle. What an appetite! What voraciousne s! Give him beef heart bit by bit and, hungry tho he might be, he snatched it, drew it back and promptly returned for more, more, before eating a morsel.
>
> Some house mice supplied were captured with such rapidity and adroitness that it was difficult to see just what had happened. The one thing certain was that sharp teeth had broken the neck of each in less time than one could say a word. Having done that our weasel left them lying and sniffed about for more.

But the hearty appetite of this pet of an often despised breed helped his human friends, we are told:

> We took advantage of the carnal spirit of our ever-hungry animal to secure his photograph. Beef heart on a string outweighed any thought of liberty when he was released on the court. About the bait he remained, seizing it, dropping it, always looking for more. Even the inviting tangle of near-by vines could not mean more than red blood and fresh meat. From the vines the beef heart lured while cameras clicked.
>
> Yet after all a cage with wheels for chipmunks is scarcely suitable for weasels who must have blood. So after the photographs, we let him find a rat hole under the college, and into it he squeezed. Now, thinking of anxious poultry ranchers, we hope that college mice and rats will satisfy. And that Charlie, with reluctant broom, sees again our "stuffed" weasel in the hall.



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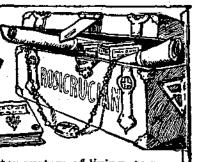

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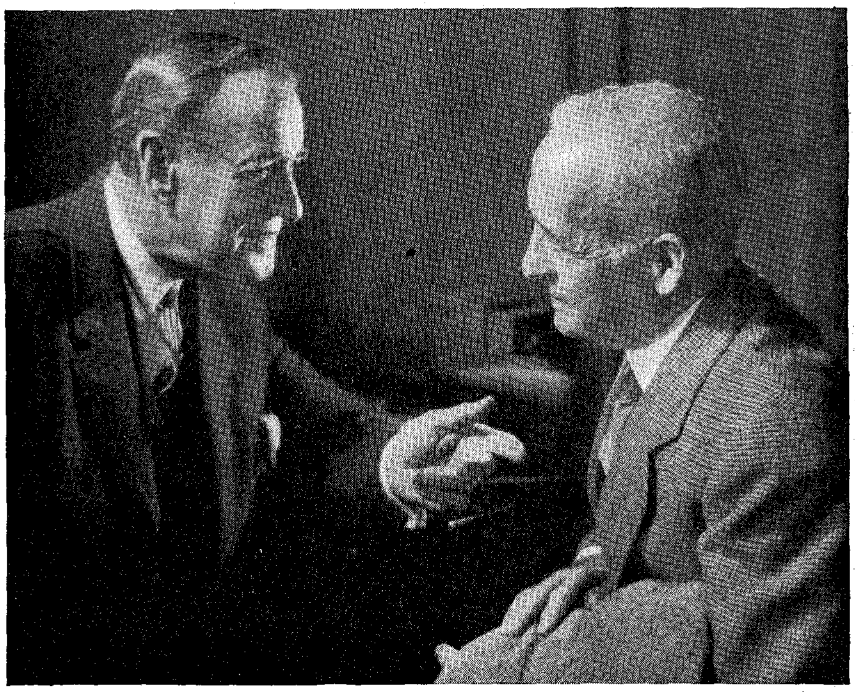
HOW BARNEY, THE BANGS'S DONKEY, MADE LIFE MERRY

"BARNEY, dear, 'tis lovely," whispered the lady, leaning from her window to address her serenader, "but you know we have neighbors who may want to sleep, and for pity's sake how did you get your old gray head out of that halter?" They never knew. It must have been the glorious summer night, concludes Mrs. John Kendrick Bangs, widow of the famous author, writing in *The Nature Magazine*, that inspired Barney, her pet donkey, to escape from his stable and come to offer her a donkey serenade. It was funny, writes Mrs. Bangs, "and I was teased unmercifully." But on his return to his stall, Barney helped himself to the carrots and beans in the garden, which was not so gallant after all.

Barney lived at the Bangs's summer home in Maine, and he represented the fulfilment of an ambition to his mistress. Says Mrs. Bangs:

> Being the wife of a literary man and with three sons headed for college, my dollars just wouldn't cover the cost of a donkey, so I gave up the idea of ever owning one. However, I talked donkey—I talked to all my neighbors of its, or his or her many possibilities as a garden assistant, and as an ornament.
>
> There were two delightful ladies, that summer, living near us, who also worked in their garden, and better still, had a small niece and nephew. My donkey bug implanted itself in their minds, and I was commissioned to see if I could buy a donkey in New York, where I expected to spend some time the following spring. Of course, as all New Yorkers know, one can buy anything from an elephant to a trained flea in New York, so I felt confident that one small donkey was purchasable.
>
> In the early spring, I hied myself up to Columbus Circle—this, of course, was long before the Circle became the setting for Christopher, and at that time there were many riding schools and stables dotted here and there.
>
> My star was high in the heavens the day I started forth, because the first place I went to, the man said he had just what I was looking for, and bless me, he did.
>
> Out in a little yard behind the stable, my donkey stood. Oh, joy! It seemed too good to be true. The donkey's name was Barney.
>
> Of course, I was at the age when I tweaked out a gray hair now and then, and, of course, I knew the donkey wasn't for me, but in spite of that, I registered right then and there what the novelists call a "grand passion." Dear, funny little Barney, a darling silver-gray donkey, with the black cross woven on his back, and two of the most gorgeously floppy ears you can possibly imagine.
>
> Being a real donkey lover, I had come prepared to win his affection, and when I held under his soft velvety nose a bunch of luscious carrots, he was mine.
>
> The man assured me he was gentle and A-1, tho I did notice that he kept Barney head-on, as it were, sort of backed up to the fence. However, I was reassured when I looked at his little hoofs—they seemed too small to do much damage, so I bought him for sixty-five dollars, and had him shipped to my lucky friends.
>
> June saw my family settled at "Gray

Have You Tried
This *Drugless* Way
To Instant Sleep?



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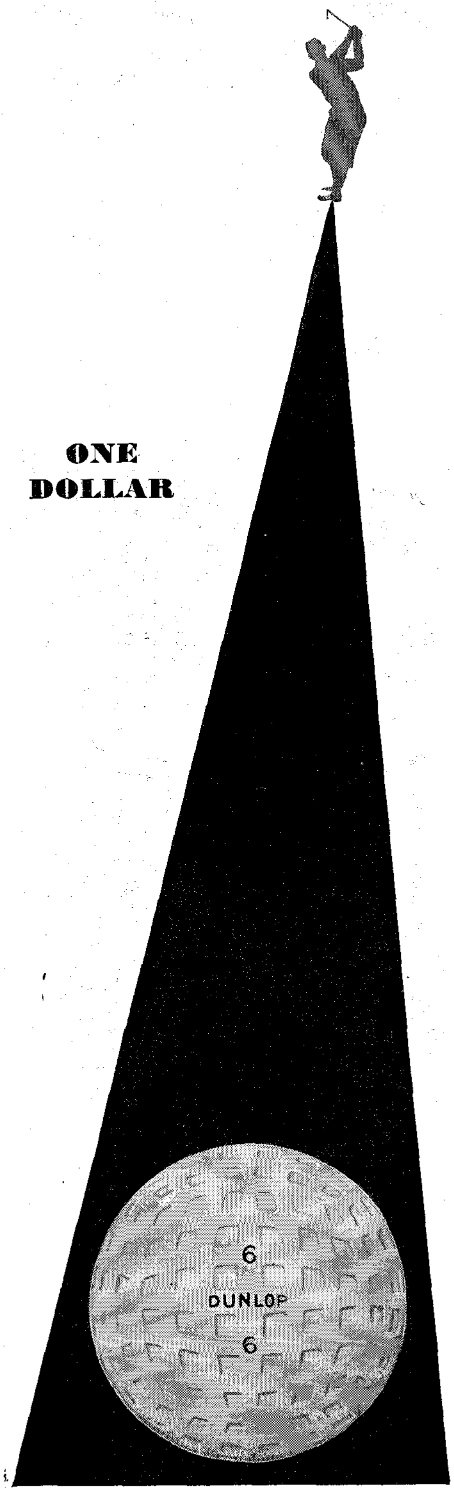

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HAVE YOU EVER HEARD ANYONE ASK FOR A BETTER GOLF-BALL THAN A DUNLOP?

THE IMPORTED "BLACK" DUNLOP

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

Rocks" in Maine, and I rushed over to see the neighbors and enjoy their rapture in the little beast I had purchased for them.

Alas, alas! Apparently, I had bought and shipped a compact bundle of T. N. T. That meek little donkey had nipt the children, kicked the hired man (who was some kicker himself), and had almost dried up the cow by chasing her away from her favorite shade-tree.

Seldom have I been more embarrassed and apologetic than I was that day, when my neighbors explained why they were not thrilled to death with their sixty-five-dollar "pig in a poke." I returned home puzzled and sad, but in spite of the tales of wo, my heart melted with love for the little beast whenever I would see him out in the far pasture alone, his ears hanging down over his little gentle lying eyes, and in some unexplainable way we became friends.

September came, and the twenty-ninth being Mrs. Bangs's birthday, she invited her neighbors to come and celebrate. She was arranging some lovely late flowers in the living-room while waiting for the guests to arrive, when Mr. Bangs called her to come and look out of the window. Continuing:

Down the drive they came—the two forgiving ladies, leading Barney. Around his neck was a wide blue-satin ribbon, and bobbing under his chin, a sentimental birthday card.

Do dreams come true? They do. That naughty little donkey that had just about broken up a perfectly good-tempered and gentle family was my birthday present! There was no subtlety in the gift, because Miss Sally and Miss Mary knew, that in spite of his inner devil, I thought him a lamb, and loved him.

From that hour until his little day was done, Barney gave me such devotion and love as only a dumb beast can give. He was mirth-provoking always, and as temperamental as a tenor, but God made him a donkey and not a saint.

The morning after his arrival, I took Barney out of the tool-house, where we had housed him temporarily, and led him around the garden to show him how lovely was to be his lot in life hereafter. Turning to tie a vine that had blown loose, I inadvertently dropt the leading strap. Like a flash, he wheeled, and let fly both hind legs. They seemed to be worked by a clever spring, well-aimed, but a wee bit short of me. Poor me, had they landed, because later I saw those little hoofs snap a fence rail quite easily.

To say I was surprized is putting it mildly. I was surprized and shocked. I was a little mad. I, too, circled around and reached for the leading strap, and my little pet added insult to injury by nipping me, and it hurt.

True the day was the Sabbath, true I had always said punishment should be postponed until the heat of anger had cooled, but, somehow as I looked at those saucy gray ears, one up and one down, and those eyes, wide awake and full of the devil, I decided now or never, and I broke off a good branch from a handy poplar-tree, and I lambasted my darling good and thoroughly.

This was my method in case any one reading this Saga wishes to make a friend of a donkey. Slap, slap, with the whip, then go to the head and hold leader at sufficient distance to avoid the nipper, and then talk! Yes, sir, I talked to my new pet, and what is more, he understood. Slap, slap, "You little ungrateful beast, what do you think you are doing, kicking me (slap), biting me (slap), now, if you ever, ever do either of those rotten tricks again to me, I'll send you back to the hired man who kicked back, and you know it."

Barney didn't like it. He made funny noises like a baby, but he understood absolutely, because he never again kicked or bit me, and if he raised his little hindquarters or nipt at any one else, I would say with a smile, "Well, donkeys will be donkeys." I had heard that happy refrain so often about my boys, I loved getting it off about my Barney.

Days passed, happy days full of work, just as I had planned. I sent to town for a car, which the manufacturer made to be pushed by a human, but to which I had shafts attached, and the body made to tip up when unhooked, just like a full-grown dump-cart. I had the harness man cut down a harness for Barney's svelt figure, and I made red worsted tassels to hang beside those lovely woolly ears.

When we left Maine that fall, we wintered Barney with a farmer, who called him a jackass, and, I fear, treated him as such. Mr. Bangs and I went to Madeira that winter, and there I bought the most fascinating straw panniers, a bit of fancy strapping for his brow, and a whip, tho I never whipt him in anger after that Sunday morning, when I feared to spare the rod and spoil the donkey.

Early spring saw the Bangs family back at "Gray Rocks," and Mrs. Bangs bursting with garden fever. Barney plowed; Barney "trotted up and down our little world, his tiny unshod feet doing no harm to my two blades of grass, and everybody loved him and laughed at him," we read, continuing:

Each morning, at about 8:30, he would stick his head out of the window of his stall and hee-haw for me to come and let him out. This window faced the chicken and duck yard, and as I would appear carrying a delicious assortment of carefully selected garbage, he would make the most ridiculous sounds.

If I passed right on into the chicken yard without loving him a bit, he would drop large and very wet tears—'tis true, the tears would run down his woolly face, accompanied by a loud hee-haw that made the chickens nervous.

Children came and rode on Barney's back, the devil inside of his little body being subdued by kindness. We gave garden parties, and Barney, with his panniers filled with flowers, wandered freely among the guests. He highly enjoyed company, liked having his picture taken, and would follow me around and stand, with his head on my shoulder, apparently listening to the conversation.

I always planted extra flowers and vegetables in my garden for the joy of passing some on to friends, and one bright morning I filled my baskets, and piled them in the little blue dump-cart and climbed in myself, sitting tailor fashion. We drove up the road some distance and turned into the driveway of one of my neighbors. I delivered my garden truck, and after a short chat started home. As we turned

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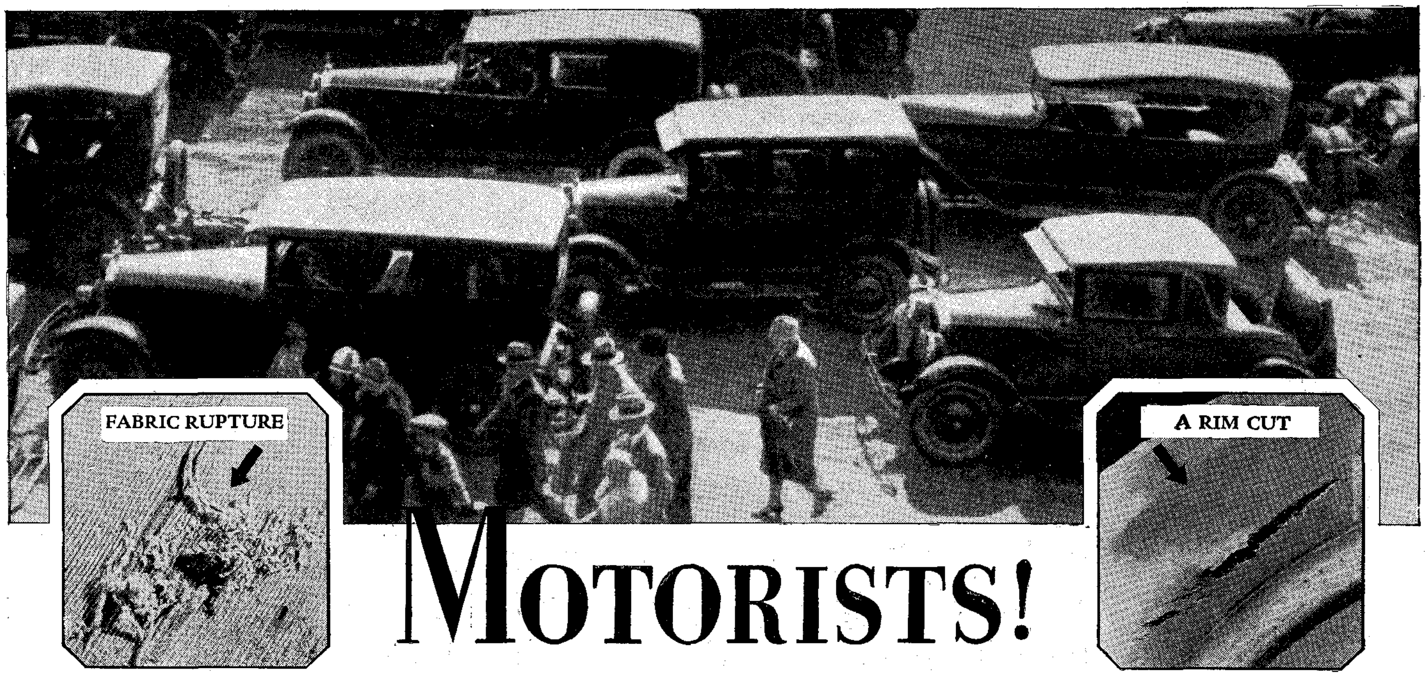

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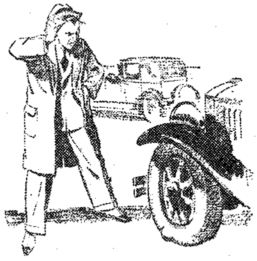

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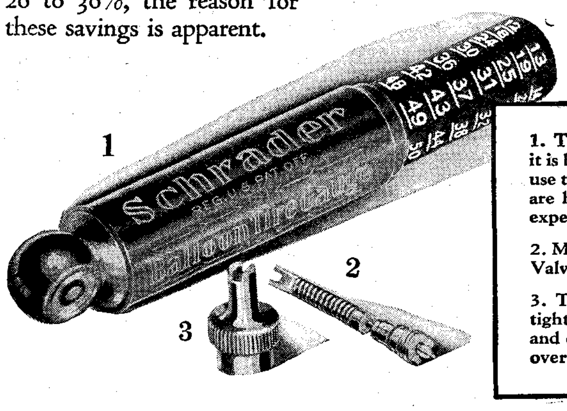

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

into the main road I heard a motor horn just around the bend, and I slapped the reins briskly on Barney's back and said, "Get up there."

Now, as I have said, "donkeys will be donkeys." How on earth if they aren't donkish could we ever have evolved the word donkey, to express human exasperation? So my darling then and there played his part, became all donkey and stopt stock still in the middle of the road and balked.

Knowing that autos were few on that road, and that autoists thought the road belonged to them, I instantly realized that this was no moment for Barney to express himself. I was well-armed (remember this was the day of pompadour hats perched high and held by long, deadly hat-pins). With a quick flourish I drew out my hat-pin and jabbed it, not too gently, in the rump of my little gray steed.

It worked instantly—Barney drew himself together and with one bounce landed on the further side of the road. There he stopt, and turned his head clear around until he faced me. Then he swore! Certainly he swore, good and loud and long. The people in the car who had seen the spectacle of a perfectly nice-looking woman jab something into a little gray donkey, stopt their car and backed up. However, Barney held the floor as to language, no one could get a word in edgewise, so the party rode away apparently much amused at my profane jackass.

"My Barney was old," says Mrs. Bangs. "I hate to think how old, because the thought of so many years when I did not own him saddened me, and worse than all was the vision evoked by the many scars he bore. Kicks and cuffs had been his portion because of his lowly state in the animal kingdom." Reading on:

Often as he would sprawl on the terrace, basking in the sun, I would stop my work and sprawl too, and if I touched one of the scars, tracing it with a gentle finger, he would raise his head and look at me with a puzzled expression. The awful story lay right behind his gentle little eyes, and if I looked deep enough I would see the naughty little devil that had been bred there by those kicks and cuffs, that naughty little devil which had been exorcised by love, carrots, and now and then, a few oats.

I think it was Stevenson who said "No one has ever seen a dead donkey." Be that as it may, they do die, but they are hard to kill, and live very often to their hundredth year.

A donkey seldom is sick; he seems able to digest almost anything until his teeth give out. It was quite a shock when I discovered Barney's teeth were almost all gone, and that the daily apple was hard to masticate. My good husband used to joke about my making apple hash for my pet, and my boys declared, with some truth, that I chewed his apples for him.

Early one summer, when the apples were green, Barney was trotting up and down on our terrace, the apple-trees were heavy with fruit, and the branches hung low, full of tempting green fruit. I never dreamed of Barney's indulging in them because of his difficulty in eating, but the naughty streak in him led him to nip some of the greenest and swallow them whole.

I had been very busy getting some work ready for two men who were to do a little blasting in my garden, and my back was turned to Barney, while I put burlap over some climbing roses. So I failed to see the naughty deed, but later as he lay on his side, all puffed up like a hogshead, I knew. One of the men noticed him rolling back and forth and said, "Ye jackass looks to me like he had the colic, Mrs. Bangs."

I dropt my rake and rushed to my little gray beast. He tried to lift his head and come to a sitting position, which ordinarily was so funny, but which now seemed tragic, he wobbled so, all the time sighing and grunting. He was so distended, I was horribly frightened.

"What can I do?" I called to the workmen. "Wall, a drink of liquor might save him," one of the men answered.

I flew to the house, and Mr. Bangs poured a generous glassful of straight Scotch whisky. We dashed back together and found the men preparing to give the jackass his dose. One had an old piece of burlap spread across his manly chest, and one held ready a stick to wedge the donkey's mouth open. It looked like an operation, nothing less.

However, I knew my donkey, and went straight to the deed without any frills. I took his old gray head in my lap and held his mouth open while John Bangs poured in his best liquor. Barney neither struggled nor coughed, no sir, he smacked his lips and sighed gently, and put down his head to rest.

I returned to gardening, the men returned to drilling, and John sat on a stone bench and looked at Barney with a funny smile on his face. Soon my little pet began to stir, he sat up, bracing himself by his two forelegs. Up went his head, up went first one ear, then the other, and my husband declared he laughed; anyway, he grinned.

We all stopt work and watched him.

"By crickets," one of the men said, "he's drunk."

My husband said, "I'm afraid he is; I certainly hope we haven't started him down the Primrose Path."

With a mighty effort, Barney got up on all four legs, decidedly wobbly legs. Then viewing the landscape, with a rakish tilt of his head, he began to gallop. Now Barney wasn't given to galloping, he was a wee bit stiff in the joints and also he was lazy, but off he started around our two-acre garden lot, around and around, stopping each time as he came to the mirth-rocked audience, and he-hawing in a most humanly debauched manner.

After the spirit had subsided, he flopped down exhausted but happy, and one of the workmen said, "By gorry, he'll more than likely have another spell o' colic again to-morrow at this same hour, if he is as wise as you say he is." But he never did, thank goodness.

Barney had a leather halter to fasten him in his stall. It seemed a very tight fit indeed.

In August, when the air was balmy, and the moon glorious, my donkey had a brain storm. The hour was midnight, the window beside my bed gave on the roadway which ran from my garden. Suddenly I heard a pitter-patter of little hoofs; and then the night was filled with the loveliest donkey serenade the world has ever heard.

We never did know how he managed it, but moonlight nights always affected him the same way, and unless we locked the stable door, down he would trot from his stable and sing under my window.

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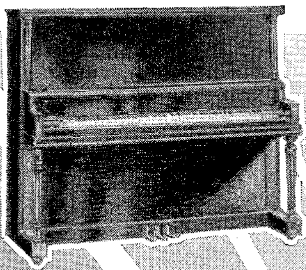

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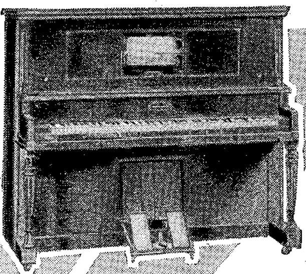

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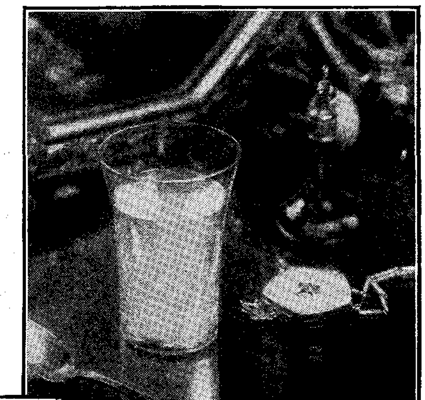

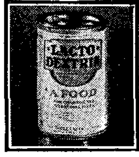

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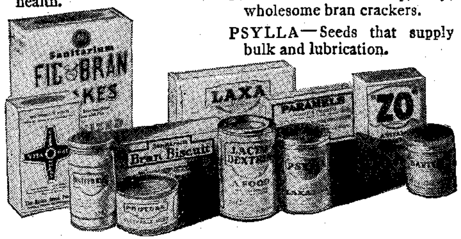

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

TIMING BIRDS' FLIGHT BY AIRPLANE AND AUTOMOBILE

HIGH in the air a bird darts in rapid flight. How fast is it going? Does it equal the speed of a bullet? Or of airplane, automobile, or race-horse? Mechanical means are required to determine this. In *Comœdia*, Paris, we read of how planes and motor-cars have been used to this end. Says the writer:

> For a long time the replies to the question, "How quickly can birds fly?" have been various, extravagant, and absurd. Up to the present, the most sensible estimate was held to be that of the naturalist, H. Gatke, who had studied the flight of migratory birds in the region of the North Sea. He arrived at the conclusion that birds able to fly in the rarefied air at a height of about five miles, are capable of achieving a rapidity in flight of more than 186.3 miles per hour. This even applied to the smallest of birds. Gatke's statement was accepted by the entire world for many years, but it has now been proven to be entirely erroneous.
>
> Observations made recently with all regard for strict accuracy have made it possible for the experimenter to ascertain that among all of the birds whose flight was observed, the swallow alone can fly through the air at a speed varying from 46.5 miles to 186.3 miles per hour, that is to say, a speed greater than that of a racing automobile or an airplane. Wild ducks vary in the rapidity of their flight from 37.2 miles to 93.1 miles per hour, which approximates the speed of an express train. Crows and blackbirds can not exceed the speed of the race-horse, about 43.4 miles per hour. Finally, there are other birds who can not fly more quickly than about 27.9 miles per hour. All of these results were obtained by starting an automobile or an airplane at the same moment as the birds experimented upon were released and over such distances as permitted of accurate measurement.
>
> The American naturalist, Dr. H. B. Wood, who has devoted much of his time recently to these particular experiments, has achieved results of remarkable accuracy by using an automobile. The most curious fact was registered by Colonel Meinertzhagen, with an English plane in Mesopotamia. He determined that a vulture can not fly more than 102.4 miles per hour.

Start of a Good Habit.—A man was told by his doctor that if he laughed fifteen minutes every day before meals his condition would improve.

One day in a restaurant, while having his laugh, a man at the opposite table walked over and said angrily, "What are you laughing at?"

"Why, I'm laughing for my liver," he replied.

"Well, then," said the other, "I guess I'd better start laughing also. I ordered mine half an hour ago."—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Cutting Out the Waste.—In our relentless quest for information we learned that xylothrihy lroxgluthartic acid is made from peanut shells. So a use may be found for old safety-razor blades, after all.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

LIFE'S ORIGIN—PERHAPS

THE origin of life has been much discust, says *Nature* (London), and little progress has been made in spite of the researches of the chemist and the physiologist. It has revolved about the microscopic organisms in which plant life and animal life seem to join hands. The problem is, however, pushed one stage further back by J. B. S. Haldane in an article on "The Origin of Life" in *The Rationalist Annual* (1929). We read:

> He visualizes the beginning of living things in a far-back primitive ocean, which, through the uninterrupted action of the ultra-violet rays of the sun acting upon a mixture of water, carbon dioxid and ammonia, in the absence of atmospheric oxygen, had reached the consistency of hot dilute soup (probably rather clear than thick). The discoveries of the bacteriophage [cells that destroy germs] and the gene [reproductive element], and that the main difference is that the latter is only known within a cell and the former outside, points to the bacteriophage as a gene which has broken loose, and as an ultramicroscopic something, which if not actually alive is on the verge of life. At about the same stage are the viruses which cause such diseases as smallpox and hydrophobia. They can multiply only in living tissue, and pass through filters which stop bacteria.
>
> Mr. Haldane thinks that the primitive organisms were probably ultramicroscopic; further, since they lived in an atmosphere containing little or no oxygen, they must have obtained the energy they needed for growth by some other process than oxidation, namely, by fermentation. The embryos of the most highly organized creatures, chicks and mammals, start life in this fashion.
>
> Probably the first living or half-living things were large molecules synthesized under the influence of the sun's radiation, and only capable of reproduction in the particularly favorable medium in which they originated. But the molecules of organic things possess a persistent type of build, and that suggests a common molecular ancestor, or, in other words, that one, and only one, primitive organism was the fountain-head of all things living. This may have been due to a single happy synthesis, or more likely to the start obtained by the progeny of the first success enabling them to swamp later tentative entrants to the organic world. There is many a "perhaps" and an "if" in the story, but it is a speculation which, one of these days, will be put to the experimental test.

Athletic Jane.—Even after we had spent a bewildering evening watching a girls' basketball game, we were still unable to discover the object of the contest. Following the play of one particular bright star, we made note of her activities during the course of the game:

1. Fixt her hair 32 times.
2. Attempted to stuff middy into bloomers 397 times.
3. Pulled up stockings 131 times.
4. Jumped up and down, waved her arms and screamed at short intervals.—*Concordia* (*Kan.*) *Blade.*

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

THE COME-BACK OF COPPER

"MIRACULOUS" IS THE TERM APPLIED in market circles to the rise of copper, "which but a few years ago was one of the most downtrodden necessary staples of life," to use one newspaper phrase. The price has nearly doubled in the last two years, and even after the price of copper securities fell off in the stock-market reaction of last week, it was said that New York trade authorities expected no break in the price of the metal for months to come—and copper was selling at twenty-four cents a pound. This is the highest price for more than ten years, and it is attributed by various authorities to increasing demand here and abroad, the inability of producers to keep up with this demand, and the better organization of the copper industry in this country. Looking back, the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* reminds us that in the war year of 1917 the price of copper averaged 29.19 cents; in the following year, in which the war ended, this price dropt to 24.68 cents; and then it sank gradually until it touched 12.65 in 1921 and remained around 13 or 14 cents until the end of 1927. In 1928, it is recalled, copper rose from 14 to 16 cents during the year, and averaged 16.84 in January of this year before starting the rise to 24 cents the last week in March. The questions brought most to the fore by this steady rise in the price of copper are thus stated by the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

> When will the advancing movement stop? Will there be a harmful aftermath? Will prices come down as fast or even more rapidly than they advanced? Will substitutes be used successfully and extensively? Will the good-will built up by the Copper and Brass Research Association be changed into ill-will? Will the public feel it is being "soaked" by the high price? Will the Government take a hand in the matter? Will the public boycott copper as it did clothing, during the war, by wearing overalls, etc.? Once the public is aroused, its power is potent. The public can be helpful, too, when it realizes an industry is unduly deprest, as shown by the buy-a-bale-of-cotton movement a few years ago.

Study of the facts regarding copper and copper shares seems to Moody's Investors Service to be particularly important just now. Stocks of mining companies rose rapidly in March, altho there was a sharp break in copper issues last week. In most cases, thinks this financial authority, present stock quotations "are discounting probable earnings for the respective companies on the basis of current metal prices." Justifying predictions of continued high levels, come reports "that already refinery capacity is being taxed to the utmost; that new outlets for consumption, particularly railroad electrification, augment potential demand to a point in excess of output; that European demand has been lagging and will soon push more forcibly into the universal scramble for red metals; and, last, but not least, that mining capacity is reaching the exhaustion point." It seems to Moody's that "weakness in metal prices will develop only (1) when demand falls off, or (2) when production exceeds consumption to the point of building up surplus stocks." There is seen no certainty of either development for the present, but nevertheless there exist "active tendencies toward both." This authority expects to see the domestic demand for copper increase during the present prosperous times. On the other hand, such substitutes as aluminum, zinc, lead, and nickel are likely to be increasingly used as copper prices rise. It is thought that foreign buying is not likely to increase during the balance of the year. "Of course," comes the conclusion: "there is the possibility that demand from new sources will overcome the seasonal trend and create a runaway market. While such a chance is present, it is impossible to argue against further speculative retention of copper stocks, and there appears no necessity for hasty action."

"There is nothing artificial in the copper situation," as *The Wall Street Journal* sees it; "present prices are due to increased demand and inability of copper companies to turn out copper fast enough to satisfy consumptive requirements." The recent rise seems to Charles F. Speare of the Consolidated Press to have "its bearish as well as its bullish aspects"—

> For it means that many manufacturers can not afford to pay the going rate for copper, and will either attempt to use a substitute for it or limit their output. From the standpoint of the producers the situation is an ideal one, for they will have the benefit of long-term contracts of prices ranging from nineteen cents upward during the greater part of 1929. It is obvious what this means to them in the way of earnings and what shareholders in these companies may expect to receive in dividends.
>
> There is an actual scarcity of copper to-day. Given such a condition and an extreme quotation, there nearly always results a sufficient supply to break the price and flood the market. This is what is feared in the trade some time during 1930.

That "copper buying comes in waves" is something that everybody familiar with the industry knows we read in a statement given to the press by the American Mining Congress at Washington:

> When copper prices are dropping, those who need copper are inclined to hold off in the hope that they will drop still further. When copper prices start to go up, all hands madly rush in to stock up, fearing they will go still higher before they fill their requirements.
>
> American refineries can turn out just so much copper, and for months they have been worked to the limit to turn it out to the last possible pound.

This authority denies that cooperative organizations in the copper trade are responsible for rapid-price advances, but the Irving Trust Company of New York, in its March *Mid-Month Review of Business* suggests that there is room for difference of opinion on this point. Information about these copper organizations is given by the investment house of Dominick and Dominick in a recent bulletin:

> After several years of depression following the war, the industry began its internal reorganization in 1926. It now maintains three trade associations, each with special functions: the Copper and Brass Research Association attends to the development of new markets, Copper Exporters, Inc., handles the foreign trade, and the Copper Institute establishes standards of practise and acts as a clearing-house for trade information.
>
> Through these organizations the industry has achieved a much greater stability; at the same time it has been stimulated by the enormous expansion in the market for copper, both in this country and abroad. Shipments of copper from American refineries in 1928 were larger than in any previous year, except the war period, and resulted in a consumption actually greater than the output—an unusual feature in the copper industry.

As the price of copper has risen, continues this authority, practically all copper-mining companies have recorded substantial earnings over the previous year:

> It is estimated that profits for the trade as a whole will average around 80 per cent. higher than in 1927—the largest increase in any important branch of American industry. The National City Company's figure for the net profits of seven leading copper-mining companies in 1928 is 125 per cent greater than the figure for 1927.

The recent extension of the market for copper, which has been so marked during the last year or two, seems "likely to continue," we read on:

> Copper has linked itself with almost all the leading innovations of this age which are undergoing immense development—the

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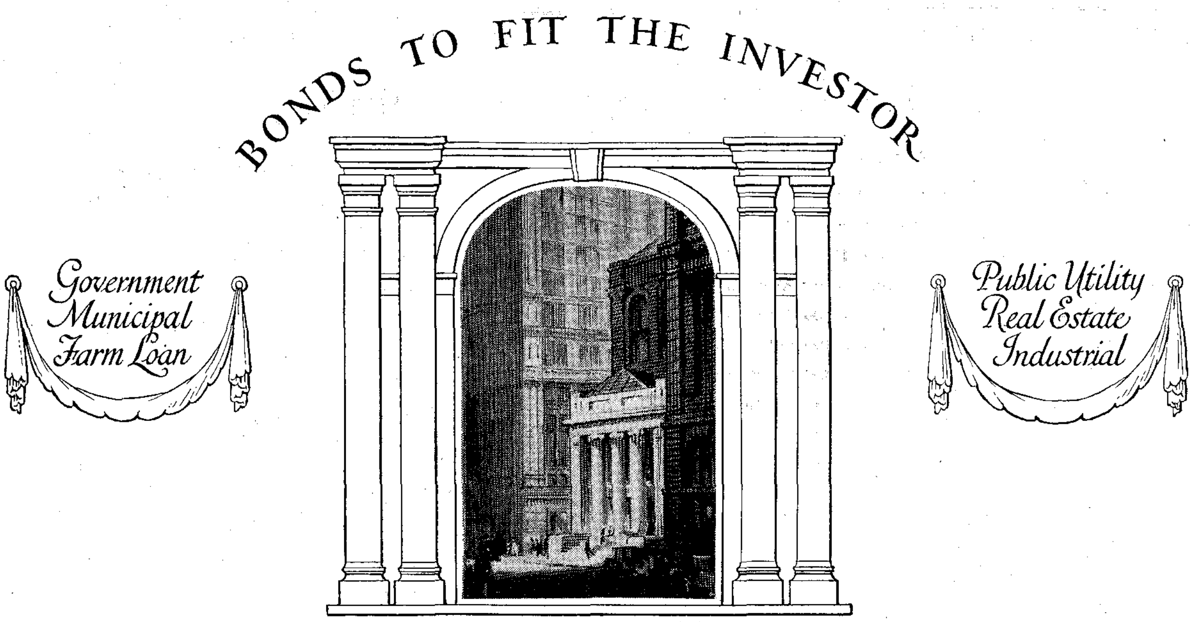

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

telephone and telegraph, radio, electric refrigeration, building and railroad electrification. It is estimated that the electrical industry in all its branches uses more than 40 per cent. of the available copper, the automobile 12 per cent., and building 5 per cent. Such recent developments as the radio and electric refrigeration, for example, take about 30 million pounds of copper apiece per year. The building industry has increased its consumption of copper nearly 70 per cent. in the last two years. The huge electrification project of the Pennsylvania Railroad represents an enormous potential demand for the metal, and the railroads are only at the beginning of their electrification developments.

The foreign market as well should contribute to the greater consumption of copper. Sales of copper abroad have regularly increased as the European countries have become gradually more prosperous. Exports of copper from the United States in 1928 amounted to about 1,133,000,000 pounds, or an increase of 6 per cent. over the exports for the previous year. The market in Germany, in particular, has shown a very great expansion, exceeding the pre-war level, while in other important countries the pre-war level is still to be attained.

But "universal optimism concerning the revived copper industry needs the partial restraint imposed by the ultimate certainty of serious competition from Africa," we read in *The Granger Financial Review,* published by Sulzbacher, Granger and Co.:

> Here the extraordinary continuity and thickness of the proven ore deposits in mineralized zones, running hundreds of miles long and 10 to 50 miles wide, assaying from 3 to 6 per cent. in copper, indicates that mass production of the metal is assured.
>
> At the present time two companies are rapidly increasing their output, and five others are nearing production. Last year Africa produced 119,000 tons of copper, and within five years is expected to produce 600,000 tons annually. Aside from their definite location of commercial ore all the Rhodesian African companies are in the early stages of development, and therefore present enormous possibilities for the future which can not now be estimated.

But this African production is considered a hopeful sign by George L. Walker, an English authority writing in *Barron's Weekly,* because it means that the world's future copper needs will be supplied. After discussing costs and prospects in the African copper mines, this writer concludes:

> In view of the high rate of profit indicated, it is reasonable to assume that enough productive capacity will be created to supply the world with copper at prices averaging not over 15 cents to 16 cents. As such a price-level could not possibly restrain the growth of consumption, and at the same time would make the copper-producing industry one of the most profitable and prosperous of all industries, there is no reason for using, or for considering, the use of substitutes for the metal.

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"THE TALKIE TALKS TURKEY"

THE recent prediction of a veteran theatrical manager, that the "talkies" would put the "legitimate" stage out of business in three years; a popular barytone's announcement that he has left the Metropolitan Opera Company to devote most of his time to singing for sound movies, with $350,000 in contracts in his pocket; the announcement that the Fox Film Corporation will henceforth, after spending $15,000,000 on preparation, produce dialog and musical pictures exclusively—such things lend point to a few paragraphs which appear in *The Wall Street Journal* under the above head-line. This financial journal seems to have no doubt about the financial arrival of the talking film, as we read:

> Tho the "talkie" has divided filmdom into two hostile camps—those who contend that it is the salvation of the motion-picture industry, and those who declare it a passing vogue with threat of despoilation—there is no division of opinion as to the richness of the spoils levied by this conquering film.
>
> The talkie has "cleaned up," and it has enriched all correlated industries within sound of its new-found voice. Motion-picture men report the industry's annual gross rentals for the talkie year reach the new high record of $600,000,000. Western Electric's production schedule for 1929—4,000 talkie projection machines—is an estimated sales return of $64,000,000. Nearly $10,000,000 has been paid for the talking-film rights of eighteen Broadway musical comedies. The California building industry is working overtime, insulating and cementing, paneling and padding, to make sound-proof the studios in which the talkie "does its stuff."
>
> Not since those dim and distant days when the movie threw its first custard pie from hand to mouth, and vengeful celluloid husbands raced up and down Hollywood fire-escapes after black-mustached Hollywood villains, has the speed of the motion-picture industry been so accelerated or its interest so genuinely quickened as by the golden magic of the talkie's nasal voice.
>
> How long it will endure is conjectural, but the sun is shining, and the picture industry working frantically in making hay. It is credibly reported that exhibitors, whose theaters were equipped last August to present talking films, could have retired on January 1 with comfortable fortunes. To date only 1,800 of the nation's 20,000 movie houses have been equipped with the talking device. The cost of wiring a theater for exhibition of the new film is approximately $12,500, plus $3,500 for labor. Exhibitors throughout the country are offering bonuses of $5,000 to $10,000 to expedite installations.
>
> And limited only by his purse, or by his credit, the small exhibitor will plunge. He wants a share in the talkie popularity while it lasts. That is the rub; *while it lasts!* No one can predict the future of the talking film. Astute and experienced showmen are puzzled. For this is not an

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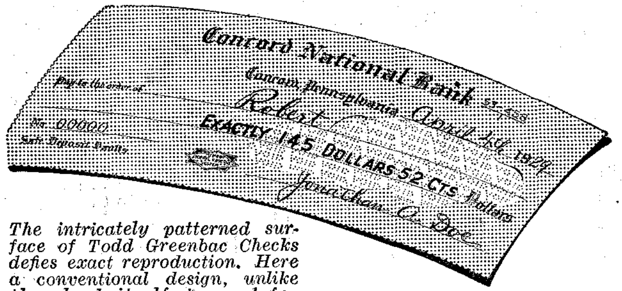
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These handsome self-canceling checks already have been recognized as fit financial representatives of many of the most particular modern businesses. They are made only from the highest quality paper. They create an immediate impression of distinction. Yet these superior checks cost very little more than the ordinary check.

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Todd Trade Mark

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THE TODD COMPANY, *Protectograph Division* 4-6-29
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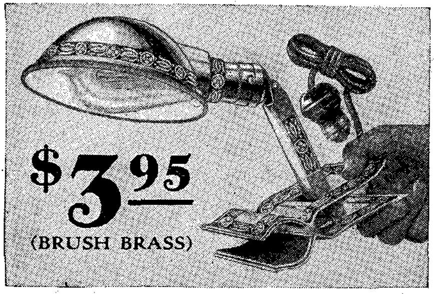

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

amusement innovation, trading on its novelty. The talking film is not new.

The first ambitious program of exploitation of talking films was made by the Keith Vaudeville Circuit, which in 1912 expended $300,000 in an attempt to popularize the Edison Talking Picture. It required all the showmanship of the Keith circuit to keep the talkie off the debit side of the ledger. There was no public interest in talking films in 1912; and there was little public interest in talking films in 1927. Motion-picture exhibitors, anticipating the public mood, had installed devices for presentation of synchronized films. The cost of equipment was $1,500 to $2,000—based on supply and demand. Within the last two years these devices were discarded to relieve congested projection space. More than one exhibitor now clamoring for talkie equipment looks back ruefully to the day when by his order his talking device was thrown into an alleyway, or sent to gather cobwebs in the theater's crowded storeroom.

These films of homely sentiment and sentimental melodies have opened the floodgates for an onrushing tide of popularity which has carried all before it. Hollywood is shelving old films and old players; and young players who are inarticulate. Doll-faced heroines, whose glycerin tears once were eloquent enough to coax a jingle of coins into many a box-office, are being discarded for mature players who have learned to talk. Blues singers and all the pendemonium of music hall and dance hall are being recorded for "talking shorts."

All along the line, musicians and mechanics, manufacturers and electricians, dramatists and actors, are listening intently to the voice of the new film. For the talkie is talking turkey!

PROBLEMS OF THE "SHORT SELLER"

THE new generation of speculators, who have been profiting by advancing stock-market prices so long that they have "come to believe that the market owes them a living," are in a position to be tempted to try the "short side," when they find that the rise is checked. Now, remarks George T. Hughes in one of his financial dispatches for the Consolidated Press, these people are likely to incur ruinous losses when they try to profit from falling prices, as they have been doing from rising prices. "While the machinery of short selling is comparatively simple, the technique is extremely difficult and few are able to master it," we are told.

Some of the reasons why speculation for the decline involves more danger than speculation for the advance are thus briefly stated:

Theoretically, at least, there is no limit to the possible loss when one sells before he buys. To illustrate, if a speculator bought 100 shares of General Motors at $80 a share all he could lose would be eighty points. If the stock went to nothing at all his loss would be limited to the total cost when the commitment was entered upon. If, on the other hand, he sold 100 shares of

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It describes modern medical treatment; urine tests—which you can make yourself; what to eat—gives food recipes and menus, and calory values. Introduction by F. G. Banting, M. D., one of the discoverers of insulin, who says diabetics should read the book.

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New Zealander Takes Stump For This Pipe-Tobacco

Shades of Sherlock Holmes! Mr. McDonald gives us a clue for tracking down lovers of Edgeworth

There are certain sure-fire clues on the books of Scotland Yard—an Irishman is marked by his brogue; a French chef by his cooking; a Swiss by his yodel.

And now from far-off New Zealand comes Mr. McDonald, who has discovered the telltale clue for tracking down the ardent Edgeworthite. Read the solution in his letter:

Ashburton, New Zealand
December 8, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

I read with interest in a recent copy of the Saturday Evening Post a letter from an appreciative Australian smoker of Edgeworth Tobacco.

I can assure you, however, that Australia has by no means a monopoly of Edgeworth enthusiasts. I am one of them myself, and New Zealand appears to possess quite a large number of them. Quite recently a spirited correspondence engaged the columns of one of our leading newspapers, the controversial subject being "Who has smoked Edgeworth longest?" In fact, a stranger to New Zealand at the time might have assumed that the bulk of our population was composed of octogenarian smokers of Edgeworth.

I have noticed that those who smoke this fine tobacco of yours appear to possess a vice (or is it a virtue?) in common. That is, that they are continually inducing, or attempting to induce, other smokers to get the Edgeworth habit.

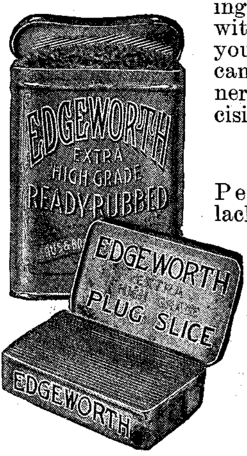
Good luck to your fine tobacco. I am,

Yours faithfully,

(signed) H. C. McDonald

A shrewd observation, Mr. McDonald—but then pipe-smokers have a happy faculty of seeing clearly through any proposition.

Pipe-smokers as a rule are calm, thinking men. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply can't be hurried into nervous, jumpy decisions.



FREE Offer

Perhaps you've lacked proper fodder for your pipe lately. If so, let us send you, *free of charge*, a trial package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco so that you can try it in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Also "Plug Slice" Edgeworth comes packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

General Motors short at 80, expecting it to decline, the possible loss would not be limited to 80 points. Conceivably it might be 100 points, 200, or even more. As a matter of fact such losses on the short side are seldom if ever taken, but the fear of them is ever present with the short seller.

Then there is the specter of a corner. It has happened in times past that stocks have been cornered, and that shorts have been compelled to pay ruinous prices to cover their sales, but the Exchange frowns on corners, and they are rare exceptions to the rule.

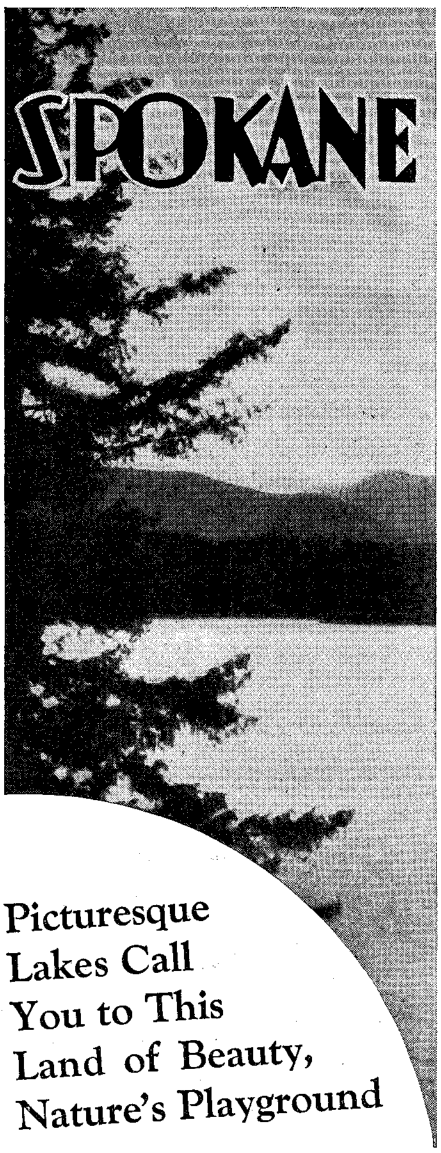
The normal attitude of a speculator is one of optimism. He enters the market because of his faith in the future. To reverse this attitude and capitalize distrust comes hard to most people. Many a speculator who can stand by and see the stock he has bought sell off in a weak market and still not lose his nerve, falls into a panic when the operation is reversed, when, having sold a stock before he bought it, he sees the price advance. This is a trait of human nature which it is almost impossible to eradicate by any amount of training.

Another thing. In the United States, a country of increasing wealth, stocks which represent equities in trade and industry normally increase in value over a period of years. It is more logical to speculate for the rise than for the fall.

All these considerations consciously, or unconsciously, influence the short seller, and it takes a peculiar combination of nerve and temperament successfully to combat them. As offsets to these difficulties experience shows that when prices turn downward, they decline much faster than when they are moving in the opposite direction. In other words, profits accrue more rapidly for the short than they do for the long.

The claim sometimes advanced that there is something morally reprehensible in short selling seems quite illogical to Mr. Hughes:

> Morals are made by motives. If it is wrong to sell before one buys it is wrong to buy before one sells provided the intention is the same, namely to profit by fluctuations in prices. The justification for either operation is the economic service rendered, and that service is just as great when performed by the short seller as by the one who buys for a rise.
>
> The bear speculator assumes great risk. His commitments, however, act as a cushion when prices are falling. Once having entered into a short contract he must buy sooner or later. The only way he can realize a profit is by buying back the stock that he has sold.
>
> When, therefore, pessimism rules the market, when violent reaction sets in, when trade falls off and the business outlook is dark, it is the short who is often the only buyer of stocks. Without him the decline would be much more severe and the losses of those who were speculating on the other side of the market would be much larger.
>
> Nor is there any merit to the contention that the short seller destroys other people's property. He does nothing of the kind. Speculation for the rise does not increase the value underlying a stock nor does speculation for the fall decrease that value. No permanent holder of a stock for investment need have any concern over the effect on his security of any amount of short selling.



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Spokane, with her hundreds of silvery lakes and magnificent mountain scenery, bids you to glorious new adventures.

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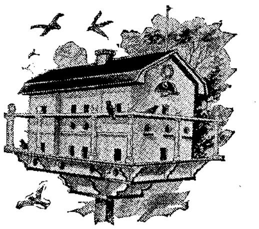
INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

WANTED—A RAILROAD INVESTMENT TRUST

ALTHO many investment trusts include a minor proportion of rails in their portfolios, no such organization has been built up on railroad issues, at least none of outstanding importance, and *The Wall Street Journal* wonders why this should be so. Investment trusts have been multiplying rapidly of late; they have been defined as "organizations which invest and reinvest the collective funds of numerous investors." "Railroad common stocks possess investment stability in a high degree, and through the dependence of individual roads upon widely separated portions of the United States as well as a great variety of industries, they offer a species of diversification which few other industries or service fields can parallel," in the opinion of this daily, which believes that a competently managed railroad investment trust—or several of them—would do at least three things; "it would all but eliminate risk for the small investors, facilitate railroad-stock financing and give the owners of the properties more effective voice in their management." *The Wall Street Journal* proceeds:

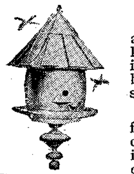
> Probably the principal reason why organizers of investment trusts have passed the railroads by is that profit opportunities have appeared more attractive in undertakings not subject to public regulation. To this it may be answered that the regulation of railroads has now continued in various forms for thirty or forty years, with some serious disadvantages, but, on the whole, without impairing railroad investment except in a comparative sense.
>
> Railroads, to be sure, have been restrained from moving forward as vigorously in technical development and in functional organization as have the utilities or some few industries, such as automobile manufacturing. They have not been prevented from giving the best rail transportation during the past five years that the country has ever had, or from equipping themselves to do so. While the investment returns of the railroads as a whole are too severely limited at the present time, a score or more of them are able, through the persistent application of the best type of scientific management to their problems, to obtain net income averaging from year to year 50 to 100 per cent. in excess of their dividend requirements.
>
> Nor have they reached the limit of profit in operation. Indications are not lacking that more favorable conditions lie immediately ahead of them. The public favor they have won by deserving it is still cumulative. More specifically the "agricultural depression" is waning in both economics and politics, the advantage of quick and adequate transport over any feasible rate reductions is more widely appreciated every day, events are definitely moving toward unification and coordination of existing lines, and the time is approaching when the worse than futile struggle over valuation and the rate-base will be sensibly compromised.

INVITE THE HAPPY LITTLE
SONG BIRDS
TO YOUR HOME GROUNDS



Martin House of 48 Rooms

by putting up houses built to fit the needs and habits of each little tribe. *Enjoy* seeing and hearing the beautiful little song birds singing or working in your garden, hunting the cutworms, bugs, moths, caterpillars and other annoying insects which devastate your choice trees, shrubs and flowers. Martins feed from the air and each one destroys thousands of mosquitoes every day.



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They Are Looking for Homes

and your thoughtful provision of the kinds of homes they like, water to bathe in and some simple foods they crave will bring multitudes of beautiful and useful song birds to your garden year after year.

DODSON artistic bird houses are a feature in the most beautiful estates, country clubs and parks all over America. They are in a class by themselves on account of their superiority in design, material and workmanship. Sold only direct at prices even owners of modest homes can well afford.

FREE This fascinating book, "Your Bird Friends and How to Win Them," sent to anyone who loves our beautiful song birds. It illustrates, describes and gives prices on all styles of bird houses, shelters, bird baths, special foods, etc. Mailed free on request.

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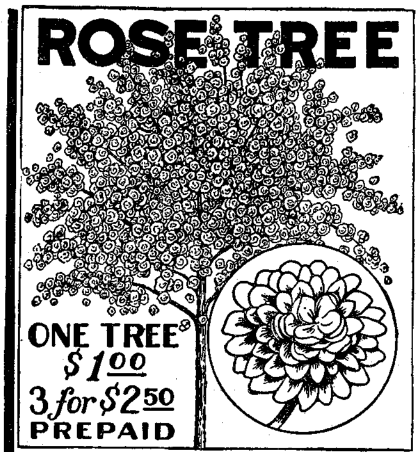

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Choice trees for **$1.00 each; 3 for $2.50,** by parcel post, postpaid.

SPECIAL For **50c** extra we will include three small **TULIP TREES**—fine ornamental shade trees with tulip-like flowers.

Our stock of trees will not last long at these low prices. Order now, and state when you want trees shipped. CATALOG FREE. **BURGESS SEED & PLANT CO., 358 T. R., GALESBURG, MICH.**

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 20.—Seventeen persons are killed and many injured in a railway collision at Docourt, Ontario, Canada.

Marshal Ferdinand Foch dies in Paris at the age of seventy-seven.

In a round-up of alleged Communists thirty-one persons are arrested by the authorities in Meerut, India.

Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, President of the Nanking Government, issues a "final warning" to the rebellious generals of Hankow; this is believed to be the last step before declaration of civil war.

March 21.—The commission of experts at Paris tentatively fix 1,750,000,000 marks (about $420,000,000) as the minimum reparations annuity from Germany.

Gen. J. M. Aguirre, defeated revolutionary leader in the State of Vera Cruz, is executed at Vera Cruz, Mexico.

Crown Prince Olaf of Norway and Princess Martha, niece of King Gustaf of Sweden, are married at Oslo, Norway.

Fire in a moving-picture theater kills 114 men, women, and children in the village of Igolkino, Vladimir Province, Russia.

March 22.—The Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, near Liverpool, is won by Gregalach, a 100-to-1 outsider.

March 23.—Mexican Federal troops and insurgents battle for the possession of Mazatlan, and at Jimenez the rebels announce the rout of 300 Federal troops.

Premier de Rivera of Spain institutes a censorship which excludes from the country all newspapers published abroad in which there is reference to events in Spain.

Gen. Maurice Sarrail, famous French General, who recaptured Verdun at the First Battle of the Marne, dies in Paris. He was seventy-two.

March 24.—The Mexican Government announces that the rebels have begun retreating from Mazatlan.

Four hundred Fascist deputies are unanimously elected to the next Italian Parliament.

More than a million French people pay their last tribute to Marshal Foch as his body lies in state beneath the Arc de Triomphe.

The *Graf Zeppelin* airship, under command of Dr. Hugo Eckener, carrying twenty-five passengers and a crew of forty, starts from Friedrichshafen on a round trip to Palestine.

C. T. Wang, Chinese Foreign Minister, announces the signing of a treaty with Japan under which Japan agrees to withdraw her troops from Shantung.

March 25.—Mexican Federal troops take Etzalan, in northwestern Jalisco, killing twenty-seven rebels and capturing twenty. A "complete victory" of the Federals is reported at Mazatlan.

Severe fighting breaks out between Wuhan opposition forces and Chinese Nationalist Government troops on the borders of Northeast Hupeh and North Anhwei.

March 26.—The Mexican Government sends two powerful columns against the rebels in the States of Chihuahua and Sinaloa.

With representatives of all the Allies present, the body of Marshal Foch is laid to rest in the Invalides, where also lie Napoleon and other famous French Generals.

Capts. Ignacio Jimenez and Francisco Iglesias, Spanish aviators, complete a non-stop flight from Seville, Spain, to Bahia, Brazil, covering a distance of 4,100 miles in 43 hours and 48 minutes.

The *Graf Zeppelin* dirigible flies over Jerusalem, dropping mail-bags, and turns on its homeward flight toward Friedrichshafen.

DOMESTIC

March 20.—The Oklahoma Senate finds Gov. Henry S. Johnston guilty on impeachment charges and removes him from office.

March 21.—Forty-six miners are killed and twelve are missing as a result of an explosion in the Kinloch mine at Parnassus, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The lower house of the Louisiana Legislature passes a vote of censure against Gov. Huey P. Long.

The merger of the Bank of America and Blair and Company, investment bankers, New York, is announced.

March 22.—President Hoover issues a proclamation putting into operation the national origins quotas of the immigration act on July 1, at the same time declaring his personal opposition to this basis.

President Hoover gives up the use of the yacht *Mayflower*.

March 23.—Twenty-eight people are killed by storm and freshet in the South, among them being seven Boy Scouts, drowned in the overflow of a creek near Rockwood, Tennessee.

Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador, requests a report from the State Department of the sinking off the Louisiana coast, March 22, of the Canadian schooner *I'm Alone*, alleged Canadian rum-runner.

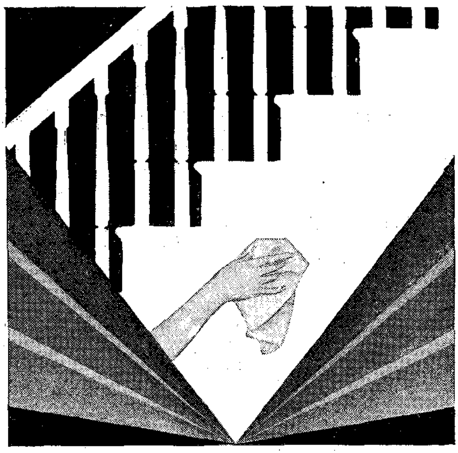
March 24.—Samuel Rea, retired President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, dies at his home at Waverly Heights, near Philadelphia. He was seventy-three.

Capt. A. L. Gamble, commander of Coast Guard forces in the Gulf of Mexico, reports that the cutter *Dexter* had taken "proper and commendable action" in sinking the Canadian schooner *I'm Alone*, alleged rum-runner, in the Gulf of Mexico, when it resisted search.

March 25.—Four men are killed in the crash of an airplane on South Mountain, Pennsylvania.

The death toll of spring floods in southeastern Kentucky and northeastern Tennessee is put at thirty-four, and property damage is estimated in the millions.

March 26.—Impeachment proceedings are filed in the State House of Representatives against Gov. Huey P. Long of Louisiana.



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Barreled Sunlight solves this problem. Satin-smooth, non-porous, it can't hold dirt. A damp cloth instantly removes smudges.

Easy to apply . . . has a rich "depth" peculiar to itself . . . *and is guaranteed to remain white longest.*

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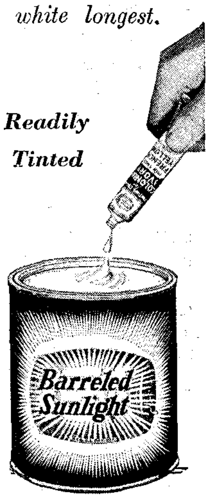

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Lucky Dog.—"What's that dog worth?"

"About $350."

"Who left it to him?"—*Collier's.*

Improving on Nature.—Brisbane says science will control weather. Then we'll have summer in winter and winter in summer.—*Schenectady Gazette.*

After the Cyclone.—Night Club Manager—"Where's our bouncer to-night?"

Hostess—"He tried to talk back to his wife, and they're still working on him."—*Widow.*

Blindfold Test. — Cora — "Does that rich young man of yours write convincing letters?"

Dora—"I can't say. The case hasn't gone to the jury yet."—*Boston Transcript.*

Afraid of Mrs. Grundy.—"Oh, gosh!" the girl exclaimed. "It's started to rain. You'll have to take me home."

"Why, I'd—I'd love to," her bashful escort stammered, "but you know I live at the Y."—*American Legion Monthly.*

Next!—Ho—"So you graduated from the Barbers' University? What was your college yell?"

Bo—"Cut his lip
Rip his jaw
Leave his face
Raw! raw! raw!"—*Owl.*

Continuous Performance.—A couple of rival but friendly shopkeepers were talking things over.

"When does your opening sale close?" asked the first.

"When our closing sale opens," the second replied.—*American Legion Monthly.*

Cures That Tired Feeling.—Members of a tribe in the Kalhari desert are said to bury their sick people alive, and we'll bet that is one place where people don't go around all the time complaining about being sick. —*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Beginning of a Beautiful Friendship.—"When I was your age I thought nothing of a ten-mile walk."

"Well, I don't think much of it, either." —*London Calling.*

Scofflaw's Doom.—
Mashes to mashes
And "still" to "still";
If the booze don't get you
The Jones Law will.
—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Financial Primer.—Five-year-old Mary was teaching three-year-old Audrey the value of different coins:

"That's a dime; it will buy lots of candy. That's a nickel; it will buy an ice-cream cone. That's a penny; it's only good for Sunday-school!"—*Children.*

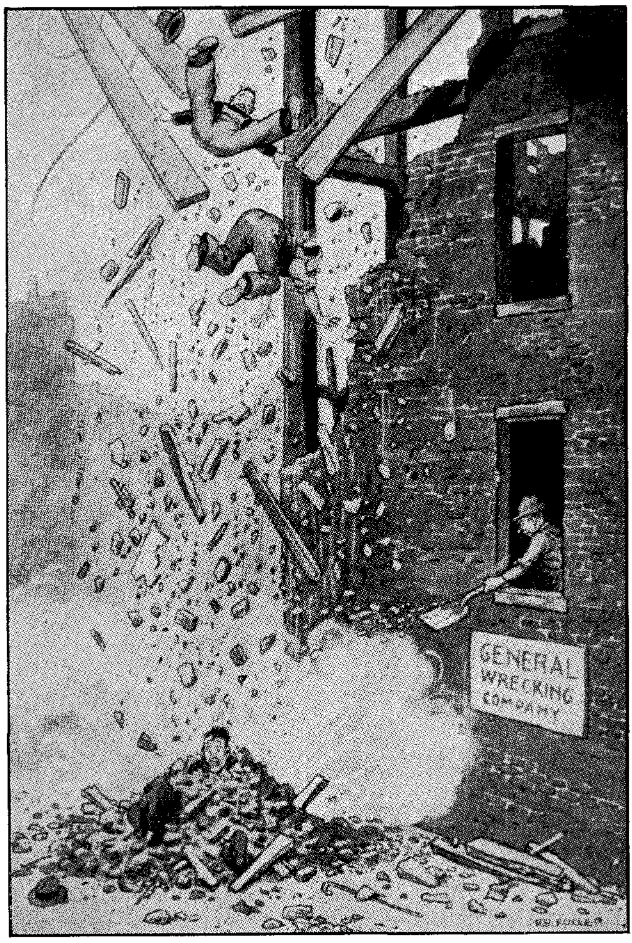
Midnight Oil.—What every mother of several children knows: It's never too late to mend.—*Judge.*

Give 'Em a Chance.—George—"Do you believe in clubs for women?"

Earl—"Yes, if kindness fails."—*Thalia.*

Going the Pace.—She—"Where is your chivalry?"

He—"I turned it in for a Buick."—*Chanticleer.*



Movie Double: "What's th' idea—I ain't workin' to-day!" —*Judge.*

When Reason Totters.—Arnold Bennett remarked recently that a man takes more care in choosing a car than in choosing a wife.—*English paper.*

Why is it when I buy a car
Careful inquiry I must make,
How many cylinders there are
And if it's got a four-wheel brake,
And if the bearings are indeed
Quite strong enough for constant use,
How many miles I can proceed
Per gallon of the vital juice?

And yet, when I select a wife
None of these things do I require,
Although I'm taking her for life
And each of us may quickly tire;
Why do I rush to make her mine?
The reason is not far to seek—
Cars are of standardized design,
While every woman is unique.
—*Boston Transcript.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Call an Ambulance.—He'll Come Home (In six parts).—*Saturday Evening Post Contents Table.*

No Accounting for Tastes.—
SEEK CONCRETE BRIDE
—*Head-line in a Mount Carmel (Pa.) paper.*

Well-Known War.—He has been married for two years, he continued, but has not lived with his wife, with whom he had martial trouble.—*Bergen (N. J.) Record.*

Most of Us Are That Way.—
PAT CROWE IS EITHER
ALIVE OR HE IS NOT
—*Head-lines in the Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

Beating the Stork.—At Elat, French Cameroon, West Africa, on February 10th, to Rev. L. K. and Mrs. Anderson, a daughter. By radio.—*Montreal Star.*

With Rain, of Course.—
PRESIDENTIAL
PARTY SOAKED
AT CEREMONY
—*Head-line in an unidentified paper.*

Uncle Sam's Great White Way.—The northernmost light maintained by the United States, not counting the aurora borealis.—*Atlanta (Ga.) church paper.*

Freezing 'Em Out. — The room cooler has been found to lower the temperature of an average-size room ten degrees in thirty minutes and to bring about ten per cent. decrease in humanity.—*Arkansas paper.*

Cherubs on the Hoof.—
At the Nonpareil
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
ANNUAL BABY SALE
—*Ad in a Sacramento paper.*

Shot in the Locker.—
MAKE WHOOPEE.
Don't take chances getting shot in car. Have just the place. Exclusive.—*Ad in the Memphis Commercial-Appeal.*

Herb's Fame.—One of the distinctions Mr. Hoover brings to his high office is that he knows Europe better than any other President has. . . . They still regard his name as "a magic word with healing properties like some celebrated herb."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Meticulous Hospitality.—I would like to ask for a little information concerning a birthday party I am to give. There will be six couples. I would like to know if it is proper for the hostess to take the gentlemen's clothing on entering the house or to take them into the bedroom so as to deposit their clothing where they wish.—*Newark News.*